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WASHINGTON NOTES.

WASHINGTON, Thursday, March 22, 1883.

A POST ROUTE IN ALASKA.—The Second Assistant Postmaster-General to-day ordered the establishment of a post route in the Territory of Alaska, to extend from Haines to Juneau, a distance of 105 miles. The service will be monthly. The mails will probably be carried by canoe. The contract was awarded to Sheldon Jackson, of the New-York Presbyterian Missionary Society. This is the first mail route established in Alaska.

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Scrap Book.

Pat. March 28. 1876.

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BRITISH COLUMBIA.

MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THE INDIANS.

By Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D.

Early one August afternoon we rounded a rocky point, and were in the little harbor of Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. Low, rocky headlands jutted out in every direction, forming many beautiful and picturesque building sites, and affording the occupants sheltered coves for their pleasure boats. Indian canoes—some of them thirty feet long and four feet wide, made from a single log—were crossing and recrossing in various directions. Soon we were at the wharf of the Hudson Bay Fur Company. Passing up-town, we found pleasant quarters at the St. George.

Victoria.

Victoria, the capital of the province, has a population of six thousand. Outside of the government buildings and churches there are but few of the better class of the modern business houses or dwellings. However, the cottages embowered in ivy and honeysuckles, with their lawns in many places running down to the water's edge, give a pleasing, home-like appearance to the place. But what Victoria lacks in architecture is made up in good roads. The roads have been graded, turnpiked and gravelled at the expense of the government, \$1,500,000 having been expended in their construction. These drives, leading now past the flower yards of the city, or charming little country seats of the suburbs, then through clumps of pines and around rocky knobs, along the beach or out to the gorges, or down to the outer harbor at Esquimalt, with their occasional views of the harbor and shipping, or broader views of the Sound or snow-covered Olympian range beyond, are very attractive.

The day after our arrival the flags were at half mast in memory of St. James Douglas, former governor of the province, and for many years chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company. He was an earnest Christian and universally respected.

The Hudson Bay Company.

Victoria is the distributing point of the Hudson Bay Company for all the Northwest. Their large brick storehouse of five stories is filled from top to bottom with the varied stock of goods used in their special trade. Mr. Munroe, the present chief factor, is an honored elder in the Presbyterian church of Victoria. From the warehouse at this place supplies are sent to their frontier posts in every direction. Some of these posts, or forts as they are called, are so distant that it is told of the chief factors of one of them, that hearing of the battle of Waterloo for the first time, eighteen months after it occurred, he ordered the firing of a salute from his far inland Rocky Mountain home.

There is probably no corporation on the globe, in whose history is contained so much of romance and adventure—so much of hard-

ship and endurance. Their employes were largely taken from the highlands of Scotland when very young, and early trained to the great hardships of their position. To travel on foot thousands of miles, in the rigors of an arctic Winter, following a dog-sled; to experience a degree of cold that cannot be imagined by those who have never felt it; to lie down at night on the frozen snow; to live in perpetual exile from the great world; to mingle with savage men; to be deprived of bread, sugar, and other necessities for years at a time—to travel over vast wastes, in constant danger; is the ordinary routine of their lives. Their daily rations seem to be somewhat varied. On the southern shore of Hudson Bay it is one wild goose; in the valley of the Saskatchewan, it is ten pounds of buffalo meat; in Athabasca eight pounds of moose meat; in English river, three large white fish; in the north he receives half fish and half reindeer; and in New Caledonia, eight rabbits or one salmon. It is related that a missionary from that northern region, returning to England, his friends prepared for his enjoyment cake and plum pudding, but he said no, "the most delicate food you can prepare me is bread." He had not tasted bread for years.

The business of the Hudson Bay Company seems to be declining.

On Sabbath we worshipped with the Presbyterian church, which has by far the finest edifice in the city. Rev. S. McGregor, the pastor, is greatly beloved by his people. His church holds a leading position, and commands a wide influence. In addition to the labors of his pastorate, he has largely upon him the care of the Presbyterian interests in the whole province.

Indian Meeting.

One Sabbath afternoon we attended the Indian Sabbath-school of the Wesleyan Methodists. As we entered they were singing English hymns. About forty Indians, mostly adults, were present, and four or five English teachers. After singing, the superintendent led in prayer, and was followed by "Mary," the Indian woman. Then came the lesson, after which, being a stranger, I was called upon for remarks. At the close of the remarks, an Indian woman commenced singing a familiar hymn. The singing was followed by a Mrs. Dix interpreting my remarks to such of the Indians as did not understand English, after which she added a fervent exhortation of her own. Her manner, voice, and gesture were very impressive, and would have done credit to a trained minister.

Mrs. Dix is a full-blooded Indian, the daughter of a great chief, and a chieftainess in her own right. When a child she was at stated times taken up a great river in a canoe and taught to worship a large mountain peak. Her mother's god was a fish. In 1862, desiring to learn something of the white man's God, she commenced attending religious services in Victoria, and followed it up for seven years without finding light or comfort. About 1868, a great medicine man named "Amos," that in his incantations had torn in pieces with his teeth and eaten dead bodies, commenced attending the Methodist church and prayer-meeting. This called the attention of the church to the condition of the Indian population, and a Sabbath-school was started for their benefit. The second Sabbath no Indian was present at the school.

Upon visiting their camp they were found making a medicine man with all the accompanying cruelties. But the school was persevered in. Amos was one of the first converts and became a class-leader. About this time Mrs. Dix found her way to the school and to Christ. A revival commenced among the Indians, during which meetings were kept up for nine weeks, and numbers were brought into the church.

With her own conversion Mrs. Dix became anxious for the conversion of her daughter-in-law, and son, who was chief of a tribe several hundred miles up the coast. She would spend whole nights in prayer that God would bring him to Victoria under the revival influences. She asked her friends, white and Indian, to join her in this petition. During the meetings that son, that had not been home for years, landed from the steamer at Victoria, and with his wife went to church. All the depravity of his nature rose up against what he heard and saw. He was angry at his mother, himself, and everybody. Still more earnest prayer was made for him, and prayer prevailed. Both he and his wife were brought to Christ. With the fire kindled in their own hearts, they hastened back to their own people, near the Alaska line, bearing the glad tidings of great joy. As of old, Parthians and Medes and dwellers in Asia and strangers at Rome and others carried back to their own people the fire and tidings of the pentecostal season,

so these Indians carried the power of the Gospel with them to their homes at Nanaimon, the Frazer, the Skeena, the Nasse, the Tastazellaroka, and other places too numerous to mention. This was the commencement of the present six central stations, with their several outposts of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, among the Indians of British Columbia.

The Protestant Episcopal Church has also several prosperous Indian missions in progress. And it is greatly to be hoped that the Presbyterian Church of the province, assisted by the old Kirk of Scotland, will soon engage in the same work. There are estimated to be in the province 30,000 Indians.

British Columbia

is divided into two distinct sections—Vancouver's Island and the main land. These were constituted British colonies, the first in 1849, and the second in 1866, and in 1871 the two became the western province of the Dominion of Canada. The crest of the Rocky Mountains forms its eastern boundary line. Vancouver's Island is 300 miles long, with an average breadth of from thirty to fifty miles. I had always supposed that it was a comparatively flat island, with low rolling hills; but instead, I find it covered with mountains, some of them 6,000 feet high, and crowned with snow. It has many arable valleys, with lakes, streams, and waterfalls. Settlements have been made at only a few points.

The mainland contains an area stretching four hundred and twenty miles from north to south, and six hundred miles from east to west. The western portion, along the coast, has a moist, loamy soil, with luxuriant vegetation. The eastern section is more open, with extensive plains and valleys, covered with rich bunch grass. Large portions of it have much the appearance of Montana and Wyoming. The western portion is much cut up with the Cascade range, which here rises to an average elevation of seven thousand feet, with towering volcanic peaks. From the main ranges rugged mountain spurs run in a westerly and southerly direction to the sea. Deep gloomy sea inlets run up between

these giant spurs, and the overflow of far inland lakes pour over mountain precipices. Avalanches have cut broad streets from mountain tops to the water's edge. Through rifts and gorges on the elevated bank, as we sailed hundreds of miles along its western coast, are seen mountains far inland—some domed, others peaked—with gulches here and there filled with snow and glaciers. In addition to the agricultural and horticultural resources (the apple and pear trees were bending under their load of fruit at the time of our visit), the fisheries, coal and lumber interests are already very great, and can be increased almost indefinitely. In 1876 the coal product was 140,185 tons, worth \$1,786,648.50 in gold.

The citizens here claim that their climate is more favorable for farming and more healthy and enjoyable than California; that their wheat, barley, and hops beat those of California, and their root crops those of Oregon. That they have more and better coal, finer harbors, superior fish, and sounder and better lumber than any other portion of the Pacific coast; that horses, cattle, and sheep pass the winter unhoused and uncared for, and, as a rule, come out in the spring in good condition; that the winters are mild, snow seldom falling to any depth, and never lying long.

The present population is fifteen thousand. There are resources to attract and sustain more than fifteen millions. British Columbia, with resources only second, if not equal to her sisters, Oregon and California, is an empire in and of herself. The occupation and evangelizing of this rising empire is the great work of Home Missions. The Presbytery of British Columbia has six or seven ministers. They greatly need more men. The Presbytery is in connection with the old Kirk of Scotland.

Off for Alaska.

It was sundown as the California steamed out of the harbor of Victoria. Instead of putting out to sea through the Straits of Juan de Luca, the steamer headed to the north-east through the Haro Strait, winding in and out among a thousand islands, until we entered the broader straits of Georgia, and for three hundred miles our course lies between Vancouver's Island and the mainland, then between smaller islands and the mainland, so that a trip of over a thousand miles is taken in salt water without ever getting to sea, the entire voyage being but little different from river navigation. Entering Haro Strait, off to the east is San Juan Island, so long in the boundary dispute between the United States and Great Britain. It is the home and parish of the most distant northwestern minister of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, that faithful and successful Home Missionary, Thomas J. Weeks. It was a disappointment not to be able to visit him on his field.

Far off to the east Mount Baker stood in the twilight a great white pyramid covered with snow, notwithstanding its internal fires are still burning. Its crater is now filled up with ashes. During the night we crossed the 49th parallel of north latitude, the imaginary line that separates the United States from the Dominion of Canada. In the morning we anchored at Nanaimo to take on coal for our long northern journey. The mines at this point raised during 1876, 140,000 tons of coal. The village and mines has a population of 1000. Rev. William Clide of Scotland, is in charge of the Presbyterian church. The congregation are about completing a good house. Near by the Methodists have a mission station among the Indians.

ALASKA.

HOME MISSIONS AROUND THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

On the evening of the 9th of August we sailed across Dixon entrance, and were

In Alaska,

at the southern end of the Alexander Archipelago, with its eleven hundred islands. Alaska is an English corruption of Al-ak-shak, of the native's meaning, "the great land." It is indeed a great land, covering over 580,107 square miles.

It is the great island region of the United States, rivalling in number and size the great archipelagoes of the Southern Pacific. These islands cover a total area of thirty-one thousand square miles.

It is the great volcanic region. Stretching along the Aleutian Islands for 1500 miles are sixty-one volcanoes, ten of which are active. The magnificent Shishaldin, nearly 9000 feet above the waves that break on either base, Akuten, Makushin, and others are belching out fire and smoke.

It is the great glacier region. From Bute Inlet to Unimak Pass nearly every deep gulch has its glacier, some of which are vastly greater and grander than any glacier of the Alps. So that the American student need no longer go abroad to study glacial action. In one of the gulches of Mt. Fairweather is a glacier that extends fifty miles to the sea—where it breaks off, a perpendicular ice wall 300 feet high and eight miles broad. Thirty-five miles above Wrangell, on the Stikine river, between two mountains 3000 feet high, is an immense glacier forty miles long, and at the base, four to five miles across, and variously estimated from 500 to 1000 feet high or deep.

Opposite this glacier, just across the river, are large boiling springs. The Indians regard this glacier as a personification of a mighty

Ice God

who has issued from his mountain home invested with power before which all nature bows in submission. They describe him as crashing his way through the cañon till its glistening pinnacles looked upon the domains of the River God, and that after a conflict the Ice God conquered, and spanned the river's breadth so completely that the River God was forced to crawl underneath. The Indians then sent their medicine man to learn how this could be avoided. The answer came that if a noble chief and fair maiden would offer themselves a sacrifice by taking passage under the long, dark, winding ice arch, his anger would be appeased, and the river be allowed to go on its way undisturbed. When the two were found and adorned, their arms bound, and seated in the canoe, the fatal journey was made, and the ice has never

again attempted to cross the river. At one of these glaciers ships from California have anchored and taken on a cargo of ice.

It is the great hot and mineral spring region—medicinal springs abound in sufficient number and variety to treat the diseases of the whole race. Goreloi, one of these, is a vast smoking caldron, eighteen miles in circumference.

It is the great fish region. All the early navigators and explorers, from Cook to the present time, have spoken of the immense numbers of salmon, cod, herring, halibut, mullet, ulicon, etc. There are no other such fish-

eries in the known world. A missionary thus describes a fishing scene on the Nasse river: "I went up to their fishing ground on the Nasse river, where some five thousand Indians had assembled. It was what is called their 'small fishing.' The salmon catch is at another time. These small fish form a valuable article of food, and also for oil. They come up for six weeks only, and with great regularity. The Nasse, where I visited it, was about a mile and a half wide, and the fish had come up in great quantities, so great that with three nails upon a stick, an Indian would rake in a canoe full in a short time. Five thousand Indians were gathered together from British Columbia and Alaska, decked out in their strange and fantastic costumes. Their faces were painted red and black, feathers on their heads and imitations of wild beasts on their dresses. Over the fish was an immense cloud of sea-gulls; so many and so thick that, as they hovered about looking for fish, the sight resembled a heavy fall of snow. Over the gulls were eagles soaring about watching their chance. After the small fish had come up larger fish from the ocean. There was the halibut, the cod, the porpoise, and the fin back whale. Man life, fish life, and bird life—all under intense excitement. And all that animated life was to the heathen people a life of spirits. They paid court and worshipped the fish they were to assist in destroying; greeting them: 'You fish, you fish! You are all chiefs, you are.' The Christian Indians had their separate camps, where they had worship morning and evening, and kept the Sabbath."

It is the great fur region. The principal fur bearing animals are the fox, martin, mink, beaver, otter, lynx, black bear, and wolverine. There are also the coarser furs of the reindeer, mountain sheep, goat, wolf, muskrat, and ermine. The extent of the range and quality of the furs in that extensive northern region are conducive to a very valuable fur trade, in addition to which are the seal fur fisheries, that since 1871 have yielded to the government an income of \$1,891,030.

Besides the fisheries and furs are the valuable deposits of coal, copper, sulphur, petroleum, and amber, with gold and silver. The gold and silver, so far, have been found only in limited quantities.

It is the great lumber region of the country. The forests of yellow cedar, white pine, hemlock, and balsam fir, will supply the world when the valuable timber of Puget Sound is exhausted.

It has the great mountain peak of the country—St. Elias, 19,500 feet high.

And the great river of the country, The Yukon, one of the largest rivers of the world.

Alaska is naturally divided into three great divisions.

The Yukon division, comprised between the Alaska mountains and the Arctic Ocean.

The Aleutian district, comprising the Alaska Peninsula and the Aleutian Islands. And the Sitkan district, including all the mainland and adjacent islands south of the peninsula.

Climate.

Each of these three great divisions has two climates, the coast climate and the interior climate, the latter being much severer than the former. The great Gulf Stream of the Pacific, known to geographers as the Japan current, strikes and divides on the western end of the Aleutian Islands. A portion flows north into Behring's Sea, so that it is a remarkable fact that ice does not flow from the

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Arctic Ocean southward through Behring's Straits.

The other portion sweeps southward and eastward, and makes the whole northwest coast habitable, giving to Southern Alaska, on the coast and the adjacent islands, a Winter climate milder than New York city.

The Yukon district, bordering on the Arctic Ocean, is rich in lumber, fish, and furs. From three to four feet below the surface there is a subsoil of frozen earth from six to eight feet deep. This phenomenon is ascribed to the want of drainage, together with a covering of moss that shields the ground from the hot suns of the Arctic Summer, and yet, notwithstanding this ice subsoil during the Summer months, there is a luxuriant growth of vegetation. The great distinguishing feature of this district is the wonderful Yukon river, two thousand miles long, navigable for steamers for one thousand five hundred miles. In some places on the lower Yukon one bank is invisible from the other. A thousand miles above its mouth it is in places twenty miles wide, including the intervening islands. It is one of the great rivers of the world, and upon its upper waters, within the Arctic Circle is Fort Yukon, a post of the Hudson Bay Company. At this far distant post, where tidings from the outside world only reaches once a year, is a Scotch missionary. The British Church looks well after its own people. On its banks live thousands who know neither its outlet or its source, and yet, recognizing its greatness, proudly call themselves the "Men of Yukon."

The Aleutian district is the great agricultural and herding region of Alaska, as well as the more noted region of the seal fisheries. It contains many high mountains, some of them volcanic and emitting steam and smoke. Between them and the sea are rolling hills and meadows. The soil is a rich vegetable mould, and dark colored clays. The climate is moist and warm.

The greatest cold recorded on the Island of Unalaska, by a Greek priest, during a period of five years, was zero of Fahrenheit; extreme heat for the same time was 77 deg. The average for five years at 7 A. M. was 37 deg., 1 P. M. 40 deg., and 9 P. M. 36 deg. The average of weather for seven years was 53 all clear days, 1263 half clear, and 1235 all cloudy. It is very much the climate of north-western Scotland.

It has been proved that oats, barley, and most of the root crops, except perhaps potatoes, will do well. Cattle also do well.

The Sitkan district will raise good vegetables, but is prominent for its vast lumber and fishery interests. It has a Winter climate milder than New York or New Jersey, as mild as that of Washington. The lowest temperature as reported by the coast survey for 1868, was eleven degrees above, and the highest seventy-one. Very little ice is made at Sitka, and the snow or slush lies but a few days in the streets.

In 1870 the first frost at Sitka came in the latter part of November, and the first snow about the first of December, ten inches deep. This melted off by the tenth, and no more came until January. First of April, 1871, Spring had set in, and garden making commenced.

The greatest degree of cold at Sitka from 1870 to 1874 was 6 degrees below.

At Fort Wrangle, in 1874, the first snow occurred in the middle of December, and Stickine river closed with ice Dec. 15th. The greatest degree of cold was 5 degrees below.

In 1876 to 1877 the greatest degree of cold

was 3 degrees below.

The resources of Alaska are fish, fur, coal, oil, ice, petroleum, amber, lumber, iron, lead, copper, silver, gold, sulphur, etc.

Settlements.

The principal settlement is St. Paul, on Kadiak Island. But for political purposes Sitka was made the capital of the Russian colonies in America, and as such has enjoyed a prominence that has made its name as familiar as that of Alaska itself. It has the largest foreign population and the best houses in the Territory. But times are very dull there now, and some of its citizens and trade are removing to Fort Wrangle.

Cape Prince of Wales and the Island of Alton are the extreme western points of land in the United States—in longitude 167 deg. 59 min. 12 sec.—as far west from Portland or San Francisco as the extreme eastern point of Maine is east. Those who would know more of this section should by all means procure

"Dall's Alaska and Its Resources," published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. It is the standard work on Alaska.

The native races in Alaska number about 25,000; Russians, 300 or 400; Americans and others, 500. The Indians can be divided into three great classes: the Innuits of Yukon district; the Aleutian and the Tuskis of the Sitkan district. And these again are divided up into tribes, settlements, and families. These are largely in a condition of degraded superstition, and liable to all the horrible cruelties of heathenism.

The old, sick, and useless are put to death with various cruelties and disgusting rites.

Greek Church.

Some of them have been brought under the influence of the Greek Church, but even they have been left largely without instruction.

Whatever of good is found in their condition is largely due to Rev. Innocentius Veniaminoff, since Greek Bishop of Kamtchatka. He was the one among all the Russian priests to Alaska that has left an untarnished reputation, and seemed to possess the true missionary spirit.

At one time the Russian Greek Church had seven missionary districts in Alaska, with eleven priests and sixteen deacons.

The Russian Fur Company contributed towards the support of the missions \$6600 annually. \$2313.75 was received from the mission fund of the Holy Synod, and \$1100 from the sale of candles in the church, making about \$10,000 annually. The balance came from private individuals. From these revenues the mission churches had accumulated up to 1860 a surplus of \$37,500, which was loaned out at five per cent.

Schools.

The first school was established by Sheli-koff on the island of Kadiak, the pupils receiving instruction in the Russian language, arithmetic, and religion. This was about 1792. A few years later one was established in Sitka. In 1841 an ecclesiastical school was opened in Sitka, which in 1845 was raised to the rank of a seminary.

But little was taught in the schools but the rites of the Greek Church and the art of reading the ecclesiastical characters.

In 1860 a colonial school was opened with twelve students. In 1862 it contained twenty-seven students, only one of whom was a native.

In 1839 a girls' school was established for orphans and children of the employes of the

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Fur Company, in 1862 it had twenty-two pupils. In 1825 a school was established on Unalaska Island for natives; in 1860 it had thirty boys and forty-three girls. A school at Amlia Island in 1860 had thirty pupils. A schoolhouse was built on the lower Yukon, but had no pupils.

Since the American occupation, most of these schools have been suspended, and it now devolves on the American Church to take charge of this large native population, the majority of whom have never heard of a Saviour. It is a sacred trust, which God has laid upon the churches to raise the funds by which the Board of Home Missions can send out ministers and teachers that shall give these people both secular and religious instruction.

Passing through Clarence Strait, by noon of Aug. 10th we were steaming past a lonely cemetery, where a flag of red, white, and black, kept signal over a few graves. Half an hour afterwards we were at anchor in Etolin harbor, abreast of

Fort Wrangle.

This village of one hundred houses is on the northwestern coast of Wrangle Island, at the mouth of the Stikine river.

Owing to the extensive gold mines at Cassiar, on the Stikine river, it has become the chief business centre of Alaska. The Cassiar mines are employing this season about 2000 men, which creates considerable trade. For this trade Wrangle is at the end of ocean and commencement of river navigation. Five ocean vessels run between Portland and Wrangle and Victoria and Wrangle; and four small river steamers run on the Stikine river between Wrangle and the mines.

Twelve hundred tons of goods passed through Wrangle the past year for the mines, and 1500 tons were received for the Wrangle market. Receipts of the Wrangle merchants for the year were about \$250,000.

Estimated cost of private improvements at Wrangle for the past three years is \$75,000. Deposits of gold dust made with the Wrangle merchants by the Cassiar miners amount sometimes to \$500,000 at a time. Many of the miners make their Winter home at Wrangle, and others tarry a longer or shorter time waiting for the steamers.

These miners are more quiet than the same class in California or Nevada. It is the boast of the English that promiscuous shooting and cutting are not allowed in their mining districts; that the majesty of law is everywhere asserted.

"Don't prevaricate, sir!" thundered a British Columbian judge to a witness from the mines; "don't prevaricate, sir!"

"Can't help it, Judge," was the retort. "Can't help it; ever since I got a kick in the mouth from a mule that knocked my teeth out, I prevaricate a good deal."

The pioneer and leading man of the place is W. K. Lear, who has been there nine years. By his energy he has largely built up the

American portion of the place.

Messrs. Vanderbilt, Lear, Stephens, Frohman, Brown, Bonheim and Marx, Martin, and others, have large and well-assorted stocks of goods, which sell cheaper than in Colorado or Wyoming.

J. C. Dennis, Esq., is the popular Deputy Collector of United States Customs.

George Davison has a photographic gallery, with a good assortment of views of landscapes and Indian scenes.

These, with Robert Tennant and others, showed us no little kindness, which bring pleasurable recollections of our visit.

The coast of Wrangle and mouth of the Stikine river was first visited by the American ship Atahualpa of Boston in 1802, three years before Lewis and Clark descended the Columbia.

The permanent population is about one hundred whites and Russians, and five hundred Indians. Besides these there is a large Winter population of miners, and a floating Indian population of from 500 to 700 more, sometimes being from 2,000 to 3,000 Indians in the place.

It is on the great highway of the Indians to and from the mines, also to their hunting and fishing. This makes it a central point for the establishment of a Mission to the Indians, as parties from several large tribes are almost always in the village. And to this point the providence of God led the Presbyterian Church for the establishment of the first American Protestant Mission in Alaska. And the first American Missionary was a woman, Mrs. D. F. McFarland, who was on the steamer with me, to take charge of the Mission.

Getting into one of the many canoes that thronged the side of the steamer upon our arrival, I was soon on shore. Mr. J. M. Vanderbilt, one of the leading citizens and friends of the Mission, being absent for some weeks, his agent very kindly gave us temporary occupancy of his house. It had a beautiful situation, overlooking the bay, the islands and the Indian portion of the village, with its

dwellings, its graves, and its emblems of heathenism. On the southern sweep of the shore of the bay stands the Indian portion of the village. The beach is lined with their large canoes, from twenty to thirty feet long, made out of one solid log of cedar or cypress. Some of the largest of these canoes are from sixty to seventy-five feet long and eight to ten feet wide, and will carry one hundred people.

One of these great canoes was on exhibition last year at the Centennial. The operation of making them is thus described: "Having selected a sound tree, and cut it the desired length, the outside is first shaped, then the tree is hollowed out till the shell is of proper thickness; this is done with a tool resembling

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a grubbing hoe or narrow adze with a short handle. It is then filled with water, which is heated by throwing in hot stones. The canoe is then covered with a canvas to keep the steam in, this softens the timber, and the sides are distended by cross sticks to the desired breadth at the centre, and tapering towards the ends in lines of beautiful symmetry. It is finished off with a highly ornamental figure-head, and the bulwarks strengthened by a fancy covering board."

Along the beach, just above high tide, there are their houses. These are from 25 to 40 feet square, without a window, the only openings being a small door for entrance, and a hole in the roof for the escape of the smoke. The door is three or four feet above the ground level, and opens on the inside upon a broad platform, which extends around the four sides. This platform contained their rolls of blankets, bedding, and other stores. Some of the houses had a second platform inside the first, and a few steps lower. Then a few more steps down brings to the inside square on the ground floor, which is also planked, with the exception of about four feet square in the centre, where the fire is built on the ground, some few had a small inside room, looking as if it was a portion of the cabin of a wrecked vessel. The walls, and frequently roofs, are made of cypress plank, from two to five feet wide, and two to three inches thick. These planks are made by first splitting the trees into great planks, then smoothing down the planks with a small adze.

The people have to a great extent adopted an American style of dress. They belong to the

Stakhin-kwan Family.

These inhabit the coast of Alaska and neighboring islands about the mouth of Stickine River.

Like other Alaska tribes they have several chiefs, one of which is Head Chief. Upon all public occasions they are seated according to their rank. This rank is distinguished by the height of a pole erected in front of their houses. The greater the chief the higher his pole. Some of these poles are over 100 feet high. Mr. Duncan, the missionary, relates how upon one occasion a head chief of the Nasse River Indians put up a pole higher than his rank would allow. The friends of the chief whose head he would thus step over, made fight with guns, and the over ambitious chief was shot in the arm, which led him to quickly shorten his stick.

The Indians are again subdivided into various families, each of which have their family badge. The badges are the whale, the porpoise, the eagle, the coon, the wolf, and the frog.

These crests extend through different tribes, and their members have a closer relation to one another than the tribal connection. For instance, members of the same tribe may

marry, but not members of the same badge. Thus a wolf may not marry into the wolf family, but may into that of the whale.

In front of their leading houses and at their burial places are sometimes immense timbers covered with carvings. Those that attended the Centennial will remember such posts.

These are the genealogical records of the family. The child usually takes the totem of the mother. For instance, at the bottom of a post may be the carving of a whale, over that a fox, a porpoise, and an eagle—signifying that the great-grandfather of the present occupant of the house on his mother's side belonged to the whale family, the grandfather to the fox family, the father to the porpoise, and he himself to the eagle family. These standards are from two to five feet in diameter, and often over sixty feet in height, and sometimes cost from \$1000 to \$2000. Formerly the entrance to the house was a hole through this standard, but latterly they are commencing to have regular doors hung on hinges. Among the Stickines these badge trees or totems are usually off to one side of the door.

Over the entrance to one house was this inscription:

"KOOLTAN

A Chief and Boston's Friend."

They call all Americans "Boston men."

Over another was the following:

"Notice by Governor Matthew, That no chainman or white man allowed to have lodging in my house. Only for Christ's service. By order of Matthew.

Fort Wrangle, April 26th, 1877."

He was one of the chiefs that was converted last Winter. He had been a Shaman or Sorcerer, and had given his house frequently for heathenish rites and devil worship; now he would give his house to God's service. If God would accept and bless his house he would be very glad. Consequently for some weeks the school was held in his house and the Sabbath worship.

Learning that a Mr. Mallory, a Christian man, was at Wrangle, he wrote from the mines under date of July 5th:

"I wish to come and see you and be with you in spirit of the Church. I am very much inclined to be good and follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Suppose you will honor my house to preach the word of God. I shall feel most happy. MATTHEW."

The School.

Sauntering down the one business street upon the afternoon of my arrival, I saw an Indian ringing a bell. It was the call for the afternoon school. About twenty pupils were in attendance, mostly young Indian women. Two or three boys were present; also a mother and her three little children. As the women took their seats on the rough plank benches, each one bowed her head in silent prayer, seeking divine help on their studies. Soon a thoughtful Indian man of about twenty-five years of age, came in and took his seat behind the rude desk. The familiar hymn, "What a friend we have in Jesus," was sung in English; a prayer followed in the Chinook jargon, which is the common language of the various tribes on this coast,

closing with the repetition, in concert, of the Lord's Prayer in English. After lessons were studied and recited, the school arose, sung the long-metre doxology, and recited in concert the benediction. Then the teacher said "Good afternoon, my pupils," to which came the kindly response, "Good afternoon, teacher."

As upon the Sandwich Islands, and more lately in old Mexico, so here, God had opened the work in advance of the coming of the usual missionary appliances. And the taking charge of, and carrying forward of, this work, was the object of the present visit.

The mission school was in full operation, but under great difficulties. They greatly

need maps and charts; they are also in great need of a school-house. At the time of my visit they were renting a dance-hall for a school-room. Upon the return of the miners for the Winter, the hall had to be given up, and the school is now held in a dilapidated log-house. The Indians are ready to help what they can; and those who a few months before were in heathenism, gave their names and made their mark to the following subscription paper for a church and school-house:

Subscription for building a Presbyterian church and school-house at Fort Wrangle, Alaska.

Tribe.	Name.	Amount.
Stickine.	Chief Touatt.....	\$10 00
"	Jun Lewy.....	5 00
"	Mrs. Lewy.....	5 00
"	Miss Lewy.....	5 00
"	Lewy's two children.....	5 00
"	Charley and wife, two blankets, white and green.	
"	Dick, one blanket, white.	
"	Thos. Steele, one blanket, white.	
"	Jennie.....	5 00
"	Jennie's two children.....	5 00
"	Mary.....	10 00
"	Billy.....	0 50
"	Dan.....	0 50
"	Sarah, two blankets, blue and green.	
"	Susan.....	1 00
"	Jack	0 50
"	George Blake.....	2 00
"	Billy Lewy.....	2 00
Cassiar.	George.....	5 00
"	George's wife.....	5 00
"	George's boy Sam.....	5 00
"	Paul Jones, Jr.....	0 50
Yarko.	Pat.....	0 50
Hydah.	John.....	1 00
Tslmpsheans.	Harry.....	1 00
"	Louis.....	1 00
"	Thomas	1 00
"	George	1 00
"	Moss.....	1 00
"	Shaw.....	1 00
"	Philip	1 00
"	Nelly Miller.....	0 50
"	William Dickinson.....	0 25
Clawcock.	George.....	0 50
"	Mary Ann.....	1 50
"	Sarah M. Dickinson.....	0 25
Sitka.	Kate	1 00
"	William Stephens, Jr.....	0 50

In addition to the money and blankets, they would also do much of the work. They will need for the Mission premises a thousand dollars from abroad. Shall they have it? Special contributions for the Wrangle Mission can be sent to Sheldon Jackson, Denver, Col. It is the call of God's providence. Who will respond?

The Board of Home Missions has commenced its missions. Let the ladies organize their Home Mission Societies, and sustain the Board.

Scattered between the houses and the higher land back of them, are a number of boxes about five feet by two in size, raised on four

posts, a few feet from the ground. Also small frame houses like an old fashioned smoke house four feet square. These are the graves of the chiefs and Shamans (Sorcerers). One of them was surmounted by a wooden figure of a whale ten feet long, another had a figure of an immense frog. Others had the genealogy of the dead painted upon them.

The bodies of the dead are disjointed and burned. The funeral ceremonies of the wealthy often last four days. Dead slaves are cast into the sea. They believe in the transmigration of souls from one body to another, but not to animals. And the wish is often expressed that in the next change, they may be born into this or that powerful family. Those whose bodies are burned are supposed to be warm in the next world, and the others cold. If slaves are sacrificed at their burial, it relieves their owners from work in the next world.

Their food consists largely of berries and fish. Large quantities of salmon are smoked and put away for future use. They also prepare large quantities of fish oil.

Some years ago a party of them having seen the cooks on ship mix up flour and bake it into bread—got possession of a barrel of lime from a shipwrecked vessel. A portion of this was mixed up as they had seen the cook do, and baked and boiled and boiled and baked, but to their great disgust nothing eatable came from it.

Customs.

Many of them paint their faces with lamp black and oil, which gives them a very repulsive appearance.

They have a great variety of household utensils made from the horns of mountain sheep and goats, from ivory and from wood.

Polygamy is common among the rich. Upon arriving at a marriageable age, the lower lip of the girl is pierced and a silver pin inserted, the flat head of the pin being in the mouth, and the pin projecting through the lip over the chin. Many of them, men as well as women, wear a silver ring in the nose as well as the ears.

A man wanting a wife sends a message to that effect to the girl's relations. If he receives a favorable answer he sends them all the presents he can procure. Upon the appointed day he goes to her father's house and sits down on the door-step with his back to the house.

The relations who have assembled there sing a marriage song, at the close of which furs and calico are laid across the floor, and the girl is escorted over them from the corner where she has been sitting, and takes her seat by the side of the man.

Then dancing, singing, and eating are kept up by the guests until they are tired. In these festivities the couple take no part. After this they fast for two days, then after a slight repast they fast for two days more. Four weeks

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afterward they come together and are recognized as husband and wife. Perhaps if there was more fasting upon similar occasions among Americans, there would be fewer divorces. The silver pin is now removed from the woman's lip, and a spool-shaped plug, called labaret, about three-quarters of an inch long, is substituted in its place. As she grows older larger ones are inserted, so that an old woman may have one two inches in diameter.

A summary cure for crying babies is to take them to the sea shore and hold them in the water until they cease crying. As soon as they can walk, children are bathed in the sea daily, and they learn to swim about as soon as they do to walk.

Festivals.

Festivals are given on erecting a new house, naming of children, marriages, deaths, &c. These festivals consist of dancing, singing, and feasting. Some of them are so expensive as to impoverish a whole circle of relatives. The universal attendant and important personage at these festivals is the Shaman, sorcerer or medicine man.

Sorcery seems universal among all uncivilized people, prevailing alike in Asia, Africa, America, and the islands of the sea. The words and actions of the Shaman are considered infallible. The office is often hereditary, the son inheriting from the father the various paraphernalia of drum, rattles, masks, charms, &c.

The young man that would become a Shaman, according to Dall, secludes himself for a time in the woods, living on roots. He then claims that a master spirit sends an otter to him, which he kills. The skin of the otter becomes his badge of office, the tongue is placed in a bag prepared for the purpose, and carefully concealed as a charm, for was an uninitiated person to look upon it, they

would immediately lose their senses. If solitude and low diet does not bring power, the young Shaman spends a night at the grave of an old Shaman, taking a tooth or finger from the corpse and holding them in his mouth to more readily compel the attendance of the spirits.

The honor of the Shaman depends upon the number of spirits he can control. He has a separate mask, songs, and dances for each. His hair is never to be cut.

From Dall we also receive the following specimen performance:

"On the day appointed for the exhibition of his power his relations, who act the part of a chorus of singers, are obliged not only to fast, but also use a feather as an emetic, to free themselves entirely from food. The performance commences at sunset and lasts until sunrise. All who wish to participate assemble in the lodge of the Shaman, where they join in a song, to which time is beaten on a drum. Dressed in his paraphernalia, with a mask over his face, the Shaman rushes round and round the fire which is burning in the centre of the lodge. He keeps his eyes directed towards the opening in the roof, and

keeps time to the drum with violent motions of his limbs and body. These movements gradually become more convulsive; his eyes roll till the whites alone are visible. Suddenly he stops, looks intently at the drum, and utters loud cries. The singing ceases, and all eyes are directed toward him and all ears strained to catch the utterances which are supposed to be inspired. By changing the masks he places himself en rapport with the spirit to which each mask is dedicated. It is believed that this spirit inspires for the moment all the utterances which are supposed to be inspired."

When a Shaman dies his body is left for a day in each of the four corners of his room.

On the fifth day it is carried out, dressed in the costume of his order, and deposited in one of the small burial houses spoken of previously. His body is not burned.

All the Alaska Indians are held in abject fear of the conjurers or medicine men. Some of the scenes to be constantly witnessed on that coast are thus depicted by Mr. Duncan of the Church Missionary Society, British Columbia:

"The other day we were called upon to witness a terrible scene. An old chief, in cool blood, ordered a slave to be dragged to the beach, murdered and thrown into the water. His orders were quickly obeyed. The victim was a poor woman. Two or three reasons are assigned for this foul act. One is that it is to take away the disgrace attached to his daughter, who has been suffering for some time with a ball wound in the arm. Another report is that he does not expect his daughter to recover, so he has killed this slave in order that she may prepare for the coming of his daughter into the unseen world. I did not see the murder, but immediately after saw crowds of people running out of the houses near to where the corpse was thrown and forming themselves into groups at a good distance away, from fear of what was to follow. Presently two bands of furious wretches appeared, each headed by a man in a state of nudity. They gave vent to the most unearthly sounds, and the naked men made themselves look as unearthly as possible, proceeding in a creeping kind of stoop, and stepping like two proud horses, at the same time shooting forward each arm alternately, which they held out at full length for a little time in the most defiant manner. Besides this the continual jerking of their heads back, causing their long black hair to twist about, added much to their savage appearance. For some time they pretended to be seeking for the body, and the instant they came where it lay they commenced screaming and rushing around it like so many angry wolves. Finally they seized it, dragged it out of the water and laid it on the beach, where they commenced tearing it to pieces with their teeth. The two bands of men immediately surrounded them and so hid their horrid work. In a few minutes the crowd broke again, when each of the naked cannibals appeared with half of the body in his hands. Separating a few yards they commenced amid horrid yells their still more horrid feast of eating the raw dead body. The two bands of men belonged to that class called 'medicine men.'

"I may mention that each party has some characteristics peculiar to itself; but in a more general sense their divisions are but three, viz: those who eat human bodies, the dog eaters, and those who have no custom

of the kind. Early in the morning the pupils would be out on the beach, or on the rocks, in a state of nudity. Each had a place in front of his own tribe; nor did intense cold interfere in the slightest degree. After the poor creature had crept about, jerking his head and screaming for some time, a party of men would rush out, and after surrounding him, would commence singing. The dog-eating party occasionally carried a dead dog to their pupil, who forthwith commenced to tear it in the most doglike manner. The party of attendants kept up a low growling noise, or a whoop, which was seconded by a screeching noise made from an instrument, which they believe to be the abode of a spirit. In a little time the naked youth would start up again, and proceed a few more yards in a crouching posture, with his arms pushed out behind him, and tossing his flowing black hair. All the while he is earnestly watched by the group about him, and when he pleases to sit down they again surround him, and commence singing. This kind of thing goes on, with several different additions, for some time. Before the prodigy finally retires, he takes a run into every house belonging to his tribe, and is followed by his train. When this is done, in some cases he has a ramble on the tops of the same houses, during which he is anxiously watched by his attendants, as if they expected his flight. By and by he condescends to come down, and they then follow him to his den, which is marked by a rope made of red bark, being hung over the doorway, so as to prevent any person from ignorantly violating its precincts. None are allowed to enter that house but those connected with the art; all, I know, therefore, of their further proceedings is, that they keep up a furious hammering, singing, and screeching for hours during the day.

"Of all these parties, none are so much dreaded as the cannibals. One morning I was called to witness a stir in the camp which had been caused by this set. When I reached the gallery I saw hundreds of Tsimshians sitting in their canoes, which they had just pushed away from the beach. I was told that the cannibal party were in search of a body to devour, and if they failed to find a dead one, it was probable they would seize the first living one that came in their way; so that all the people living near to the cannibals' house had taken to their canoes to escape being torn to pieces. It is the custom among these Indians to burn their dead; but I suppose for these occasions they take care to deposit a corpse somewhere in order to satisfy these inhuman wretches.

"These, then, are some of the things and scenes which occur in the day during the Winter months, while the nights are taken up with amusements, singing and dancing. Occasionally the medicine parties invite people to their several houses, and exhibit tricks before them of various kinds. Some of the actors appear as bears, while others wear masks, the parts of which are moved by strings. The great feature in their proceedings is to pretend to murder, and then to restore to life, and so forth. The cannibal, on such occasions, is generally supplied with two, three, or four human bodies, which he tears to pieces before his audience. Several persons, either from bravado or as a charm, present their arms for him to bite. I have seen several whom he has thus bitten, and I hear two have died from the effects."

To such men and such superstitions these people are bound body and soul. And to rescue them from this, ameliorating and elevat-

ing their condition in this life, and presenting to them a glorious eternity through a crucified and risen Saviour, is the work of the Board of Home Missions.

AN IMPORTANT COMMISSION.

Secretary Henry Kendall and Rev. Sheldon Jackson have received an invitation to report to the Government at Washington the condition of the Indians in Southeastern Alaska. No better choice could have been made. Dr. Kendall left the Assembly on Thursday last, after having a day or two previous made one of the ablest presentations of the Home Missionary cause ever listened to by that body. For this long journey, Dr. Jackson, the "Bishop of the Rocky Mountains," goes with him, and he is likely to add to his title that of "Apostle of Alaska," in recognition of his efforts to secure public attention to that far-off country. To enable him to make this trip, the Board of Home Missions has granted him a vacation. These brethren are already on their way to Alaska, and if they reach Sitka in time, the United States Revenue steamer "Rush" has been directed to take them on board for a cruise among the Indian villages. Our readers may expect to hear from them in due time.

ALASKA.

Organization of the First Protestant Church.—

On the 10th of August, 1877, Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., and Mrs. A. R. McFarland reached Fort Wrangell to commence Presbyterian missions in Alaska. Finding an independent Indian school and mission that had grown up under the labors of Philip McKay, a Tsimpsian Indian, they reorganized it and placed it upon a permanent basis under the care of the Board of Home Missions. Mrs. McFarland was placed in charge of the mission, with Philip as assistant. In August, 1878, she was joined by Rev. S. Hall Young, who entered upon the work with great zeal and success. On the 3rd of August, 1879, Mr. Young, taking advantage of the presence of Rev. Henry Kendall, D.D., Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D.D., and Rev. W. H. R. Corlies, M.D., proceeded to the formal organization of a church; all of the above ministers taking part in the services. Twenty-three members were received, eighteen of whom were Indians. Among the latter were four chiefs of the Stikine nation.

THE CHAUTAUQUA SEASON.

CHAUTAUQUA, N. Y., July 31, 1882.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson lectured in the Amphitheatre this morning on "Alaska." No collections are allowed at Chautauqua, but at the close of Dr. Jackson's lecture a large voluntary contribution was made for the Alaska mission field. The missionary meeting and conferences are still being held. The Grand Assembly will have its opening day to-morrow, when the Chautauqua season really commences.

A SMALL STEAMER NEEDED.

NEW CASTEE, PA., July 6th, 1882.

DEAR BANNER :—You, as well as many of your readers, are no doubt aware of the fact that the Board of Home Missions commissioned Rev. Edgene S. Willard to go as missionary to Alaska, and that accordingly he, together with his wife, established a mission one year ago among the Chilcats, two hundred miles north of Sitka. The latter place being the terminus of the line of California steamers, all freight as well as mail matter is there landed.

A small vessel, owned by a trading company, is the only means of supply except an occasional Indian canoe. This company also owns a store near the mission. When supplies are ordered or sent by friends, they are often left behind that their own interests may be promoted by compelling those dependent upon them to purchase the necessities of life at exorbitant prices.

Thus it will be seen the missionaries are wholly at their mercy. For these reasons, as well as the fact that the missionary is compelled to visit the different villages on foot, a distance of thirty miles, in some cases along the coast or rivers, or expose himself to the perils from water and weather incident to travel in an open canoe, a call has been made for a small steamer, the cost of which, delivered at the mission, would not exceed six hundred dollars. One hundred is already pledged. Will not some lover or lovers of mission work respond to the call, and assist in procuring this much-needed means of transportation and travel. Donations may be sent to Dr. Sheldon Jackson, Mission House, 22 Centre Street, New York. Also a report of amount to Mrs. Jos. White, New Castle, Pa., who is engaged in raising the fund, in order that it may be known when a sufficient amount is raised.

MRS J. W.

[A vessel of this kind has been in use among the Sandwich Islands for many years, and we do not see any reason why such an appliance might not be of great assistance to our entire missionary work in Alaska.—EDS BANNER]

THE FLORA OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Professor G. Dawson, director of the Canadian Geological Survey, has recently made a report upon the result of recent investigations, from advance sheets of which a contemporary obtains some valuable information regarding the timber wealth of this comparatively unknown portion of the Dominion. The province, including Vancouver and Queen Charlotte Islands and others

along the coast, has an estimated area of 213,000 square miles, and a population including Indians and Chinese, of 50,000 souls. Of this area it is computed 110,000,000 statute acres—a space amounting to two-thirds of the whole—are covered with timber. The professor observes that British Columbia, forming part of the Cordillera region of Western America, may be regarded as having its flora divided into four great groups; the west coast, the western interior, the Canadian, the Arctic. The west coast region, with an equable climate and heavy rainfall, is characterized by a corresponding luxuriance of vegetation, especially of forest growths. The flora is well marked, and only in a few spots—and those depending on the dryness of certain summer months, owing to local circumstances—does a scanty representation of the drought-loving flora of the California coast occur. The second region is that of the southern portion of the interior of the province, and presents as its most striking feature the resemblance of its flora to that of the interior basin of Utah and Nevada, and the plains east of the Rocky Mountains. It may be said to extend as far as fifty-one degrees north, with isolated patches in warm spots as far as the Blackwater. The third region, the northern part of the interior, has the same flora as the eastern parts of Canada, although mixed with unfamiliar stragglers. This flora appears to extend right across the American continent to the northward of the Great Plains, and characterizes a region with moderately abundant rainfall, summers not very hot, but winters severe. The Arctic or Alpine flora is that of the high summits of the Coast and Rocky Mountains; where lurk plants which only deploy on lower ground on the shores of Hudson Bay, Behring Straits and the icy sea.

REV. Shelton Jackson, D. D., of Colorado, will deliver a lecture in the Presbyterian Church, this (Friday) evening, at 8 o'clock. Subject, "Alaska." Dr. Jackson has traveled extensively in that Territory and is well qualified to impart valuable information concerning it. Being an able and interesting speaker, the lecture will doubtless prove an attraction. Everybody is cordially invited.

THE LAND OF THE SUNDOWN SEA.

By Rev. R. W. Hill.

It is the boast of England that the sun never sets on her dominion. Her drumbeat rolls around the world; but to the United States belongs the former, if not the latter claim, for when the sun is gilding the shores of Maine with his morning glory, he is just bathing the waters of Alaska with his parting beams. From Eastport in Maine to the extreme end of that attenuated finger of Alaska which points the way to Asia over 197 degrees of longitude, or more than half way round the globe—what an Empire is ours! What resources! What vast possibilities! If, out of the resources of Great Britain, England has made herself such a grand world-power, what may we not reasonably expect from our own country when its energies are put forth, and all its opportunities and resources are fairly used?

Of all our country, perhaps Alaska is the least known. It is only a few years since it became a part of our territory, and until lately the facilities for travel were but limited. Until the missionaries began to work among the natives, there was but little interest taken in our Russian purchase, save by a few miners and commercial companies. But since 1877 a great deal of inquiry has been awakened, and now excursionists are beginning to penetrate the different portions of Alaska in search of the novel and the picturesque. Alaska, from an Indian phrase (Alas Shak, or Great Land) contains nearly 600,000 square miles, and extends from latitude $51^{\circ} 12'$ to Point Barrow in $71^{\circ} 27'$ north, and covers 20° of latitude and 57° of longitude, although a large portion of the interior is destitute of inhabitants.

The principal settlements of Alaska are to be found in its two great archipelagoes—the Aleutian, which beginning at the southern point of Alaska stretches nearly over to Asia, and the Alexander, which from Alaska reaching downward is merged into the islands of British Columbia. When Alaska came into our possession in 1867, Seward's purchase was regarded as a foolish expenditure of public money by a large majority of American citizens. Alaska was associated with the iceberg and polar bear, and it was thought at best a few furs would be the only thing valuable obtained from that country. But the truth is that there is as much of wealth in Alaska as in other portions of our land. Magnificent forests of yellow cedar cover all the slopes, iron and coal, gold and silver in great abundance, and fisheries unequalled in any waters, give promise of an immense wealth when Alaska shall be touched by the magic wand of Capital. It is true Alaska will never be an agricultural country, for there is but a limited area of arable land, but the other elements of wealth more than compensate for any deficiency in this direction. Then, too, the climate is not what it is usually supposed to be. The great Kuro Siwa warm from the tropic seas,

flows eastward from Japan until striking our western coast, it is turned northward among the islands of the Alaskan arch to soften and ameliorate the climate. Hence rain and moisture in all its various forms abound. The hills are covered with a dense growth of green, and the climate more nearly corresponds with that of Canada than to any other portion of North America. Yet the Winters are not as severe as those of Canada, for the ocean tempered by the warm Japan current moderates what would otherwise be excessive cold.

Into this land, new and strange and remote, the Church has been for several years sending its missionaries to lead the people to a higher and better life. The people of Alaska, save the few whites and Russians, are principally of two great Indian families. Of these the Aleuts occupy the Aleutian archipelago stretching far to the westward, and are not possessed of the same intelligence and thrift that distinguish the Indians who belong to the Sitkan family, which includes broadly all the Indians of the Alexander archipelago, and perhaps a few on the main land.

It is among the latter Indians that our missionaries are at work, and from their intelligence good results are expected. Already the schools at Fort Wrangle and Sitka have made their mark among the Indians, and when those at Haines and Jackson have become well established, and when other points shall also be occupied, we may look for the civilization and evangelization of the tribes. The "romance of missions" is not yet a thing of the past, for heroism and patient endurance are constantly called into play on the part of our Alaskan missionaries. No more affecting story of endurance and faithful service in the face of misfortune and hardship—yes, in the very face of death itself, and that death at the hand of frenzied savages—is to be found anywhere, than can be read in the letters of Mrs. Williard from Alaska. Let those who would learn of how our missionaries live and labor in this land, read the letters in the September and following numbers of the "Presbyterian Home Missions," telling of her suffering and yet joyful service.

To-day I am at Nainaimo, B. C., en route for Alaska on board the steamer Idaho. It is pleasant to go sailing on the sea, but how much more where all nature combines to appear in the loveliest garb? Among these myriad islands there is a constant charm to the traveller, for the scene is ever changing. While the vessel is taking on coal I can look out over the beautiful bay, and watch the dimpling waters mark the lines of shore and sky until they fade away in a haze of glory in the distance. One could, were all days like this, almost dream the hours away imagining the whole world at peace. And yet, the rude block-house yonder bears witness that even here the human heart is stirred by savage passions. Here it was years ago that 8,000 Indians came to destroy the 200 or more people who had

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gathered around this Hudson's Bay Company trading-post. They were only driven off after days of weary fighting. The old block-house is the only reminder of those days, for the Indians, some of whom are now lazily reclining on the beach, go no more on the war-path, but are hewers of wood and drawers of water for any who give them employ. Are they Christians? It is hard to say. They think sometimes they are, and are occasionally contrasted with the "heathen Indians," but they differ from the Christian Indians at Metlakatla. They are just in the condition where they are most easily influenced by the vices of the whites, and yet they are much higher in the scale of civilization than the average Indians lower down the coast.

THE LAND OF THE SUNDOWN SEA.—II.

By Rev. R. W. Hill.

The tourist to Alaska leaving Portland usually goes by Columbia river, the Western Division of the Northern Pacific railroad from Kalama to Lacoma on Puget's Sound, and thence by steamer to Victoria. Thus the danger of sea-sickness is escaped, and the journey is, save a few miles, one altogether on inland waters. Our party, however, was not so fortunate. The time being limited, we were afraid we could not make connection with our steamer at Victoria, though as the sequel proved, we had ample time. We passed down the Columbia, and out across the bar upon the broad Pacific. Hardly a swell was perceptible as we crossed the dreaded bar, and beyond it the ocean was calm and untroubled, shimmering in the sunlight. The bar is the 'bete noir' of travellers, and a source of dread to all who cross it, but we experienced no sensation of sea-sickness at the time. The course of the ship was northward, and for over two hundred miles we steamed away toward the Straits of Fuca. Gradually the shore lines sank out of sight; Old Cape Disappointment faded in the distance; the angry breakers seemed first to lose their force as we steamed away, and then to die out altogether. To the westward a bank of cloud sprang up; an hour later a breeze came, and then the heaving and tossing of the vessel compelled us to pay to Old Neptune the tribute we had denied him in the morning while crossing the bar. When the sun sank behind the waters in the west, we were all still confined to our staterooms, and only through the small window could we see the glorious coloring of the sky. When the morning broke we were just entering the Straits of Fuca. On the right was Neah Bay, where the Indians of the tribe of that name live more on water than land. Before us in the distance arose Dungeness Light, and the indented shore line of Vancouver's Island was dimly discernible on our left. The snow-capped mountains of the Olympia range lifted their white crowns above the lines of timber which everywhere came down to the white sandy beach. A few Indians in their ca-

noes were already fishing, and as we proceeded up the Straits their number increased; but all was calm and still save for this sign of life, and seemingly deserted. The curved line of white sand marking the shore line sped swiftly by, and at last we reached Port Townsend, where taking on freight and passengers, we cleared for our destination, and steamed across the Straits to Victoria.

The capital of British Columbia is a beautiful city, and its surroundings have been utilized to their fullest extent to add to its attractions. Fine roads lead out into the country in all directions; the trees are well cared for, and the houses betoken thrift. The public buildings are not equal to those seen in our large cities, but are amply sufficient for all purposes. The harbor is small and entered by a devious winding channel, on both sides of which are built beautiful homes. The great need of the city is a harbor sufficient for ships at all stages of water; but only four miles away is the harbor of Esquimault, where the navies of the world may ride at anchor safely. Here are located the Government navy-yards and depot of supplies; and here in time may grow a rival to Victoria. For a long time Esquimault was the rendezvous of gangs of successful smugglers, who operated between the free trade ports of British Columbia and Washington Territory. This was the palmy period of Victoria, before the union with Canada and consequent tariff. Then Victoria was the chief seat of the Hudson Bay Fur Company. From thence was the starting point to the Cariboo and Frazer river mines. At that time it had thirty thousand inhabitants, and ranked next to San Francisco among cities on the Pacific coast; but now it is simply a beautiful city of secondary commercial importance, outstripped by a dozen others in the race for supremacy, and destined eventually to go down in the scale, as Esquimault with its magnificent harbor and government works to back it, goes up.

From Victoria the course of our vessel lay through Haro Straits, which separate Vancouver from San Juan Island. This island was the bone of contention between England and our country for several years, and the joint occupation by troops made its name familiar in the East. From Haro Straits through Active Pass, we entered the Gulf of Georgia, a beautiful sheet of water, almost an inland sea. Departure Bay, where we coaled, is an arm of the Gulf (almost land locked), but a safe harbor when entered, as it is fully protected from storms. The coal here is of excellent quality, and supplies most of the markets on the Pacific coast. After coaling, we again passed into the Gulf of Georgia, catching a glimpse of Mount Baker, its snowy top glowing in the sun, and the nearer mountains with shadows chasing one another as the clouds swept across the sky. From the Gulf, toward evening we passed through a narrow passage called Seymour Narrows. The tide rushes through this place with a velocity of nine or ten miles an

hour, and when the turn comes, a great wave, many feet high and white with foam, sweeps with resistless power through the Strait. At such times the rush and roar of the water is grand, but navigators do not care to be caught there, as even the largest steamships cannot make headway, and are liable to be dashed on the rocks. We passed through, however, at the most favorable stage of water, and so near to the rocky sides that we could notice the abundance of ferns and trailing vines. It was here that, caught by the tide, the United States steamer Saranac was thrown against a sunken rock and lost. She sank in less than five minutes, and the last man had barely time to get into the boat ere she went down with a great lurch, and was never seen again. Discovery Passage, of which the Narrows form a part, is contracted very much throughout its whole length. The shores are rocky, precipitous, and over a thousand feet high. Here the scenery is grand, for the mountains close by, on the Vancouver shore, rise to an average height of over 4,500 feet. On the opposite or north side, the mountains are not nearly so lofty, but form magnificent serrated outlines against the deep blue of the sky. There is more or less of snow on all of these mountains. Wherever on the north or east deep gorges toward the top protect it from the warm wind—and it is said that on the main land across from the upper end of Vancouver Island, there are a number of small glaciers, remnants of the great glacier which in the long ago swept down from Alaska over this coast to as far south as California—these waters are in many respects like the deep Fiords on the coast of Norway, and travellers who have been to Norway always speak of the resemblance. To us, as the sun went down glorifying the snow-caps, and imparting a soft golden color to cloud and sea, we seemed as if sailing on some highland lake. The rich waves of changing light produced a strange effect on the sea, and now it seemed like ink, and again green as a lowland meadow. The stars came out one by one, appearing in sky above the distant mountains; but these were the only lights, save an occasional beam from an Indian camp on shore.

When bedtime came we were just at the entrance of Queen Charlotte Sound, the only break in this long line of interior navigation, where once more as we sank to rest we felt the ocean's swell. All through the passages we noticed a peculiar feature high up in the hills. We continually passed beautiful little lakes formed among the hills long ago by the glaciers; now replenished from the melting snows, until overflowing, the water breaks away in a charming cascade. Thus the scenery is ever grand, though always changing, and hour after hour one can sit on the upper deck feasting the eyes on the panorama. The tumbling waterfall, like a line of silver through the trees, at another time would be sufficient inducement for a long journey, but in these Sundown Seas nature is prodigal of beauty, and one turns

from side to side to catch some new feature, as it is brought in sight by the rapidly moving steamer. With a sense at times almost of surfeit we look out in wonder, for everything is grand and at times awe inspiring. The overflow from the lakes pours down the mountain sides. Great swaths through the heavy spruce timber reach from summit to the water's edge, marking the course of the Winter avalanches down the steep declivities. The upper parts of these tracks are clear of timber, swept bare by the moving snow. Lower down they are covered by the dead uprooted trunks, and at the bottom often the timber is piled in confused masses. Bright green streaks mark the course of the older slides, where the new growth of vegetation has sprung up to hide the hill's scarred bosom. How speedily and how easily Nature heals her own wounds, and covers all deformities with a beautiful robe of green! Back from the water's edge, everywhere rising above the timber, are the granite domes, some smooth and gray, rounded by the ice and snow, and others with crevice and ravine filled with snow, which slowly melting trickles down to the lakes, whose overflow causes the many waterfalls we pass.

After Queen Charlotte's Sound our next encounter with ocean was in Milbank Sound, then in Dixon Entrance, on our way around Prince of Wales Island to reach Howkan in Cordova Bay. The change from the smooth waters of the inside channels to the ocean, even though for a few miles, was always perceptible, and we were always glad to get beyond the influence, not always soothing, of the Pacific. However, it was a matter of only a few hours to cross these troubled waters, and we could stand it usually.

We reached our first stopping place on a Sabbath afternoon. It was the mission station called Jackson—after Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who was with us. Here we had our first view of an Alaska Indian village, and certainly it did not impress us as a desirable place to live, yet here we have three devoted missionaries, who for the cause of our Master, have sacrificed all the comforts of civilized society. It takes heroism to be a missionary, even in this century; and yet these who are in Alaska working for Christ and humanity, think it a privilege to be there. All loss is counted as gain, and they are cheerful and happy, for they know the result of faithful work will be grand indeed. We did not stay long at Jackson (Howkan), as we were in dangerous waters, but made all haste to get away for our next point, Fort Wrangel.

THE LAND OF THE SUNDOWN SEA.—III.

By Rev. R. W. Hill.

As the steamer neared the dock at Fort Wrangel, the flag on the McFarland Home was raised, and with the glass, the teachers and several of the Indians were discerned waving a welcome. Rev. S. Hall Young, whose letters from Alaska have been widely read, was on the dock to meet us, and soon came Dr. McFarland and

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wife. What has been accomplished at this mission is known to all the Church, from the letters which the missionaries have published; but we were hardly prepared for the advancement we saw. As the mission is now constituted, there are in all six missionaries at Wrangel—Rev. S. Hall Young and wife; Rev. J. W. McFarland, M.D., and wife; Mrs. McFarland; and Miss Kate Rankin, who joined the force on our arrival. These have all distinct and separate work, and all have their hands full. As the work is enlarged, more help will be necessary at this place, and also at Sitka.

We could only stay long enough at Wrangel to change mail, and land a little freight; so we were soon on our way again. The sun was just setting as we steamed out toward Sitka. The clouds were so perfect, the lights and shadows so rich, and the water, tinged with a flush from the golden skies of the west, sparkled so, that we watched the fading glory with a real regret. How hard it is to describe such a sunset! We tell of the banks of dark clouds resting above the range of low hills forming the cape, as it stretches its foot to the ocean; we speak of the masses of fire above—of all the varied tints and tones reminding us of some dream of Paradise. But the glory of the cloud and the serenity of the sea cannot be described by our words; these do service for so many different things that we feel unable to convey such beauty to the mind as the setting sun of September has given to the eye.

The climate of all this region is remarkable. The nights now (September) are cool, but not frosty, the thermometer seldom indicating less than 40° between April and November. During these September days it is quite hot in the sun, but in the shade one feels the better for warm clothing, as the marking is about 65°. On the coast generally the Winter is not as severe as inland, and in some favored localities is quite pleasant. One year at Sitka no ice formed, but that was a remarkably warm season. Deep snows fall generally, covering all the mountains; so that when the first warm days of Spring open, the rivers and streams are swollen to an immense size by their melting; and when the Summer season has arrived, the streams continue bank-full, carrying off the snow. The average mean temperature at Sitka for twelve years, was 42.9° Fahr., and the average rainfall for sixteen years was 82.16 inches, or nearly seven feet.

Salmon, halibut, cod, mackerel, and other good fish, abound in all these waters. The salmon are so numerous at times that it is impossible to ford the streams; and even when the "run" is small, the people crossing streams often carry sticks to thrust aside the fish. When the salmon ascend the streams, the Indians reap their harvest. They follow the fish, and catch them in great quantities, often throwing them out of the water with their naked hands! To prepare them for Winter, they split them along the back; take out the backbone; cut them into long strips, which they

first dry in the sun; and then hang up and smoke. The salmon are probably equally as good as the "chinook," or far-famed Columbia-river salmon; and if cured by careful and *cleanly* white hands, would no doubt be very fine.

The surroundings of Sitka are very beautiful, especially the bay, studded as it is with islands; but the town itself is a very poor place, containing only three buildings worthy of notice—the Customhouse, the Castle, and the old Greek church. To a stranger, the last is the most interesting. So entirely different from the prevailing American types of church architecture, it at once attracts your notice. It is cruciform in shape, and in the large belfry there is a chime of peculiarly sweet-toned bells. The house is weather-stained, and the copper roof shows signs of wear; but the bells (almost pure silver, they say) seem to grow better by age. The interior is divided into four sections, with several small closets for storing vestments. Pictures hang on the walls. One of those on each side of the central altar is finished in gold and silver, the wings of silver standing out well from the canvas. In the inner sanctuary the priest brought out the beautiful vestments of the bishop, heavy with gold fringe, the cap adorned with a costly cross of malachite. The ladies could see all the articles, but were not allowed to enter the altar section. Such a show ought to make an impression on savage minds, but we were told that but few Indians ever attended the service. When our own Church, with its simple service, is again fairly at work in the new chapel to be erected, may it do more for the Indian than has ever been accomplished hitherto! Much has been done by our missionaries, but only a beginning has been made; and labor well directed, faith and earnest prayer, together with much money, will be necessary ere we can be at all satisfied with results. But right here let me say that gratifying results are sure, for the result to-day is wonderful, considering the brief time of labor.

At Sitka we met all the missionaries in Alaska, except those we had already seen at Jackson and Fort Wrangel. Since the fire which burned the old Hospital where the school was carried on, Mr. Austin and family have been living in the Barracks. The school has for its use an old stable, fitted up in the most primitive manner; but before Winter the new Home will be completed, and the Sheldon Jackson Institute fairly at work. Mr. and Mrs. Styles were down from Hoonyah, and reported favorably as to work on Chichagoff Island, where they are stationed. Mr. Willard and wife had been brought out from Chilcat, where they had passed through fiery trials. When rescued by a special relief steamer, they were in a deplorable condition, sick and almost starved, having nothing left but a little flour and tea. Certain it is that brother Willard is a cripple for life probably, for want of proper medical attention to a poisoned hand; and at the date of this

writing (Sept. 20th) it is uncertain whether his wife can survive the strain to which she has been subjected. Her letters have made her well and favorably known, and all her friends will grieve to hear of her suffering. With careful nursing, which she now has, she may pull through; and that she may be long spared to continue her work, is the prayer of her many friends.

The Indian Ranch, or quarter, at Sitka, is squalid, and the houses are almost all going rapidly to decay. They are generally constructed of plank (from two to four feet wide) hewn out of the spruce or cedar. The posts and beams, like those at Howkan and elsewhere, are enormous, and would support immense storehouses. Generally the houses have no chimneys—an opening in the roof answering the purpose. Some, especially the newer sides of the houses; these contain their blankets and other treasures. One of the most intelligent Indians directed his wife to open some of these boxes for our inspection. She took out a great quantity of bead-work, differing only in figure from that to be seen in any curio store; quite a number of little china dolls, which showed her children attended the mission school; some carved work; and a dance-blanket. This is a black blanket of fine cloth, bordered and panelled with red flannel. Around each panel was a double row of pearl buttons, and in the centre curiously-wrought figures, or hieroglyphics. There were some old heirlooms, black and hideous, carved out of bone. The Indians all seem to delight in distortion when carving the human face or figure, and their totems are often hideous from this cause. The Indian to whom I have referred had a number of other things, but he wanted a dollar to let us see them; so they were not exhibited.

These Indians are all eager for money, and extremely sharp in trade. If they have furs to sell, they take them to the rival traders, and get bids; and having plenty of time, they are often several weeks making a bargain, standing out for the last cent of value, often getting more from the traders than can be realized in San Francisco for the same furs. An instance of their craftiness occurred when we reached the Howkan Mission at Jackson, where Rev. Mr. Gould, wife, and sister, are at work. A saw-mill was to be landed, with supplies, lumber, &c. We got to the anchorage grounds at 2 P. M., Sabbath afternoon, with the barometer falling rapidly, and the ship in a very dangerous position, making it necessary to get out to sea before the storm came. When asked to help get the freight ashore, the Indians with one voice refused, saying it was *Sunday*; but with equal unanimity offered to work for *double wages*! When well paid, and *coaxed*, all these Northern Indians will work faithfully; but they resent driving, and will leave at the earliest opportunity for it. They love approbation, however, and in rivalry to win applause, will strain every nerve. Coming

back from Silver Bay to Sitka in a large boat, with twenty Indian boys at the oars, when near the steamer they made the boat fairly leap through the water, singing in chorus that old song "Grandfather's Clock." It is only fair to add that we made excellent time all the way with our Indian crew, who, under the leadership of one called "Jake," made numerous "spurts" at the signal "Hy-ak" or "Chluck," which is Indian for "Altogether, with a will."

These Alaska Indians are very distinct in their look, manners, language, and habits, from all the other Indians of the Northwest, and many of them seem to bear a resemblance to the Japanese. That the Japanese have peopled these islands is not improbable, and there is a tradition at Sitka which gives the name of Japan to the large island directly abreast of the Castle, because on it some Japanese vessel was wrecked. These Indians are a patient, quiet, and very industrious people, of more than ordinary taste and ability. Their carving in bone and wood, like the work of all the Indians of the Northwestern coast, is remarkably fine for work done with such rude tools. They soon become proficient in our simpler arts, and learn as well as white laborers the time to strike for higher wages, and also never to work without an assurance of pay.

THE LAND OF THE SUNDOWN SEAS.—IV.

By Rev. R. W. Hill.

When we left Sitka we left Dr. Jackson behind, who is to build there the new home. We also left there Miss Matthews, a daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Matthews of Monmouth, Ill. Miss Matthews is to go to Chilcat and help Mrs. Willard at that mission. She is abundantly qualified, and is there just when most needed, as in her present feeble condition Mrs. Willard is not able to carry on her work.

Across from Sitka rises Mount Edgecomb, a volcanic cone now partly snow-covered, and with a small glacier on one side. The glaciers are numerous in this neighborhood, seven or eight being passed as the steamer makes her round—especially numerous, however, in an inlet known as Glacier Bay. Our route was by Killisnoe and Harrisburg, and while we did not see as many as by the other way, we saw enough to fully satisfy our curiosity. The air of early morning was chill as it came down from the snow-fields. All the upper basins on the mountains were filled with the moving masses of snow, and from many different directions these gradually converged to the great glaciers which spread out wider and wider as they neared the sea level. The light fleecy clouds hung over portions of the ice-fields, but with the changing position of our vessel they served to add beauty to the scene. The low islands and shoals lying close to the main land seem to be old terminal moraines, indicating a far more extensive glacier system in the past than at present. The glaciers seem to be dying out, and the total extinction of all is only a question of time.

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Alaska is a grand field for the geologist, for the ice lays bare the very heart of the hills for study. Perhaps nowhere else are the contrasts presented so great. All the deep bays and gorges find their counterparts in the lofty mountains, and the forces of upheaval, volcanic and glacial action, have plainly written the story of the country on the eternal hills. At the present time the process of upheaval is going on, lifting the land out of the sea, and the volcanoes can hardly be called extinct since it is but a few years ago that several were in operation. Over fifty volcanic peaks have been enumerated, and Mount Fairweather, seen from near Sitka on any clear day, appears to be largely a mass of lava and ashes. But for the geologist there is no phenomena here as important as the glacial, for many think the excavation of the innumerable channels and water-ways is entirely due to ice. The polishing, the striation, and the grinding of such immense areas of rock, cannot fail to command attention. The ice-fields all are beautiful, and present the various striking features described by such writers as Agassiz and Tyndall as belonging to the glaciers of Europe. As we sailed through Lynn Canal we were able to count quite a number of large glaciers, and when we rounded a cape to leave the canal, we drew quite near to several. The cape is a long, low-lying mass of small rocks, and the whole island might easily have been pushed out by the ice from the main land. The impression that the island is morainic, grows stronger as the other side is seen, and the position of the glacial flow noticed. We have to go far up the Canal to avoid the reef which makes the end of the cape, but in doing this we are brought quite close to the foot of the flow on the main land. When we round the reef we are at the most favorable point for observation.

Just abreast of here a magnificent glacier issues from a narrow gorge between two high, bold, snow-covered mountains. After leaving the cañon it spreads out into a vast fan-shaped mass, over 600 feet above the water and nearly two miles in width. The moving ice has pushed out in front of it a moraine composed of fragments of rock, some of great size. This glacier presents a remarkable appearance as it rises rugged and majestic to its source on the mountain slopes. The vast body of ice comes down in an almost unbroken mass until quite near its front, where it breaks down in massive ledges and pinnacles which reflect every hue of the rainbow, and flash and glitter in the sunlight.

At Killisnoy there is an oil factory, and as we came to anchor near the shore, the strong smell was wafted out on the evening breeze until we were heartily sick of it. The oil is made from whale, herring, and other fish, with which the waters of Chatham Strait are filled. As we came through we saw two large whales of the "hump-back" species, beside a school of porpoises, and some of the fishermen said they could kill more fish than three factories

could possibly convert into oil. The work is mainly done by the Indians, who have formed quite a village near the factory, and now devote all their time to regular work for it. A visit to their houses showed them to be deficient in any idea of order or cleanliness, but was not altogether fruitless, as two well carved horn spoons were secured, besides a fine set of their gambling sticks. Their method of gambling is probably a variation of odd or even, as each stick is marked by a certain number of lines, and the contents of each handful is guessed at by the players alternately. There was a fine Shaman's (or medicine man's) headdress offered for sale, but although the carving was good, we did not secure it, as the price was quite high. No other curios were to be seen, as the camp had been lately visited by a large excursion party, who took everything then offered for sale. We were glad when the lading was finished, and the steamer carried us out of range of the "ancient and fishlike smell" of the factory, and when once more we were out on Chatham Straits bound through Lynn Channel to Takou Inlet.

We had not been satisfied with a distant view of the glaciers, and Captain Carroll made a special excursion to Takou Inlet, that we might climb upon one of the two there coming down to the water. The Inlet was full of floating ice, for one of the glaciers is continually discharging vast masses into the bay. These floated by like miniature icebergs, and are varied in color from white to a deep blue. The glacier from which came the floating ice is a perfect ice-cascade, and so broken that it is impossible to get on it, as the fissures form impassable gulfs. The whole front is pushed forward so rapidly that hardly an hour passes without the noise of portions falling into the water, to float away with the tide. The clear blue color of this ice was remarkable, for it seemed almost free from the mud and dirt of the other. The one we went on was covered with a top-dress of mud-stones and sand.

We found some difficulty in getting a suitable place to make the ascent, for after getting over the moraine the face of the glacier was so fissured that it seemed impossible to get any great distance. However, by a roundabout way we got up the first bench, and then the most serious obstacle seemed overcome. From this point patience and good spiked shoes enabled some of our party to climb to the top, but it was a toilsome work. The descent was even worse than the ascent, for our feet seemed determined to slip, and only by great exertions could we avoid falling. We could not see the "pot-holes" until right on them, and what looked from a distance like a solid surface, was found to be fissured when reached. For my own part I was glad to get down, and although the loose moraine was not pleasant to walk over, it was better than the ice.

At Klawack I saw for the first time the Indians actually drunk with "hoochinoo," a

kind of rum they distil from molasses. The Indians are very fond of whiskey, and as it is against the law to sell it to them, or even to import it into the Territory, they were compelled to live sober until some white men taught them how to make "hoochinoo." The apparatus used is of the simplest kind, consisting only of an old coal-oil can with a pipe to lead the steam through cold water for condensation. Often they use sea-kelp for their pipes, and are thus enabled to start a distillery at a moment's notice, if they are furnished either molasses or sugar. Many of the merchants refuse to sell them molasses, but when denied at one place they go to another, and are always sure of a supply. The Indians at Klawack could not get either sugar or molasses from the trader at that point, and so a canoe was sent to Howcan, sixty-five miles away, and enough molasses bought in small quantities to furnish material for considerable hoochinoo. With this the Indians returned to Klawack and set up the still, and by the time the steamer arrived, enough of the vile stuff had been made to set a great many Indians perfectly crazy. We went into one cabin and saw a terrible sight. There were nine Indians lying drunk on the floor, and of these *three were little children*. One Indian woman was stretched on the floor in a drunken stupor, while her little babe had crawled to her breast and was trying to nurse. In this cabin we found a still, and also hoochinoo in bottles. How it can be drunk is hard to understand, for of all vile-smelling compounds it is the worst, and its evil effects are even worse than its smell. Fortunately for the Indians, and to the honor of the traders and people, the public sentiment is strong against the importation or sale of molasses. At Harrisburg the people in convention assembled, a few days ago adopted a code of laws which provides that any molasses hereafter taken there shall be emptied into the bay, and that any one selling beer to Indians, shall for the second offense be expelled from the district, the penalty for the first offense being seizure and sale of the stock. That the people should take such ground is very encouraging, and if public sentiment were only as pronounced in regard to other evils, it would augur well for the future.

Were it not for hoochinoo, the Indians at Klawack would be quite comfortable. A large cannery is there in successful operation, and affords plenty of work at good wages to all the Indians who desire it. About 10,000 cases of salmon were put up this year, and for this work a large amount of money was paid out. Some of the Indians have saved considerable, one showing me over \$300 worth of orders. But the great majority let their wages go either to the trader or the hoochinoo maker, and judging from the cabin spoken of above, we can well believe the report that in most cabins hoochinoo has been the prime cause of all woes. There was a little surprise, however, in

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store for the Indian owning and running the still, and a surprise which will probably prove a benefit to the rest. Just before we left the place, the United States Revenue Inspector, accompanied by an armed force, visited the "ranche," seized the stills and hoochinoo, and arrested the Indian who was making it. He knew he was violating the law, for his own brother had plainly warned him of the risk he ran; but as he persisted, he will probably be sent to prison for some time. Many of the Indians were pleased to have the hoochinoo business broken up, and all but his wife seemed indifferent to the prisoner's faith. She, poor woman, faithful to the last, tried earnestly to bail him out, but of course without avail. The last seen of her she was standing on the wharf, her little child in her arms, the tears streaming from her eyes. Alas, that women and children must suffer for the crimes of men! But so it is in civilized communities, as well as among the Indians of Alaska.

THE LAND OF THE SUNDOWN SEAS.—V.

By Rev. R. W. Hill.

Alaska is usually associated with the thought of the fur trade; but while great quantities of the various valuable furs come from Southeastern Alaska, the home of the fur seal is on the Seal Islands in Behring Sea. The main dependence of the Indians with whom we came in contact is fish; and hunting, while ardently followed, is not relied on for support. The most valuable fur of all is the sea otter. This is taken in all sections, but the principal supply is found among the Aleutian Islands. A prime skin is worth \$150, but when the danger and toil of the pursuit is considered, the price is not too high. The sea otter is the most shy and wary of all animals, making low-lying reefs and rocks awash, far out at sea, his haunt. There where the surf is ever beating, and where the dangers to boats are greatest, he must be sought. The hunter often makes use of the maternal instinct to lure the mother otter to her death. The pup otter is wrapped in the beds of long and thick sea-kelp, and left to

"Rock in the cradle of the deep,"

while the mother goes off in pursuit of food. The hunters closely search among the beds of kelp until the pup is found, and then his cries of distress and alarm speedily bring back his mother, to fall a victim to her devoted love.

It is well the Indians have so much of fish to depend upon, for the hunt would not enable them to live, as it does the Aleuts, to the westward. And besides, since we have obtained control, the Indians do not follow the chase with the same ardor as of old. It requires too great an expenditure of courage and endurance, and the attractions of the maddening hoochinoo are too great to be resisted. If something could only be done to forever keep it and kindred evils from the Indians, what a blessing it would be. For it they sacrifice everything they hold dear on earth.

When the frenzy produced by the drink is on, the Indian will give away wife and children to obtain more of hoochinoo, and bloodshed madness and suicide are not infrequent accompaniments of the carouse. Among the Aleuts it is said that the fur harvest produces similar excesses from their corresponding drink, "krass." And as there is great competition in Southeastern Alaska among traders for the few sea otter skins annually taken by the Indians, it is well that the number is small, for "fur" is the "open sesame" which unlocks the material for carousal. I have written so much about "hoochinoo," because my observations lead me to the belief that it and licentiousness are the twin evils rapidly destroying the race. Everywhere foul disease and this horrible rum have left their mark on the persons of the natives. And if the influence of our missionaries does not stay the progress of ruin, the end is not far off. In civilized communities there are some restraints even on the vilest and most depraved. But Alaska knows no law save the law of might, which is seldom the law of right. If Congress would only organize some form of legal government, there would be authority to suppress these evils. But Congress cares nothing for this far off land—in fact knows little or nothing about it; and while there are millions to be squandered in pauperizing other Indian tribes, this people, self-sustaining and independent, are left victims to avarice and lust.

I write strongly (would that I could write even more strongly), for I feel keenly this cause I advocate. The poor Indian prisoner now rapidly nearing the prisons of civilization, there to suffer for a crime taught him by white men, is an object calculated to awaken the profoundest pity. He sits all day with his head resting on his hands. Last night he wanted to buy off his release, promising henceforth to be a policeman, and prevent the manufacture and sale of "hoochinoo." He offered to give his wife, one daughter, and two sons. He begged for release; but an example must be made, and the poor Indian must suffer. When right and might go hand in hand, and the truly guilty are punished, the craft and avarice that lie behind this poor fellow's ruin will receive its just due.

The channels from Klawack are very difficult and dangerous; and therefore, although we had several hours of daylight after getting away, we only proceeded to a safe anchorage in the strait, and there waited for morning. It was well we did so, for a storm raged during the night, and by the time we reached Cape Decision, where we felt the long swell of the ocean, the water was every where a mass of foam. The long, low-lying reefs and rocks awash seemed to be on every side of us, and the lines of breakers almost closed the passage. As the surf rolled on the rocks, it would break into a cloud of spray and rise high above the reef. Woe to an unhappy ship once within its power.

Nothing made by man could withstand the force of the breakers, and there is no place of refuge for many miles. As it was, we had a good stiff gale, and a tremendous sea. And yet the captain declared it was really nothing. The waves dashed against the ship, and its pitching and rolling completely disarranged things in the staterooms. Alternately we balanced on the narrow crest of a wave and plunged into a great hole in the sea. What a misnomer at such a time is the name Pacific! The run around the cape does not last very long, and soon we were again in smooth water. The effect of the transition is magical. Our troubles are over and forgotten, and we are out on deck admiring the scenery and rejoicing in the glad sunshine. The mountains on either side again lift themselves up from the water's edge, and form precipices thousands of feet high. Now the mountains are densely covered with spruce, and then we pass the bare rocky slopes where there is not soil enough to afford a foothold for even the grass or mosses. The scenery through Grenville Channel is indescribably beautiful. A long, straight canal, so narrow that either bank is within gunshot—it affords a succession of charming views. The sublimity of the Palisades of the Hudson, and the grandeur of our mountain ranges, is here combined with the quiet enchantment of Lake George. The waters dance in the sunlight, and the wild fowl float in the shadow of the trees. We are sailing on Summer seas, and the roar and discomfort of old ocean are forgotten. Every sense is satisfied, and we are content to go on and on, if only our way be like this. But all things must change, and as we have made our last landing and received our last freight, we are homeward bound.

After Carter Bay and the United States Surveying Steamer Hassler in Tongas Narrows have been visited, we bid adieu to the waters of Alaska, and head for Nainaimo, British Columbia. At Carter or Casan Bay, there is quite a fishery, but beside the few Hydah Indians the main object of interest is the old hulk drawn upon the beach. Years ago, the "Pioneer" used to be a famous smuggler, and brought many a cargo of whiskey and other contraband articles into these waters. The soldiers at Fort Tongas were not a very efficient coast-guard—the hiding places were too numerous, and the profits too great to make the revenue-cutters objects of fear. Hence the "Pioneer" and her captain followed smuggling for a long time, until the vessel growing unseaworthy, and her owners rich, she was beached at Carter Bay, and permitted to rot in peace. That there is smuggling in Alaska waters to-day, is undoubtedly true; but not to the extent it was carried on years ago—and, thanks to the vigilance of our revenue inspectors, it is probably growing smaller. At Tongas Narrows we parted with the captain of the United States Steamer Hassler, and did so with many regrets, for during the trip he had

taken special pains to point out places of interest. Without the faithful work of the coast-survey, the waters of Alaska would be very dangerous; but so far as the work is advanced, it has been done so thoroughly that the navigation is pleasant and safe. This was demonstrated again and again by the course of the vessel in avoiding sunken rocks: where to our eyes the water was fathoms deep, we wound among rocks and reefs with perfect security, for the channels had been so thoroughly explored, that our captain knew the passages as we know the familiar streets we travel day after day.

Grenville Channel is masked at the entrance so that we seem to be sailing against groups of rocky islands; but we at last enter what appears like a magnificent river cut through the mountains by titanic forces. Each succeeding mile unvails new fascinations. The deep blue of the sky is faintly tinged here and there by patches of white. The mountains of the main land lift up grandly as a boundary line, broken only here and there by the shadowy outline of distant peaks. The pine and spruce and cedar lean lovingly over the water, and seem almost willing to loose their hold on the hillsides and sail away on the current which so faithfully reflects their every branch. The mirror-like surface of the channel makes it hard to tell where land ends and water begins, for below, as above, there is ever an enchanting picture. When the line of hills is broken, we catch a glimpse of inland lake, and the rushing waterfall is the only outlet. Thus it is all the day.

The growth of trees and shrubs and ferns on all the overhanging rocks, casts reflections of rare loveliness into the water, which, unruffled by even a zephyr, seems to sleep on undisturbed as we steam past. The bare rocks occasionally seen are seamed and scored, but it is by the dead glaciers, of which the little lake is the reminder. But nature tries hard to hide the scars and seams, and were it not for the avalanche of Winter, the shrubs, or fern, or, tree, would cover all deformities. The Autumn sun shines over all—mountain, and shattered cliff, and sunny vale, the distant lake-fountains, and mighty trees, until our eyes are dazzled by the beauty and brightness, and we think how such waters as these "Sundown Seas" are fit homes for legend and all the lore of fairy land.

Our run home, save for the ever varying scenery, was marked by but one incident, the stopping of the ship in Queen Charlotte Sound, on account of fog. Here it was the United States Steamer Suwanee was lost, and not far away, the George S. Wright, the Growler, and a number of other vessels, and our cautious captain, a first class navigator and able officer, when the white fog settled down, stopped the ship. There were too many rocks around. A slight deviation from the true course, and we would strike some jagged reef. So we lay

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tossing on the waters, lazily rolling from side to side with the long swells, as they came from the ocean not far off. Hour after hour we rolled, and it was not till ten had passed that the fog lifted, and again we went on our way, down Finlayson Channel, through Seymour Narrows, into the Gulf of Georgia, stopping at Nainaimo for an hour, to take on water and coal.

At Nainaimo the captain received a telegraphic order to go to San Francisco, instead of to Portland, and thus it happened that our trip through the Sundown Seas came to an end at Victoria. When we reached the capital of British Columbia, the whole town was in a ferment over the arrival of the Princess Louise. But our time was too limited to remain, and by the first mail boat we crossed the Straits of Fuca, and traversing Pugets Sound to Tacoma, thence were carried by the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Columbia, and in a few hours were at our journey's end in Portland.

HOME MISSIONS.

DR. SHELDON JACKSON IN CARLISLE.

On the 15th and 16th of February the Rev. Dr. Jackson held in the Second Presbyterian church of Carlisle, Pa., a meeting in behalf of Home Missions. During two addresses on Saturday, and two on Sabbath, the interest of large audiences continued to increase in this subject of vital importance to the Church and to the nation. Dr. Jackson gave a sketch of the wants and work in several of our Western missionary fields, but dwelt particularly upon Alaska. After the service of Saturday afternoon the ladies of the Second church, (Rev. George Norcross, pastor,) organized a Home Missionary Society of thirty-seven members.

OFFICERS.

President—Mrs. S. Woods.

Vice-President—Mrs. George Norcross.

Secretary—Mrs. Beetem.

Treasurer—Miss M. Hench.

The service of Sabbath evening was held in the First church, (Rev. Mr. Vance, pastor,) and on the evening of the 18th the First church organized a Ladies Home Missionary Society of forty-two members.

OFFICERS.

President—Mrs. A. E. Pearse.

Vice-President—Miss M. Sawyer.

Secretary—Miss L. Schepley.

Treasurer—Mrs. Plantz.

The membership enrolled in each of these societies is but a beginning. The prospect is of their promptly doubling their numbers, and of doing efficient service in this interesting department of church work.

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A PLEA FOR ALASKA.

Female Infanticide—Immorality—Polygamy—Slavery—Widow-Burning—Murder—Suicide.

BY REV SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

To the Women of the Presbyterian Church :

An urgent appeal for help comes to you from Alaska. Thousands of your sex are there sunk in the degradation, misery and superstition that is the condition of woman without the gospel.

From early childhood they are accustomed to every kind of drudgery and oppression.

FEMALE INFANTICIDE.

This is common among some of them, particularly the Mahlemuts. Your hearts have often been touched for the mothers of Asia and Africa, who, in their blindness, destroy their babes, and you have organized societies for their relief.

Will you not show *equal* compassion for the poor mothers of your own land, who, to save their daughters from their own wretched lives, take them out into the woods, stuff grass into their mouths, and leave them to die?

As some of you fold your own sweet infant daughters to your hearts, let your sympathies be stirred and your help given to those who, like Rachel, weep for their children, and will not be comforted, because they are not.

SOLD FOR GAIN.

Spared in infancy, the lesson of inferiority is early burned into their lives. While mere babes they are sometimes given away, or betrothed to their future husbands. And when they arrive at the age of twelve or fourteen years, among the Tinneh, the Thlinkets and others, they are often offered for sale. For a few blankets a mother will sell her own daughter, for base purposes, for a week, a month, or for life. Since the introduction of a little light at the mission stations, some of the school-girls, having been thus sold by their mothers, have frantically clung to the lady-teacher, imploring her to save them.

You can answer that wail of distress, and save them by sending missionaries.

DRUDGES.

All through that vast land wretched woman is systematically oppressed—made prematurely old in bearing man's burden as well as her own. In some sections all the work but hunting and fighting falls upon her—even the boys transferring their loads and work to their sisters.

Said a great chief, "Women are made to labor. One of them can haul as much as two men can do. They pitch our tents, make and mend our clothing," etc.

SLAVES.

And, as if their ordinary condition was not bad enough, the majority of the slaves are women. The men captured in war are usually killed, or reserved for torture; but the women are kept as beasts of burden, and often treated with great inhumanity. The master's power over them is unlimited. He can torture or put them to death at will. Sometimes, upon the death of the master, one or more of them are put to death, that he may have some one to wait upon him in the next world.

POLYGAMY.

Polygamy, with all its attendant evils, is common among the Kaviaks. These wives are often sisters. Sometimes a man's own mother or daughter is among his wives. If a man's wife bears him only daughters, he continues to take other wives until he has sons. One of the Nasse chiefs is said to have had forty wives.

HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY.

When a young girl arrives at maturity she is considered unclean. Everything she comes in contact with, and even the sky she looks upon, is considered unclean. She is therefore thought to be unfit for the sun to shine upon, and is confined for a year in a hut, so small that she can not stand upright in it. Only the girl's mother is allowed to approach her, and she only to bring her food.

Around Sitka this period has been shortened to three months. At the close of this imprisonment she is taken out, her old clothes burned, new ones provided, and a feast given, during which a slit is cut in the under lip, parallel with the mouth, and a piece of wood or shell inserted to keep the aperture extended. After marriage they are practically slaves of their husbands. Their persons are at the disposal of visitors or travelers, guests of their husbands. They are sometimes, in Southern Alaska, sent to the mines, while the husband lives in idleness at home on the wages of their immorality. If ill-behaved, excessively lazy, or barren, they are sent away. Sometimes they are traded off by the husband for something he may desire. In childbirth, when needing the most tender care, they are driven out of the house as unclean, and kept for ten days in an uncomfortable hut, without attention.

WIDOW-BURNING.

Among the Nehaunes and Talcolins, when a man dies his widow is compelled to ascend the burning funeral pile, throw herself upon the body, and remain there until the hair is burned from her head, and she is almost suffocated. She is then allowed to stagger from the pile, but must frequently thrust her hand through the flames, and place it upon his bosom, to show her continued devotion. Finally the ashes are gathered up and placed in a little sack, which the widow carries on her person for two years. During this period of mourning she is clothed in rags, and treated as a slave.

MURDER OF THE OLD AND FEEBLE.

Among the Chuckees the old and feeble are sometimes destroyed. This is done by placing a rope around the neck, and dragging them over the stones. If this does not kill, then the body is stoned, or speared, and left to be eaten by the dogs. Occasionally the old ask to be killed. Then they are taken, stupefied with drugs, and, in the midst of various incantations, bled to death.

DENIED BURIAL.

Among the Tuski and many of the Orarian tribes the bodies of good men are burned, and the ashes carefully preserved. But in some sections, where wood is scarce, the bodies of women are not considered worth the wood that would be consumed in the burning, and they are either cast out, to be consumed by the dogs, foxes and crows, or cast into the sea as food for the fishes. They are also in bondage, all their days, to a most degrading and superstitious Schamanism, or belief in spirit, mainly evil.

Despised by their fathers, sold by their mothers, imposed upon by their brothers, ill-treated by their husbands, cast out in their widowhood, living lives of toil, and low sensual pleasure, untaught and uncared for, with no true enjoyment in this world, and no hope for the world to come, crushed by a cruel heathenism, it is no wonder that many of them end their earthly misery and wretchedness with suicide.

WITHOUT THE GOSPEL

And now, Christian sister, as you have read this brief sketch of the condition of the native women of Alaska, and remember that there are thousands thus situated in your own country, are you content to sit still and let them perish? Who caused you to differ? Who saved you from their fate?

As you realize, even feebly, the horrible fate from which you have been saved, gratitude should lead you to make earnest efforts to save them. Do you ask what you can do? You can think of these things, pray over it and talk about it, until your heart is all on fire—then some of your friends will catch the fire. Then you and they can organize a Woman's Home Mission Society, or enlarge the powers of the existing Sewing Society, so that, in addition to the usual "box of clothing," you can raise money to support missionaries. You should act at once. They are fast passing away to eternity, where, in the judgment, they can truthfully say, "We were placed under the

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care of a great Christian nation. which had tens of thousands of missionary societies, and hundreds of thousands of consecrated hearts, that labored and prayed for Asia and Africa, and the Isles of the Sea, but never sent any one to tell us that Jesus died for us as he died for them. They forgot us, and we are lost."

And how will you answer to God for their loss? The Board of Home Missions has already entered upon the work, and will send men and women to Alaska, as fast as the Woman's Home Mission Societies will furnish the money.

To sustain a lady missionary will cost about \$500 per annum.

Address Rev. Drs. Kendall and Dickson, post-office box 3,863, New York City.

A LECTURE.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH COOK.*

[Delivered in Tremont Temple, Boston, Feb. 10th.]

PRELUDE.—THE SALE OF WOMEN IN ALASKA.

ALASKA is under the direct control of Congress, and yet women are sold there into slavery and other conditions to which death is preferable. The Alaska mother not infrequently takes her female infant into the fields, and fills its mouth with grass and leaves it to die, and justifies herself by saying before God that she wishes she had been treated in the same way. Alaska, as most of us may have pictured it to ourselves, is so cold that it can have no interest to us and no importance to the nation. Mr. Dall, of Boston, who has written the standard work on Alaska, tells us that on half the coast of the territory the thermometer never has been known to fall below zero. He thinks no polar bear ever came within a thousand miles of Sitka.—(Dall, "Alaska," p. 242.) Mr. Sumner was accustomed to cite the experience of navigators who would moor their barks along the Alaskan shore and through the whole winter never find the ice strong enough to make a bridge from their vessels to the land.

The isotherm of 50° of average annual temperature runs through Sitka. It passes also through Lake Superior and Quebec. Captain Cook, who one hundred years ago last year saw and named Mt. St. Elias, said that cattle might subsist in Oonalaska all the year round without being housed. The mean temperature of winter in Alaska, as estimated by the Smithsonian Institution, is 32.30°, while that of summer is 53.37°. The Washington winter is 33.57°, and the Washington summer 73.07°. The winters of Alaska do not differ much from those of Washington, although the summers are colder. The winter of Sitka is milder than that of St. Petersburg or Berlin or Boston. (Compare

Sumner's Works, Vol. XI, p. 281, with Dall, "Alaska," p. 437.) On the Upper Yukon in midsummer the thermometer sometimes stands at 112 degrees, and the traveler blesses the transient coolness of the midnight air.

The westernmost territory of the United States lies further beyond San Francisco toward the sunset than the easternmost does on this side toward the sunrise. As Guyot has said, San Francisco is the middle city in the United States. Take the meridian line running through San Francisco, and follow it northward to a point on the same parallel with the Island of Atton, in the Aleutian Archipelago. Measure the distance from this meridian westward to that island (illustrating on Berghaus's Chart of the World), and you will find it greater than that from the same meridian eastward to the Bay of Fundy. The Island of Atton, which belongs to the United States, is further toward the sunset beyond San Francisco than the coast of Maine is toward the sunrise. When this morning I covered Alaska on my globe, and then plucked up the screen, which had its four corners at Mt. St. Elias, and on the Arctic Ocean, and at Behring's Straits, and at the Island of Atton, and put down the screen upon the United States, I found all our Union covered east of the Mississippi and north of the Carolinas and Alabama. Take what there is of the United States east of the Mississippi and cut off the Gulf States, and all that is left is no larger than this territory of Alaska.

In 1872 Alaska was annexed to Washington Territory, for governmental purposes, as a county. Its officers are appointed at Washington, and it is to their misrule that this audience is requested to direct its blistering attention. Your Charles Sumner had no views of a grandiloquent sort concerning Alaska. Your Seward estimated correctly the importance of this region, and so did the nation, when, under his lead, the Government paid for it more than seven million dollars. The Pacific Coast is singularly destitute of harbors. It can no longer be said, now that we possess Alaska, that three gunboats can blockade our whole Pacific seaboard. The natural route to China and Japan, after the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, will be through the North Pacific. From San Francisco to Hong Kong by the way of Honolulu the distance is 7,140 miles; but by the way of the Aleutian Isles only 6,060.

You will pardon me if I call attention to the reasons why Alaska is so warm. Everybody understands that the continents are tally-ho coaches driving toward the sunrise, and that the wind blows in the faces of those who sit on the front seats of coaches. The wind that bore Columbus across the Atlantic and Magellan across the Pacific blows in the faces of the tally-ho coaches of the continents driving out of the sunset into the sunrise. As the trade-winds in the Tropics blow from east to west at a speed often reaching fifteen or eighteen miles an hour, they produce a current in the ocean moving in the same direction across the tropical zone. When that current strikes the east side of a continent it divides, and part goes north and part south. As the portion moving toward the Pole flows away from the Tropics, it,

of course, reaches a part of the earth moving with less rapidity than that from which it came. Everybody sees that the Equator must revolve with far greater rapidity than the Arctic Circle, simply because it is larger and must turn around in the same time. The motion of the earth decreases from the Equator to the Pole. As the warm current passes from the Equator to the North Sea in our Atlantic Basin, it is constantly transferring itself to parallels that move less rapidly than those which it left at its last place of departure. The water does not at once lose the speed of eastern motion it had nearer the Equator, and so slips eastward faster than the northern water it meets. Thus arises a translation of a great body of water toward the sunrise. In this way originates the Gulf Current, the cause of which was a mystery for ages. So in the Pacific Ocean, under the sweep of the trade-winds and the influence of the difference of temperature between the torrid and the northern waters, there is produced an enormous equatorial current, moving from east to west. On reaching the Asiatic coast and islands, a part of this vast stream goes north and a part south. The portion which goes north is, of course, always dropping into latitudes where the motion of the earth is less rapid; and, therefore, there is a translation of the waters toward America. Thus springs up a gulf current in the Pacific.—(Guyot, "Physical Geography," p. 65.) It pours out of the East Indies, as ours does out of the West Indies. It laves the coast of China and Japan, as ours does that of America. It is called the Japan Current or Black Water, and further on it has the name of the North Pacific Current. It divides at the westernmost end of the Aleutian Islands. A part of it runs through Behring's Straits. That is the reason why ice never drifts through those Straits into the Pacific, and why the transit for steamers between China and the United States is likely to be free from icebergs. The larger part of the current goes south of the Aleutian Archipelago, and strikes our continent first on the coast of Alaska. As the Gulf Current warms England, so does the North Pacific Current warm Alaska and Oregon. But the Atlantic is more open to the Arctic Sea than the Pacific is, and so the latter current is less cooled by cold water from the north than the former.

The climate of Alaska is so wet that you cannot burn the forests on the mountain-sides near Sitka. Naturally enough, the trees of the region attain a gigantic size. Some of you have put your hand on the Alaskan canoe exhibited in the collection of curious objects at Philadelphia in our Centennial. The boat that I saw there was fifty or sixty feet long, and made of a single tree, and it was said to be capable of carrying sixty or seventy men. Travelers tell us that sometimes trees in Alaska are cut down out of which boats can be made large enough to carry one hundred men. You find a sound tree, cut it down, hollow it, then fill it with water, put canvas over the structure, and make the water boil by throwing in hot stones. That softens the wood. Then you spread apart the sides, and produce a form of beautiful symmetry, and thus you construct the famous Alaskan canoe.

"Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields;
Cold on his midnight watch the breezes blow
From wastes that slumber in eternal snow,
And waft across the waves' tumultuous roar
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore."

—CAMPBELL, "Pleasures of Hope."

The wetness of Alaska produces not only fat forests, but a great river system. The Yukon stream, which we rarely notice, has more water in it than the Mississippi. It is not as long as the Mississippi and the Missouri taken together, and yet it is 2,000 miles long and is navigable for 1,500 miles from its mouth. In portions of its lower course it is so wide that one of its banks cannot be seen from the other. It freezes in October and opens in May.

The warm Pacific Current, striking against the half-arctic shore, produces abundant fogs and rains. The Alaskan climate is that of Northern Scotland—very wet, sometimes frosty; but, on the whole, not such as to clasp the forest in any deadly embrace nor to destroy pasturage. I am not recommending Alaska, however, as an agricultural region. The money obtained in the seal-fur trade among the islands along the Alaskan coast is more in amount than the interest on the sum we paid for Alaska. A shallow sea skirts the Aleutian Archipelago, and there are in it fishing-banks more extensive and likely to be more profitable than those of Newfoundland. The timber is an important source of supply to shipbuilders over half the world. Go to Sidney and Melbourne; go to the ports of South America; go to San Francisco; go to the West Indies, and to some of the British provinces in the East Indies, and you will find ship-timber marked as coming from Alaska. There are important mines of

coal and copper in this gnarled, dripping land. The forests, the fisheries, and the mines have already attracted to Alaska a hardy population. The fur trade is a copious source of wealth. It is more than possible that the fisheries may be as important as those of our eastern coast have been as a nursery for the American marine.

What is the moral condition of Alaska? Its religious wants were not neglected by Russia. How have they been met by the United States? The Russian Greek Church had a chapel, several schools, a seminary, seven missionary districts, eleven priests, and sixteen deacons in Alaska. The American Church finds it hard to raise the pittance needed to maintain two or three teachers there at this hour. Not long ago out of a school managed by an American lady in Alaska a white man captured a girl, and, when the mother of the girl exhibited her willingness to sell her for twenty blankets, the teacher interfered; but the parents insisted on removing the pupil from school, and dragged her down to the river and told her she must take her place in the canoe. The girl drew back and said: "You may kill me. I shall not leave my teacher." And yet you leave that teacher in want of food and shelter, and thus leave hundreds of these pupils (they number nearly hundreds now) to be drawn back into paganism, and drawn down from paganism into something yet more horrible. The Russian Fur Company sent \$6,000 a year to support Christian missions in Alaska; and there were other sources of income there, such that \$10,000

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a year came from Russia and the Greek Church into this territory for educational and religious enterprises. After Russia left the territory, the benevolent schemes of the Greek Church came into our hands as a sacred trust. General Howard, sent by our Government to investigate the religious condition of the territory, made a powerful appeal to the nation to send teachers and missionaries to Alaska. Roman Catholics have endeavored to take possession of the territory. I believe, however, that, all told, there is not more than the sum of \$3,000 in all going to Alaska now to promote the religious interests of the territory. We are three times more penurious toward Alaska than Russia was under the Greek Church.—(See documents by the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., missionary in Alaska and editor of the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*, Denver, Colorado.) I read of a chief forty-five years old coming from the interior, the other day, to school, and saying: "Teach me the English language, that I may read the Bible. You teach these tribes nearer the coast; but my people in the interior are dark, dark, and in a little time they will all die, and they will go down, down, dark." And the strong savage burst into tears, asking only for a little light to lead his tribe out of witchcraft, sorcery, the burning of widows, the maiming of the aged, the killing of decrepit parents, and all the barbarisms, down to cannibalism, that belong yet to some of the descendants of the Eskimo and Indian tribes in Alaska. The worst tribe in the territory is made up of unprincipled white men among the miners. There are about 70,000 Indians in Alaska, and about 30,000 whites and half-breeds. We are not increasing the numbers of the schools; but we are of the population and of the half-breeds.

Charles Sumner's ghost stands on the Pacific Coast, and from under the shadows of Mt. St. Elias points out to us that in Alaska we have the key to the Northern Pacific. Seward's spirit hovers along the Aleutian Islands, looking upon us through the smoke of the ten volcanoes that there belch their fire and ashes toward the sky. John Eliot, through the clear northern azure, spreads his hands above the men of the Yukon. When I turn that way, I see behind these historic spirits the angel that appeared to one of old, and said: "Come over into Macedonia and help us." [Applause.]

BRITISH COLUMBIA NEWS.

VICTORIA, British Columbia, Jan. 14.—The United States revenue cutter *Oliver Wolcott* sailed last night for the Metlakatla mission. It is charged that the first accounts of the trouble there were exaggerated by the local Government. The difficulty is between Bishop Ridley and Missionary Duncan, who founded the mission. The opposition press denounces the expedition as interference in an ecclesiastical difficulty in which the Government has no interest.

Five ships with cargoes of British Columbia salmon, valued at \$1,000,000, are on their way to England.

The Baptists have withdrawn from the Province, and have sold their church in this city.

The fields are green, the trees budding, and the flowers blooming.

THE THLINKET BAND.

BY MRS. E. L. G.

"Mamma, Mrs. Williams has just received some curiosities from Alaska, and she says she will show them to us, and tell us something about the Indians who made them, this afternoon. Won't that be nice? You are willing to have me go?" eagerly inquired Ella Green as she hung her satchel on its hook and prepared for dinner.

"Yes, I shall be glad to have you learn about the people and the work that is being done among them. Mrs. Williams is very kind. But who are the 'we'?"

"Oh, Jennie, Madge and Bessie; maybe Estelle. Mrs. Williams said we could invite several of our class, but we did not have time to speak to any one else," replied Ella.

"Can you not stop as you pass and ask Mary White to go with you?" inquired her mother.

"Why, mamma! ask *her*?" said Ella, with decided emphasis.

"Certainly! Do you not think a bright, intelligent girl like Mary would enjoy hearing all that Mrs. Williams will tell you, as greatly as any of you?"

"Maybe so; but the idea of asking *your* seamstress' daughter to go with me!" said Ella somewhat disdainfully.

Mrs. Green looked into her young daughter's flushed face with a pained expression, and said, almost sadly:

"Ella, you surprise and grieve me. I have expected better and nobler things of you. Can you tell me why you think it improper to ask Mary White to go with you to-day?"

"Why, mamma, Mary is not in *our* circle, and never will be, and I can not see what good it will do to take her to Mrs. Williams'. I don't believe she would enjoy it there, and I'm sure the other girls wouldn't like it," replied Ella.

"So, because she lives in a plain house wears plain clothes, and her mother prefers honorable independence—in which effort, Mary, young as she is, assists—my daughter, who has never done a thing for herself that is worth remembering, 'looks down on her!' "

"Oh, no, mamma; not that, exactly. I'm sure I respect Mrs. White and Mary, and would not do *anything* to hurt their feelings. I know she is a real nice girl, but I can't see why I ought to associate with

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her socially. There are plenty of other nice girls I can't even know."

"The 'other nice girls you can't even know' you are under no obligation to; but that you may know of how little worth are mere outward circumstances, I will tell you something of Mrs. White's life in a few words. She was brought up in a comfortable and refined home, under the care and training of tender Christian parents. She obtained a good education in the excellent seminary in the town where she lived, and had it not been for the feeble health of her mother, it is probable that she, like Mrs. Williams' niece and Professor Jamieson's daughter, and many other delicately-reared and highly-educated young ladies, would have gone as a missionary to the heathen. Still, desiring to be useful, she became a teacher. She was bright, pretty and successful. Of course she was admired; and in due time became the wife of a talented young physician. They were happy and prosperous for some years. Then ill-health and a series of misfortunes, followed by the death of Dr. White, left the mother and child where you have known them. Her own and her husband's relatives would gladly support them, but with true independence she makes her machine do much toward it. But for a weakness in her throat that will not allow sufficient use of her voice, she could fill a high position as a teacher. She is an intelligent, Christian lady. Is the lack of showy externals to debar herself and her bright young daughter from congenial friends? Think of it, my child, in the light of Christian duty. 'As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them,' and remember that but for the goodness of your heavenly Father, your parents and their children might be in similar circumstances to Mrs. White and Mary."

Mrs. Green saw that Ella was much interested in this history, which was new to her, and wisely thinking it best for her to settle this matter with herself, was glad to be called from the room.

Ella Green was pretty, graceful and amiable. She stood at the head of her class term after term, and her bright and versatile mind, ready tact and independence, made her the leader of "our circle." She was warm-hearted, conscientious and proud—proud of her father, his wealth and reputation, and her beautiful home. She was proud of her mother, whom she deeply loved; and longed intensely to be-

come as elegant, well-bred, and noble a Christian woman as she.

Ella went to her room to prepare for the visit.

"Oh, dear!" she soliloquized, "I know what mamma thinks I ought to do, and she thinks it ought to be pleasant for me to do it, but it *isn't*. I know just what Bessie and Madge will think. They will treat her politely, if I ask her. They would not do otherwise—they are ladies. I could do it, and they would not dare to ask me why. Oh, dear! why did mamma think of Mary? 'As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them.' That sounds beautiful and noble as you *read* it, but it is quite another thing to *act* it sometimes; and yet I know we *ought* to. If I were in Mary's place, I should feel awfully indignant if the girls in my class did not think just as much of me as if my mamma had plenty of money, for that *is* all that makes the difference. I know she is a sweet, lady-like girl, and as smart as any of us, and—and—, yes, I will stop and ask her to go with me, and I'll do it cordially, too, and if I begin, I'll not do anything to hurt her feelings at any rate. I *will* put this *mean* pride under my feet."

Before leaving the room, Ella knelt and asked the Lord Jesus to help her to do right, and feel anxious only for his approbation. When her mother saw her happy face as she came for her good-bye kiss, she knew that her child had conquered. Ella's pride was her dragon.

With delicate regard for Mary's feelings she had dressed herself very simply. Her ring at Mrs. White's door was answered by the young girl herself, whom Ella cordially addressed with:

"Good afternoon, Mary; I hope you are not busy, because I want you to go with me to Mrs. Williams.' She told me I might ask some of our class to her house this afternoon to hear something about Alaska. She has a niece who is a missionary there, and she knows lots of things that will be interesting to us, because *we* don't know anything about that corner of the world. I thought you would enjoy it, too."

"Indeed, I should. It is kind in you to remember me, and I am ever so much obliged," said Mary warmly. "Who else will be there?"

"Madge, Bessie and Jennie. I don't know of any one besides—oh! and Estelle! We ought to hurry.."

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"I will ask mamma," said Mary, as she left the room.

Permission being given, she soon returned, looking so tasteful and lady-like that Ella was quite satisfied. At Mrs. Williams' they found the other girls, including Estelle, had arrived. They were cordially welcomed by their kind hostess, to whom Ella, with easy politeness, introduced her companion:

"Mrs. Williams, this is another member of our class, my friend, Mary White."

Mary's heart was won by Mrs. Williams' motherly kindness, but she did not feel altogether at ease when she turned to the other girls, who only bowed with cool civility. Ella saw it all, and noticed the sensitive flush on Mary's cheek, and thought:

"They shall take that back, every one of them."

"My dear girls," said Mrs. Williams, make yourselves as comfortable as possible. Ella, take this easy 'Shaker.' Bessie, ah! you have a rocker. Estelle, lose yourself in this old 'Voltaire,' a very comfortable seat, I assure you. Jennie, you look tired; you shall cuddle up in these cushions on the couch. Madge, dear, *don't* sit in that stiff chair!"

"Oh! I like it, Mrs. Williams; it keeps me straight up. Thanks!"

"That is just like Madge; she is not one of the luxurious sort; she would be a good subject for rigid penances, and 'barefoot walks to some hallowed shrine,'" said Jennie, with good-natured raillery.

"Nonsense, Jennie loves her comfort, as she calls it, so well, that she is always catching at something to run me about," retorted Madge good-naturedly. "Mrs. Williams, do you approve of round shoulders and slouching habits?"

"Indeed, I do not. They are unhealthy and ungraceful. If your stiff-backed chair means the contrary, I heartily approve," replied Mrs. W., smilingly.

"Thanks!" returned Madge, with a half-triumphant glance at Jennie, who only shrugged her shoulders and patted up her cushions.

Ella had noticed that nothing had been said to Mary about a cosy seat, and Mrs. Williams detected her in quietly trying to persuade her friend to take her easy chair.

"That is not necessary, Ella. I have reserved this low seat by my side for her, and if I am a physiognomist, none of you will feel more interest in what I shall tell you than Miss Mary."

These young girls loved Mrs. Williams so dearly that her individual appropriation of one of them, as in this instance, was considered "just a little bit of petting," that none of them would have declined.

It is wonderful what an effect the effort to make another happy has on our own feelings and motives. Ella experienced a satisfaction and pride in these words of their kind friend, which made her glance almost triumphantly at the other girls, all of whom were looking almost wonderingly at Mary White, who was the favored one on this occasion. We will leave her win her own way, and let Mrs. Williams begin her talk.

"My dear girls, I am very glad you wish to hear what I can tell you about Alaska, and I hope you will become so interested in the work that the missionaries are doing there that you will be glad to help them."

"Oh, Mrs. Williams, how can *we* help them?"

"I shall leave that for you to discover," said that lady, pleasantly. "I think I will begin by telling you something about the country. I fancy you are not quite as ignorant of its whereabouts as a clerk in a post-office in another city, where one of my friends resides. She took a large package to the office and handed it to the principal clerk, who read the direction, Miss F—— K——, Sitka, Alaska, and returned it to the owner, saying, 'We do not send packages to *foreign* countries.'"

The young girls laughed gleefully, and asked what the lady said to him.

"She remarked, quietly, 'I think you have forgotten that Alaska is on this continent, and is now one of our Territories. You will have no trouble in sending it.' The young man, no doubt, studied the map of his own country afterward, and perhaps *we* had better look over the map of Alaska before we get into our 'talk.'"

A large map was laid on the table, around which the eager group gathered.

"Why, it seems to be a very large country," said Bessie; "I did not know it extended to the Arctic Ocean."

"It is a great country, as large as all of the United States east of the Mississippi, after cutting off the Gulf States. The word Alaska means 'a great country.'"

"The whole shore is fringed with islands," said Mary.

"Yes; and nearly all the white settlers live on those islands. If you observe, here

is Fort Wrangel, there is Sitka, up there is Chileat; it is about those places principally, or the work done there, that I have most to tell you," said Mrs. W.

"Is it not fearfully cold up there?" asked Jennie.

"Not on the islands; even as far north as Cook's Inlet," which she pointed out, "the summers are very pleasant, beginning early in May and coming on rapidly. The people can have fine vegetable gardens, and beautiful flowers—many grow wild, dotting the land with their wild beauty. Indeed, the climate compares favorably with that of New York and on through Pennsylvania and Virginia."

"It does not seem possible, it is so far north," said Bessie.

"Isn't the reason because the shore is washed by the warm Pacific?" inquired Ella.

Mrs. Williams saw something in Mary's face that made her say:

"That has something to do with it, but does not explain the true reason. Mary looks as if she had solved the mystery; will you tell us what you think, my dear?"

"The young girl's color came prettily as she replied:

"Is it because of the warm current from those islands east of Asia?"

"Yes. From Japan there flows through the ocean a stream of warm water—it might be called the western gulf stream by us—and, as it sweeps around the shore of Alaska and among the islands, it produces a delightful effect on the climate, thus making what might be an inhospitable region most comfortable; some day, not long hence, it will be desirable to thousands. Here at Sitka the ice in barrels of water froze only a quarter of an inch thick the coldest day in the winter, I'm told."

"I am glad to hear that; it would be miserable to be frozen up there six months in the year—ugh," said Jennie, with a pretty little shiver.

"You may reserve your sympathies on that point for the Chilcat missionaries," said Mrs. Williams.

"But here on the map it looks as if the country were very mountainous; I don't see how it can be so pleasant up there," said Bessie.

"The country around Sitka is extremely mountainous, and the largest portion is covered with dense forests. Further northeast there are extensive prairies, where very fine grass is cut for cattle. In the mountains are gold and silver, copper and

lead mines; also coal has been found in large quantities. There are boiling and mineral springs in the vicinity of the grandest glaciers in the world. Above and beyond these fluctuate and flash, roll and waver and scintillate the finest aurora. Here, too, are the highest volcanoes in the United States. In its waters are found the greatest variety and quantity of fish. So you see Alaska is really a very promising country," said Mrs. Williams, smiling.

"Mrs. Williams, I hope they have fruit there," said Jennie.

Madge laughed.

"That is one of Jennie's comforts."

"Now, Madge, you know fruit and flowers and pleasant things are just as much your comfort as any one's," said Jennie, reproachfully.

"I *could* live without them; but is there any fruit in that country, Mrs. Williams?"

"Yes; there is an abundance of wild berries—strawberries, blackberries, blueberries, gooseberries, and other kinds. Great quantities of wild cranberries grow there, and are gathered and sent to San Francisco every fall," said Mrs. Williams, who then brought from a cabinet a small portfolio, which, as she seated herself, she opened on her lap.

"I have been able to collect a few pictures of prominent scenes and places which will enable you to realize what a wonderful country came into our possession when it was purchased by our Government."

"How long ago was that?"

"About fifteen years; and after it came into our possession all of the Russian teachers and priests were withdrawn. They took all of their property that could be transported, and left only the vestiges of civilization, and nothing to preserve that which had been done."

"It seems to me the Russians were mean to strip the country of everything they could that was desirable," said Estelle.

"Why, I don't think so, Estelle," said Ella. "If we had been sold to another Government so utterly different from ours, we would not leave our property for strangers to come in and enjoy. Do you think we would, Mrs. Williams?"

"Self-interest would incline us to do as the Russians did, I fancy. Their property, except in mines, was mostly movable, and their principal business in furs and fisheries, so that when they had gathered up their individual possessions there

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was comparatively little to leave. Sitka was the center of business, and in it was the cathedral (you know theirs is the Greek Church, which differs little from the Roman Catholic) and a number of good schools. The proud nobles, who had been sent at different times by the Czars of Russia to govern this province, lived there. A large mansion, called the 'Castle,' was their residence. They had a fort, also, and a great number of ships stopped at these ports. You see the former owners thought much of Alaska. The cathedral was their most costly church. In it was a solid silver chandelier and costly altar cloths, draperies, ornaments and pictures."

"They could not take the buildings. I should think the missionaries might use some of them," said Jennie.

"That was so long ago; they can't be good for much now, can they," asked Mary.

"They might be made serviceable, no doubt, if money enough were spent in repairing them, but unfortunately that commodity is not plentiful with Mission Boards."

"What was done for the Indians after the Russians left?" inquired Bessie.

"Nothing. For ten years after we became the owners, Alaska was left to drift back into barbarism. The Greek Church had made several thousand converts, but when its schools were abandoned, its priests withdrawn, and the whites had nearly all left, few influences for good remained. Many entreaties from ministers and military men, who knew the great want of teachers and missionaries, and also from Christian natives, were made to the churches; but, although some effort was made by individuals, and appeals published in the papers, nothing was accomplished until at length, in 1876, several Christian Indians went to Fort Wrangel to obtain work, which they secured from the Government. They immediately began a Sabbath-school in an old house, and had many scholars, young and old. Philip McKay was the Christian Indian who was the leader in this good work, and after it was taken up by others he was retained as teacher. Thus we see God can and will often use humble instruments to do his work, if those who ought, do not respond to his call. This service, held by these converted heathen, was the beginning of Protestant missions in the Territory."

"I will begin the missionary story by introducing you to some of the persons who were instrumental in taking up the work begun by Philip and his Christian friends. First, I will show you a photograph of Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D.D., of Portland, Ore., who has taken a great interest in the Alaska mission." (The photograph is passed around the circle now.)

"And now I will introduce you to Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the Superintendent of the Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the Rocky Mountain Territories, I believe," and she held up his photograph.

"I have heard him lecture," said Mary; "it looks just like him, only not as tired as he did that night."

"When did you hear him, Mary? What did he talk about?" asked Ella.

"When I was at grandpapa's, last winter; he lectured in the Presbyterian Church, and told us a great deal about Utah."

"Such talks, or preachings, or whatever they are, are so *poky*," said Jennie, with her characteristic shrug.

"Oh, you would not think so if you could hear Dr. Jackson. He keeps you interested every minute, and when he stops you are glad you had a chance to learn so many things about that part of our country," said Mary, earnestly.

"He is the minister who has worked so hard in a missionary way for Alaska, isn't he, Mrs. W.?" inquired Bessie.

"Yes; in 1877, I think, after consulting ministers in Oregon he visited Alaska, and became deeply interested in it. He has had it in his power to do more than any one to furnish valuable information about that region, and arouse an interest in establishing missions among its degraded tribes. He has been there several times, obtaining information in all that ought to be known, has lectured extensively all over the country, and given the public facts about the degradation of the Indians and the fearful condition of their women, that is appalling. Now that you have seen Dr. J., and learned something of his work, let us skip across the continent, and pause to rest in Portland, Ore., long enough to hear a little about a lady to whose face I will introduce you presently, and whom I am sure you will admire for her courage and devotion. This lady is Mrs. A. R. McFarland, who, with her husband, was a home missionary for many years. He had finished his faithful

service and received his crown, but she was waiting for more work among the perishing heathen, and gladly embraced the opportunity to go to Fort Wrangel, where she would find all the work her large Christian heart craved. Dr. Jackson and Mrs. McFarland reached Fort Wrangel in August, 1877. Some of the earlier letters I received from that region are not here, but my memory will serve me, I think, for some facts and incidents. As they walked down the street they saw a man ringing a hand-bell, as he walked back and forth before an old house. Inquiring why he rang, they were told it was the hour for school. This was the school of Clah, or, to give him his English name, Philip. Here the faithful fellow endeavored to teach those who would come, old or young, to read and sing, and told them the wonderful story of the Cross. Mrs. McFarland took charge of the school, and retained Clah for an assistant. The scarcity of books was a great drawback. There were only three or four primers, not more Bibles and hymn-books; perhaps a few more first readers. The people, young and old, seemed crazy to learn, and Mrs. McFarland soon had all that she could do. And now that you have seen the work really taken up, let me introduce you"—Mrs. W. held up the picture.

"What a pleasant face!" "How motherly she looks!" "I'm sure I should like her!" "How I wish we could hear her talk!" were some of the exclamations of the now thoroughly interested girls.

"You would like to know something about the character and habits of the Indians she went there to benefit, would you not?"

"Oh, yes; Mrs. Williams, you know we came here to hear and *see*," said Ella, laughingly.

"All in good time," said Mrs. W., pleasantly, understanding the emphasis; "you have heard, but not exactly what you wished, I fear."

"Indeed we have; we've been very much interested, haven't we, girls?" This appeal was warmly responded to, and she smilingly resumed: "There are, I think, but four or five principal tribes, which are again divided into smaller tribes, and these into families. Each family has its coat of arms, or, as they call it, 'totem.' The families of one tribe have for their totems the wolf, whale, eagle, etc., and these badges or emblems are marked on

their houses, their canoes, and everything else of consequence. The different tribes have two or three chiefs. One is head chief, and therefore more distinguished. Every chief's house has its pole planted in front. The length of the pole tells their rank; the longer the pole the higher the rank. I was told of one chief who put a finely carved and ornamented pole in front of his house that was much higher than his rank permitted, and the result was a war between them, and the ambitious chief was wounded, which made him shorten his pole in a hurry. So you see these degraded savages are as tenacious of their dignity as civilized rulers are of theirs."

"They show out human nature, don't they?" said Ella.

"Yes, indeed," responded Madge. "But oh! dear, Mrs. Williams, there is so much in human nature, even when civilized, that is contemptible, that one almost wishes to disown any part in it. My uncle's old physician used to say when he was particularly disgusted about anything real

bad that had been done by somebody, 'Well, I often think that the human family is too mean to be connected with,' and I almost agree with him."

The young group laughed gaily at Madge's melancholy estimate.

"Dear Madge, could you realize the degradation of these poor Indians, you would think that there is much even in *civilized* human nature, without Christianity, that is most admirable," said Mrs. Williams.

"Oh! I know there is. My! I didn't mean to cut us all off from respect," said Madge in some confusion; "but, Mrs. Williams, don't you think even good people might be more noble if they tried hard enough?"

"There is no question of that, my dear, and one way to ennoble our own hearts is by losing sight of self, and trying to do what we can in the best way for those who are in need of our help, and so can you wonder that I want *these* dear young hearts I so love to go out in pity and desire toward those poor benighted Indians—not only Alaska tribes, but wherever any are found who are without a knowledge of the true God?"

"Why, that would make us all teachers, and *that* isn't our work," said Jennie, a little disconcerted. She felt quite unconcerned during the first part of Mrs. Williams' remarks. She would never go out

to the Indians, or have anything to do with them, of course; but when the work might be at her door the responsibility was too uncomfortable a matter to be even thought of—it must belong to some one else. How very like her older sisters.

"Ah, Jennie, our dear Lord said, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature,' and 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them.'"

Jennie shrugged her shoulders, turned over a pillow, and replied cheerfully:

"I suppose there's a world of the *noble* in those words, and when I'm a woman I'll learn to act them, maybe."

"Begin now, dear, and you will be prepared to do nobler things when you are a woman. I expect real help from all of you, and I am almost sure of it, too," said Mrs. Williams, with a loving glance around the young circle, and looking down into Mary's eyes, saw there what made her feel sure that one young heart was in sympathy with her in this matter.

They were startled by the ringing of the tea bell.

"Tea time, and I have told you very little about the missionaries; but when you come again we will have a more interesting talk. Come next Saturday, and stay until after tea, will you?" said Mrs. Williams cordially.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" "Thanks!" "Gladly!" Only too happy, if you will take so much trouble for us!" "Wouldn't miss it for anything!" chimed the young voices, while Mary's glowing eyes told what her tongue did not utter.

"Then I will be ready for you. Come early, and we will have a good time, I hope, dear children."

Wraps were donned, kisses exchanged, a chorus of good-bys from the youthful group, who glided out into the late twilight chatting pleasantly about what they had heard and their anticipated visit.

PART II.

At an early hour the six young girls appeared promptly at Mrs. Williams', who greeted them warmly in her genial, motherly way. Wrappings were soon disposed of, and as they entered the parlor several articles on a stand at once attracted their attention.

"Mrs. Williams, are these the curiosities?" asked Ella.

"Yes; these are the articles that were

sent to me by missionary friends from Fort Wrangel and Sitka, and are the work of the Indians."

"Is it possible they make such fine, beautiful baskets, the *wild* Indians?" asked Bessie.

"Yes; and fine and delicate as some of them are, they are water-proof. This large one will hold nearly a half bushel, and was used by some family to cook their food in," said Mrs. W., taking a large round basket from the floor.

"Cook in! how can it be possible?"

"Why, it would *burn*."

"Not over a *blaze*, really?"

Our Dick would say, "that is a *stretcher*," said Estelle. Mrs. Williams laughed.

"It does at first seem like stretching, to quote Dick. These baskets can be doubled, folded and crumpled, without breaking a strand or injuring the colors."

The girls tried the experiment, and were astonished at the pliability and strength of the material.

"Please tell us how they cook in this one," said Mary, holding up the one referred to.

"It was partly filled with water, into which red-hot stones were dropped; the water was thus made to boil, and thus their fish and other food was cooked."

"Why, how funny; it must have tasted horrid," said Jennie.

"You don't fancy that wild Indians know or care about the delicacy and delights of French cookery, do you Jen.?" said Madge, banteringly.

"Nor extension tables and French china. How do you suppose they set their tables, dear? Iron kettles are generally used by them now; and after the food is cooked, the kettle is set where the family can squat around it, each one dipping his spoon in; and if it is a large one, it is passed along, every one taking a mouthful, and then it is dipped full again," explained Mrs. Williams.

"Poor things," said Mary pityingly.

"Horrid!" said Jennie, in disgust.

"The prospect isn't very inviting, but it is far less revolting than many other customs of which I shall tell you. This is one of their spoons," taking a large horn spoon from the collection. "It is an old one, and has been much used."

"How nicely it is carved and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, isn't it?"

"What is the spoon part made of?"

"Horn."

"And what is this black handle?"

"Horn-colored, I suppose."

"Bessie, this is a head with a long ornament on top, that makes the handle," said Estelle.

"Yes; and, look, here is a *tongue* hanging out of the mouth, ready to lap; girls, do you see?" said Bessie.

"That is, qucer, but appropriate for them," said Ella. They do much that would be strange to us, and beautiful too. They now make a great many household utensils out of the horns of the wild goat and from ivory. Here is a fork and ladle; the fork is ivory," said Mrs. W.

"They do such *nice* work; this carving is beautiful," said Estelle.

Mary inquired about a comb, which she thought quaint, and fine enough for a civilized lady to wear.

"Yes, indeed; the work on the top is beautiful; I wish mamma had one," said Bessie admiringly.

"It would be pretty for your ebony cabinet, Bessie, but your elegant mamma would not adorn her head with it," said Jennie.

"I do believe she would; it would be quaint and pretty and odd; too indescribably intense," said Bessie.

"Mrs. Williams, I *do* hope all this talk about real practical facts will make Bess a little more sensible. She's turning her head with all this æsthetic nonsense," said Madge almost pathetically.

"Oh! Mrs. Williams, my sister is so matter-of-fact;" and Bessie's ringing laugh and mirthful face were infectious.

"There is nothing like a warm interest in good work for others to exorcise all sorts of nonsense, and our Bessie is going to do much of that in future, I'm sure," said Mrs. W. lovingly. The young girl laid her sweet, witching face caressingly on her friend's shoulder for a moment, and her large brown eyes made wordless promises; another young heart bound.

"Here is jewelry, silver bracelets and ear-rings, I declare; how pretty they are," said Jennie delightedly.

"Oh! let me see. Why, Mrs. Williams, they are like those your niece wore when she was here last winter, aren't they?"

"Those she wore were made to order by an Indian in Fort Wrangel, and sent on as a Christmas gift. The carving on them

is quite equal in delicacy to much that our silversmiths execute. All of their work is done by hand, without the aid of the superior tools our workmen have. These few articles show you that these Indians have naturally much taste and skill. They carve almost everything; their utensils and furniture, their totems and poles, and even the outside of the chiefs' and rich men's houses, are elaborately carved. Some of them cost from \$1,000 to \$3,000."

"Do they have houses? I thought all uncivilized Indians live in wigwams," said Jennie.

"The Alaska tribes do not. Some of their dwellings are very large, and accommodate more than one family."

"How are they built, please?"

"They are usually thirty or forty feet long; the floor is covered with plank, with the exception of a few feet of earth in the middle, where the fire is built; the smoke escapes through a hole in the roof. Four or five feet above the floor a broad platform runs all around the inside, on which they spread their mats, blankets and furs; on this they sit and sleep."

"Do they wear skins or clothes?" inquired Estelle.

"They are fast falling into the style of Americans. Formerly they wore blankets, and as they are fond of showy colors, they were mostly red, brown, blue, yellow, etc. The squaws wore theirs much as our ladies wear their circles. The rich squaws are fond of a great many trinkets, and wear gay handkerchiefs on their heads like a turban. Sometimes they have two or three rings of some kind on each finger, rings in each ear, and one in the nose. They are fond of showy, pretty things, and spend large sums on anything that strikes their fancy. One of the Fort Wrangel squaws went to Mrs. Young, and told her she had bought a looking-glass, and had no place to put it; would Mrs. Young take care of it till she had a safe place? The promise was given, and when the mirror came it proved to be an elegant French plate in an expensive frame. The woman bought it from the effects of a partly-wrecked steamship, and paid forty-five dollars for it."

"Where in the world did she get the money?"

"She earned it in some way. You must not imagine that the condition of the squaws is a pleasant one; on the contrary,

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it is in all respects most pitiful," said Mrs. Williams.

"Oh, I hoped they were more cared for than other Indian women we read of," said Mary.

"They are very degraded, my love; and as we have talked about what is interesting in regard to these Indians, I must tell you some things that will distress and shock you, or you will not realize the exceeding need there is to send teachers to them, and most of all, we must feel for our poor sisters, into whose lives very little of joy or hope ever falls."

The young faces were grave, and Jennie restlessly rearranged her cushions which she had again appropriated. Her luxurious nature shrank from tales or scenes of woe. To her, life must be full of beauty and pleasure. Mrs. Williams hoped to awaken feelings less selfish in her, and to deepen all noble motives and desire in the fair young group, most of whom were children of dear friends, and on whom, childless herself, her warm heart bestowed much affection.

"Dear Mrs. Williams, we are so interested in these people, we hope you will tell us all you think best; don't we, girls?" and Ella looked around to receive their assent, which was warmly given.

"The Indian tribes are very superstitious. They believe in witchcraft, sorcery and the transmigration of souls."

"Mrs. Williams, please, I don't think I understand exactly what you mean about that; won't you please explain?" said Jennie.

"I am glad you asked, dear. I hope you will all make inquiries about anything that you do not understand. Transmigration of souls is an old heathen belief, and means that the soul of the dead passes into another body either at the moment of death or after a state of probation, the spirit meantime roaming about. I could talk all this afternoon and not get round to our missionaries; but I have told you enough to show you how dark is their ignorance and how deep is their degradation. Now let us talk about the unfortunate women and children. Your tender hearts will be oppressed by these facts, but, my dear girls, ought not we, on whom our Father has bestowed such inestimable privileges, to desire and strive to do all we can to bring them out of heathenism, and lift them to a purer and happier life?"

Tears were in the eyes of more than one of these dear girls as they earnestly assented to Mrs. Williams' almost pleading words.

"These women are the slaves of the men. They are as entirely subject to their disposal in all respects as their dogs or chattels. They can be tortured for witchcraft. In some sections of Alaska they are the beasts of burden, doing all the drudgery, pitching and taking up tents, carrying canoes, gardening, cooking, making and mending. They are beaten and tormented and abused until life becomes a burden, and is often ended by suicide. The little girls are objects of deepest pity. The mothers on the Upper Yukon River feel this so strongly that large numbers of the girl babies are destroyed by their own mothers. Some are taken out into the woods, their mouths filled with grass, and left there to die."

"Horrible!" "Awful!" said the indignant girls.

"If women and little girls are sick, they are turned out into a hut until they recover or die. When little girls are ten or twelve years old, they are put through great hardships for months, probably to prepare them for the wretched life before them."

"The wonder is that they do not kill themselves," said Bessie.

"I have had the same thought; poor, defenseless, abused little girls," said Mrs. Williams, sadly. "After this, new clothes are given them, a slit is cut in the lip, a ring inserted, a feast is made, and she is ready for marriage or worse degradation. Little girls of fourteen or fifteen years are often sold for a few weeks or months to miners or Indians. The dead bodies of men are burned, and when all is ready, it is said that among some tribes the dead man's wife must ascend the funeral pile, and remain until her hair is burned off and she is almost suffocated, then she may get down, but must often thrust her hands into the flames to show her devotion. Sometimes a rich man has two or more wives; in that case, they are ranged around the pile, their heads bent on the dead body until their hair is burned off. After this, the ashes of their husband is put in a bag and hung around the widow's neck, to be worn two years, and she must suffer like the meanest slave. When wood is scarce, the dead slave women are thrown out where

dogs or crows will devour them. My precious girls, the bare thought that one-hundredth part of these fearful evils might have in any way befallen you, makes me shudder. Think what Christianity has done for us, and how black a gulf lies between the women and girls of Alaska and ourselves, and can we refrain from doing what we can to give them that glorious gospel?"

After a few moments of silence, Mrs. Williams resumed:

"Now we will talk of Mrs. McFarland, who was the first missionary who went to Alaska to remain. She took up the work courageously, and very soon secured the confidence of the Indians. She found them quick to learn, very imitative, fond of music, and capable of great improvement. Those who were willing to give up their heathen customs became ambitious to be like the Americans. The women and girls were affectionate and kind. Mrs. McFarland was the only missionary in Alaska for seven months, and at Fort Wrangel for a whole year, and the natives grew to think her so wise and kind that they brought all their troubles to her. If they were sick, she was the doctor; if any died, and were willing to be buried, she must conduct the funeral; if any quarrelled over property, she was the judge, and they abided by her decision. Several of the great chiefs heard of this wonderful white lady, and came great distances to see her, and remained to attend her school. They entreated that teachers might be sent to their tribes, but there were none to send, and no money to send them."

"There's *plenty* of money, if people would only give it, and I don't see how they can help it," said Ella warmly.

"Why, Ella, how little you know about it. Most of the Christian people are too poor to give to missions. Why, when that missionary was here from India or Siam, or some place over there, I heard him talking to Mr. Steward about what they could do if they only had the money, and Mr. S. was so sorry he was so poor (they say he is only worth a couple of hundred thousand!) that he had no interest ready to pay over to the Lord; of course, he'd have to get an extension of time on the note, poor man, and that's the way with most of the Lord's people, you know," said Bessie, with mock seriousness and a most innocent manner.

The girls laughed at this speech, and Madge said:

"Well, Bess, that is pretty well for you. How on earth do you know so much about notes?"

"O, I've heard papa talk business many a time. We'll go into his pocket-book, and make him pay up his interest, won't we, Madge?"

"I do hope so," replied she, laughing. "But, Mrs. Williams, did not Mrs. McFarland take care of a number of girls?"

"Yes; as soon as she learned about their sad condition, she was so full of pity, and the firm belief that little could be done for the females of the tribes unless she could rescue and educate the girls, that she determined to open a Home for as many as the churches and Mission Bands would support. But she soon found that she must have a building for it; none in Wrangel could be had that would be suitable. This proved to be a great undertaking. She wrote to Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who through his missionary papers and lectures stirred up an interest and set others working, and at last the house was built and the Home was opened. There are thirty or more girls in it. Several of these were little things she rescued from slavery; some ran from their mothers and clung to Mrs. McFarland's feet, entreating her to save them. Many of these are described as very bright and pretty. One who has in three years learned to read and write, and the common branches, and to sew and keep house nicely, is a Christian, and is going back to her tribe to teach them the blessed things she has learned. After Rev. Mr. Young went to Fort Wrangel as a missionary, he took all the extra work on himself, and he has been not only the minister, but the chief magistrate. He has great influence with the Indians."

"Where was your friend sent?" asked Mary.

"To Sitka. She opened a school at once, and soon had a large number of scholars, old and young. She had few books, and had to teach from the black-board. She has a fine voice, and from her they soon learned many tunes from Gospel Hymns, which they sang in the streets or anywhere. Those who learned the alphabet first were seen making the letters in the sand, helping others. In Miss Kellogg's letters to her father there are one or two incidents, among many,

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that will interest you. Rev. Mr. Brady is a missionary who was off and on at Sitka, and once on learning that the body of a dead chief was to be burned, he decided to prevent it if possible. He invited Miss Kellogg to help him, and they went out of town some distance, where, as usual, a large crowd had collected. Mr. Brady talked and Miss Kellogg sang, talked and sang, sang and argued for a long time. At last, on Mr. Brady's promise to pay the expense of the funeral, the chief's friends agreed to have the body buried 'like American man.' Miss Kellogg's fine voice and genial manners made her a favorite with the Indians. She gave 'a preach' sometimes, taught them tunes and hymns, as well as spelling and writing, and as they were ambitious 'to be like Merican,' they made good progress. She told the men they could not be American men until they could whistle Yankee Doodle. They soon caught the air under her instruction, and were heard singing it through the streets."

"She must have had some sport out of them, sometimes," said Estelle.

"What a fine thing it is to have a good voice under command. I shall try to cultivate mine harder than ever," said Madge, with enthusiasm.

It had been cheerfully admitted that she had the finest voice in school.

"When our Father gives us each a jewel, he expects us to shape and polish it, and bring out its purity and brilliancy, to be consecrated to his service, my love, as Miss Kellogg had done," said Mrs. Williams with tender earnestness.

An almost solemn look lay in Madge's eyes as she gazed into her kind friend's face, which made Mrs. Williams offer instant prayer that this young Christian would be led to consecrate all her strong mental and physical powers to Christ's service.

"Miss Kellogg writes about an Indian named Jack, who had a bad reputation before the school opened, but after attending that for a while, was anxious 'to be like Christian man.' He gave up drink, and signed the pledge, which the teacher succeeded in making him understand, saying, 'Mc drink no more.' The Indians make a vile whisky out of molasses and water called 'hoochinoo.' Its influence is dreadful when they have their pow-wows. Then they are stimulated to fearful performances by their Shamans or Medicine

Men. These men are sorcerers and cannibals."

"Cannibals!" exclaimed Mary, horrified.

"Yes, my dear, even in our own America there are cannibals—a fact that until recently was unknown, save to a few. There is so much that is interesting, though it is painful, that I could tell you, but I *must* refrain. I have lengthened my talks about this people far beyond my first intentions. I fear that some of you have been wearied."

"Oh, no, Mrs. Williams, we find it all very interesting, don't we, girls?"

This, from Jennie, gave her friend much pleasure.

"Thanks, my love! There is a little more about Jack in this letter that will interest you. As long as there was work in the salmon cannery, Jack was employed on account of his sober habits. With some of his wages he bought good clothes to wear to church; also a nice calico dress, a silk handkerchief and shawl for his wife. The next Sabbath she had the handkerchief on her head. When I saw him afterward, I said, 'Jack, the next thing you buy for Mary must be a hat, that she may look as well as the Fort Wrangel women, who have collars, gloves, neckties, and other nice things.' Last Saturday they came to my house to show me the purchases—a muslin dress, which he wished me to show her how to make just like mine, two hats (a straw and velvet), a pair of gloves, and a green ribbon for a tie. I gave her collar and cuffs to complete the outfit. In her new rig she is called the belle of the city."

"I fancy she must have felt funny in her new rig. How queer she must have looked!" said Estelle.

"Jack was *proud* of her. Can you imagine what an advance that was for one of these men? In December, Miss Kellogg was married to Rev. Mr. Young, and went to Fort Wrangel to reside. It was a trial to close so promising a mission for some months; but it has been under the care, very successfully, of Rev. Mr. Austin and family for more than a year."

"Oh, please tell us something else that she or the others did. I can almost fancy myself there," said Mary.

"You would like to hear about their first Christmas tree?"

"Yes, indeed; a Christmas tree in hyperborean regions!" exclaimed Ella.

"Not so very hyperborean when the

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water scarcely freezes in winter," said Madge.

"Long before Christmas Miss Kellogg thought that a Christmas tree would be a wonderful pleasure to her Indians of all ages; the fathers and mothers are only great children. This wish she made known to various Eastern friends in city and country, and in due time there reached her a large and great variety of gifts for the festival, which was given to the Indians in Fort Wrangel. The Sabbath-school of a church that I had interested, had sent several pounds of beads, ornaments, ribbons, ruffles, gay handkerchiefs, neckties, aprons, ties for the men and boys, necklaces, bracelets, and hair ornaments made of glass beads, some of them very pretty. There were chromos, picture-books, Testaments, Gospel Hymns, slates, etc.," said Mrs. Williams, in a lively manner, "and from the other packages received were taken innumerable articles of great variety.

"When the day came, three large pine trees were securely fastened in one end of a large room, and to keep what was being done a secret from the Indians, who *would* come in, sheets were hung as a curtain. Three hours were required by the Missionary Circle to put the candles and gifts on the trees.

"When the curtain was drawn, the Indian guests, old and young, numbering over three hundred, were filled with amazement and delight. Never had they dreamed of anything like that. Mr. Young made a speech, and Toy-att and Moses, Christian chiefs, made speeches. They sang Christmas hymns, and then gave every one, young and old, a gift from the wonderful tree."

"Oh, how I would like to have been there; it must have been rich," said Madge. "What did the Indians do?"

"Their turn to surprise their kind teachers came at midnight and on the Christmas morning. At midnight the Indians serenaded the missionary families by singing, and then gave them their Christmas greeting. This was very unexpected and pretty."

"Really, these aborigines are becoming æsthetic," said Bessie, with a mischievous glance at Madge, who was compelled to join in the general laugh.

Mrs. Williams resumed:

"The next morning they formed in procession, and went around to have a hand-

shake.' They were all dressed in their best clothes; of course, gay colors were conspicuous. The leader of the procession was a boy dressed in blue cashmere, ornamented with gilt stars; on his head he wore a sort of cap made of stars and flowers; in his hand he carried a flag.

Then came their great chief Toy-att, a Christian, then prominent men, the school, and others—in all, nearly three hundred, if I remember rightly. They passed through the houses of Mr. Young and Mrs. McFarland, entering the front and going out at the back doors, shaking hands, and expressing good wishes as well as they could, as many do not speak English."

"It would have been fun to have looked on, but it must have been dreadfully tiresome to shake hands with so many," said Jennie.

"No doubt it was, but the missionaries cared not for that. Their hearts rejoiced over the great improvement that had been made in so short a time, and looked into the future with courage and faith."

"What else did they do? tell us, please," said Estelle.

Expectation sat in every face, and Mrs. Williams proceeded:

"Later on, the same morning, one of Mrs. McFarland's oldest girls and their good Indian, Matthew, were married in the chapel by Rev. Mr. Young. After this came a grand feast, the friendly Indians made for the young couple. These feasts are great affairs, and often cost a great deal of money."

"It would be a great feast those Indians could get up!" said Jennie, skeptically.

"They must have improved mighty fast since they sat around the kettle on the floor, and dipped up their food with a horn spoon," said Ella.

"Most of them do so still, don't they?" inquired Mary.

"Yes; but they have learned much from the whites, and as they are very imitative, they do well. When Mrs. Young's babe was three months old, the Indians wanted to name her. I will read from her letter. She says: 'Lately, our Indians named our baby. They made a large feast, to which we were all invited, and she was named with a good deal of their Indian ceremony. They always give presents at these feasts. Usually, the person who is named makes the gifts, but in this instance they gave cloth and calico to us

and each other. Baby Abbie's was white calico with blue spots. Being the mother, I had to make a speech, and in it I told them she should wear their gift in a dress. Her Indian name is An-ook-ch, given her by the head chief, after his mother. Giving names is a great ceremony with all tribes. They are sometimes very expensive entertainments, costing, in gifts of furs, blankets and slaves, from \$1,000 to \$2,000. When the heir to a chieftainship takes his place, slaves are often killed. When our friends, Rev. Dr. Kendall, Dr. Jackson, Dr. Lindsley, and their wives, were here last summer [this was written in 1880], our Indians made a great feast for them, and gave them names. I have not time to be minute, but can give you some idea of the affair. There were long tables covered with white cloth, on which were any quantity of bread, butter, cakes, pie, canned fruits, fresh fruits, dried fish, tea, coffee, white sugar, etc. The chairs and benches were covered with costly furs and blankets. Toy-att and Moses made speeches. Toy-att can be eloquent, and gave most of the names to the ministers. Dr. Kendall's was Cinnamon Bear [it kills lots of slaves], Koohan-ow; Dr. Jackson's, Koos-tan-ine [great whale]; Dr. Corliss, our missionary physician, Santo-nine [brother to Mr. Young]. Toy-att said: "Once I was a great fighter; now I give my name, Toy-att, to Mr. Young, because he comes to fight our battles for us. To Dr. Lindsley we give Tenn-na-take" [grandchild of Shaaks]. Before the feast was ready there was a great ringing of large hand-bells and firing of cannon. The U. S. flag floated from the pole at the door. They went through some of their native dances and Shaman, or Medicine Man, performances to amuse the guests. The great chief, Shaaks, gave a grand feast two days after."

As Mrs. Williams folded the letter, Madge exclaimed:

"How extremely interesting this account is! How rapidly the natives must have improved. We would like to have seen some of those performances, girls?"

"Yes, indeed; let us go to Alaska for our summer vacation," said Ella, laughing.

"That is not so strange a proposition as you imagine. That region is becoming quite frequented by travelers, even ladies. One of my Fort Wrangel letters mentions several strangers, one a lady from Boston accompanied only by a little son of ten years."

Mrs. Williams was secretly rejoiced to observe how Jennie's interest was awakening, and she hoped to succeed in bringing her out of self. As she turned over the pages of her letters, she smilingly remarked:

"My dear girls, it will be tea-time before we get through our narrative of events, and I hoped to have a little time for other things. I think I will tell you one thing more, and that is about Mrs. McFarland's courage in trying to save two women from torture for witchcraft. I heard Dr. Sheldon Jackson relate it some time ago."

"Oh! let me ask now what became of Philip, or Clah," exclaimed Madge.

"Philip did not live long to help. He died of consumption. He had brought his wife, Annie, who had become a Christian [she was given to him when he was a boy], and hired a house, and was very happy. He died saying, 'Annie, don't feel bad. Jesus knows best. As earth fades, heaven grows brighter.'"

"How different his death was from his heathen brothers."

"He was a great example to his people. He was very anxious that the 'McFarland Home' should prosper."

"How many girls have been saved in the Home?"

"Thirty or more. A Boys' Home, to train up Christian teachers for their own people, has been established at Sitka under Mr. Austin's care, which is very successful and useful."

Mary took Mrs. Williams' hand in hers:

"Please tell us about Mrs. McFarland. I'm sure it is interesting."

"It is, my love; an exhibition of unselfish love and courage, rarely equaled. One dark, rainy evening, word was brought to Mrs. McFarland that two Indian women were to be tortured for witchcraft. Without hesitation she went to the house, around which a crowd of excited men were waiting the movements within. Mrs. McFarland was told that she could not go in; that no woman would dare to go in where the Medicine Men were; that it would be death. But disregarding personal danger and abuse, she waited at the

door a long time, and at length pushed in behind some one who entered. The Shamans glowered fiercely at this audacious act, and ordered her out with threats and savage gestures; but she stood her ground firmly by the side of the poor bound women, who lay on the ground, and who had already suffered terribly. Can you imagine the scene? The fierce Shamans, half-

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naked, their faces painted hideously, and wild with rage over these supposed witches, and Mrs. McFarland's temerity; the frightened, groaning women lying at the feet of the brave lady, who stood there in her undaunted dignity; and over all the weird light from the fire on the ground. How many white ladies would have dared attempt to save two poor slave women from a terrible death, at a much less fearful risk to themselves. Yet for more than two hours did this delicately-reared lady, with heroic soul and holy love, brave these demons, arguing, reasoning, threatening, until she conquered, and the women were unbound and delivered to her protection."

The girls sat with bated breath, listening excitedly, and when their friend ceased, all sighed from relief, one and another exclaiming:

"How *could* she!"

"How *did* she dare!"

"What a *wonderful* woman!"

"*She is* a Christian!"

"I don't wonder she wants to save and teach the girls, and make good women of them."

"Dear Mrs. Williams, you said we could help you!" remarked Bessie.

Suddenly eager inquiry appeared in all faces.

"You are right, little one. My heart has been pained to-day by news from Sitka. The old Army Hospital, which had been used as the Indian Boys' Mission Home, namely, 'The Sheldon Jackson Institute,' under the care of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Austin, was burned to the ground in January, and much of its contents destroyed. This is sad news, and yet our Lord can overrule it for good to all concerned."

"It just seems dreadful. How did it originate?"

"By a defective chimney. Many valuable articles were lost: the new organ given the Home by Captain Beardsley, of the Navy; the chest of tools, and the stores for the house. Mr. Austin's personal furniture and effects were much damaged. The cook-stove was dragged out by the boys with a rope. You will enjoy reading the letters in the *Presbyterian Home Missions* and other papers, because they show how devoted and heroic those boys were, and that the results of this experiment prove the great need there is for just such Industrial Schools for the Indian boys. While the girls must be saved and educated, it is equally neces-

sary that the boys be rescued from the worst kind of heathenism, and by educating their bright minds and versatile abilities, make them good American citizens, which, we are told, they are anxious to become. By the way, do any of your mothers take the *Presbyterian Home Missions*?"

"Mamma does," said Mary, and Ella knew that her mamma had subscribed for it quite recently.

"I hope you will have it in all of your homes. It is full of interesting information in regard to the missions of our Church and about the great West—matters we ought to know if we would be intelligent Christians. I think you would all like Mrs. Willard's letters from Chilcat."

"Oh, when we began our 'talks,' you told us we might reserve our sympathies about the winter for the Chilcat missionaries. Is Mrs. Willard at Chilcat?" said Madge.

"Yes; but if you read her letters, you will be better pleased than by anything I can say. She will tell you about the country and people; about its beautiful scenery, its wonderful rivers, its rich Indian villages, and the manner of life of its people, and their own experiences in their long journey—quite equal to any book of travels in out of the way countries. The only thing to be regretted is, that she has not time to write up a little more fully. We become quite excited when we find her and her people in the middle of a river one mile and a half wide, in a canoe which 'ships water' every few minutes, which she has to bale out incessantly to keep afloat. We are interested in their receptions by the chief, and their barbaric entertainments, their lavish gifts, their feasts of giving names, their high and low caste distinctions, and wars in consequence. It is to be hoped she will 'write a book,' as Miss Bird and other traveled ladies have, only it would be with a holier purpose."

The girls, who were intelligent and fond of reading, were resolved that *they* would have that journal even if others at home did not care for it, and the small subscription price was given at once out of their pocket money to Mrs. Williams, who kindly promised to send the order for them.

"Oh, dear! how much money we want," sighed Jennie.

"Yes, indeed; I read yesterday about a rich New Yorker's owning \$80,000,000 or \$90,000,000. Just think of it, girls! It

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almost takes away one's breath to think of the good one could do with only a part of the income of such a sum," said Ella.

"The Lord's interest money isn't payable on demand, Ella, so that can't be had any way," said the bright, facetious Bessie, who was rewarded by a laugh from the others.

"Dear Mrs. Williams, is the Sitka Home one of the things we can help in?" asked Estelle.

"I do hope you can, dear children; that and the Girls' Home of Wrangel? Can any of you think of a way?"

Mary glanced around the circle; then said:

"Couldn't we form a 'Band,' and contrive to do something to earn money?"

"Oh, that will be jolly; let us do it. We can. Mrs. Williams will be our Chairman, won't she?" asked Bessie, coaxingly.

At this moment the tea-bell rang, and sweet and bright were the faces grouped around their elderly friend, as they walked out to the tea-table, around which they gathered, chatting gaily, only pausing long enough to invoke the Father's blessing.

"Girls, let us have a fair," said Estelle, "or a costume promenade party."

"I think we might have a costume promenade party, and recitals, and have ice cream and cake to sell. We could make money, couldn't we, Mrs. Williams?" said Jennie.

"Recitals, Jen! where would they come from? Who on earth would give them? We couldn't," said Bessie, rather derisively, it must be confessed.

"Don't be so sure of that, little one. I know of two of our class who recite beautifully; and others who would help, I am sure, in song, at least, for a benevolent object," said Ella.

"Mary, what was that affair you went to last vacation when you were away?" asked Madge.

"When I was at grandpapa's, in the city, the Young People's Association of the church gave a costume concert, and made a good deal of money. Then when I went out to Uncle Doctor's, the young people in their church gave a public entertainment in the hall, called a 'broom drill.' It was very pretty, and ever so much encored. They made \$100 by it. Mrs. Williams, we chatter so, you don't get a chance to give us any advice, don't we?"

"I am very glad to hear all of your suggestions, and see you so interested. By and by a little advice may be needed from an older head," and Mrs. Williams gazed lovingly in the bright young faces before her.

"What in the world is a 'broom drill,' Mary?" asked Estelle. "We must be behind the age in our town."

"I don't know as I can describe it so that you will understand it, as I have only seen it once. There must have been about twenty young ladies on the platform. They were all dressed alike in unbleached muslin dresses, trimmed with stripes, red and blue, around the bottom of the dress, the cuffs, the wide sailor collar and belt; they wore on their heads a little cap made of the same materials. Their stockings were striped, with low slippers. Each girl had a small broom, such as little girls play with, trimmed with the stripes. They looked very pretty."

"Did they go through any military maneuvers?"

"Something like it; though some of the flourishes would have been rather amusing to soldiers, I guess. I have heard that these entertainments have been very popular in the vicinity of Boston, and the maneuvers were quite elaborate. A friend of mine played for one of these drills, which she said the minister's wife prepared, and the performance was beautiful. They also had a 'fan drill.' Fans in the hands, and all sorts and sizes all over their dresses. It was very taking."

After much lively discussion, seasoned by wise hints from their friend, the enthusiastic group decided upon: first, a costume promenade concert, and second, after an interval of a month, a broom drill, the latter "to be kept an entire secret, save to the company, and Lieutenant Carrol, Jennie's cousin, who will be home from the frontier any day, and who will drill us and help us through splendidly."

"There will be no difficulty in making up a lovely company of twenty girls, and the Warrenton Orchestra would think it a great honor and rich sport to play for us to practice by and at the entertainment, and we shall make such a lovely 'spread' that everybody will be delighted, and give us lots of money, enough to furnish the building and endow several scholarships in the McFarland Home." Thus Bessie's vivacious tongue prophesied, which Madge, Ella, Mary, Estelle and Jennie, notwithstanding their assumption over the "little

one" of mature wisdom, scarcely doubted would be accomplished.

In all of which, eventually, they found Mary's good judgment and taste, her knowledge from observation of one of these performances, at least, and her sweet voice of great assistance, and they were not refused.

Now, my dear young friends, I wish you and I could be gratified by knowing how many dollars this precious group of earnest workers were instrumental in raising for the objects of their enthusiastic interest, but we shall be obliged to wait patiently "for returns," as these operations are still under preparation, and in the meantime, are there not other "Bands" who will emulate this labor of love for their unfortunate sisters in Alaska? Are there not other 'Bands,' who, feeling their obligations to the blessed gospel for their beloved Christian parents and homes, will, with grateful hearts, make greater efforts to give other young girls the joy and comfort of loving parents, and civilized, Christian homes? Do not fear being too enthusiastic about the Lord's work; there is little real success without enthusiasm. Remember: "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them."

[THE END.]

WITCHCRAFT IN ALASKA.

A HORRIBLE STORY OF SUPERSTITION FROM FORT WRANGELL—OLD WOMEN AND CHILDREN BURNED AND CUT IN PIECES.

From the St. Louis Republican.

Those who attended the meeting of the Women's Board of Missions at the Presbyterian rooms yesterday afternoon, were grieved and astonished when they listened to the reading of a very sensational letter from Miss Maggie J. Dunbar, a Presbyterian missionary, stationed at present at Fort Wrangell, Alaska. Through the letter its author described the terrible sufferings of several families, old men and young children recently tortured to death for the alleged crime of witchcraft. The victims, including persons of various ages, from four to seventy years, were tried by the heathen tribunals of the place and sentenced to death. At Lock, a portion of Alaska where the ancient population of the place predominates and enforces their unwritten law, which consists of all the superstitions their ancestors found leisure to devise and hand down to their posterity, a family found guilty of being spiritual jugglers, of a type supposed to be in league with the devil, were taken out and tied to trees. The grandmother of the family was tied to a large forest tree and left there to starve. After giving her salt water whenever she asked that her thirst might be quenched, the demons about the tree finally hacked her to death with knives. The balance of the family succeeded in breaking away from their captors, and escaped by plunging into

a dark, and, to all appearances, impenetrable forest filled with wild beasts. These persecuted people wandered about through the dark recesses of this wilderness, cold and hungry, until they could stand their sufferings no longer, when they concluded to cross the enemy's country under cover of darkness, and reach, if possible, Fort Wrangell, where they knew they would be safe in the presence of a United States man-of-war. They reached the ocean and took to a canoe. In this frail bark they pursued their journey, hugging the coast as closely as possible until they arrived at the fort, almost dead and scarcely able to talk. The missionary, who was walking on the beach on the evening of their arrival, saw the canoe land. The craft contained an old man and two children, who related their frightful adventures and asked for protection. The children were taken into the missionary home of the fort. The two girls, the letter states, looked rather odd walking to the home along the beach robed in blankets tattered and torn.

A little girl whom the missionary calls Georgia, only five years of age and an orphan, resided with an aunt. This aunt took sick one day, when the child was accused of bewitching her and "making her bad medicine." As soon as this accusation was made the unfortunate little creature was locked up in a room, where she was kept three days without food or water and whipped unmercifully, until her body was literally covered with discolored marks. The chief of one of the Christianized communities heard of the outrage and reported the matter to the military authorities of the fort, who visited the place where the child was confined one night, rescued her, and took her to the missionary home. Both the cases described have been reported to the captain of the man-of-war stationed at the fort, and the savages, it is thought, will ultimately be punished.

"This week," says the writer, "Mrs. McFarland took in two interesting young girls who had fled from Cape Fox village, where some of their friends had been killed for witchcraft." The people of Alaska have believed in witchcraft as far back into the past as their traditions carry them. If a native doctor is called upon to administer medicine to a patient and the patient fails to recover with great suddenness, he accuses the nurse or some other defenseless person with being a witch and tampering with his herbs and roots. The person so accused is promptly taken out and tied to a tree. He is starved for some time, fed on salt water, and then roasted to death or hacked to pieces with knives. When an epidemic or any other calamity prevails, all the old women and defenseless children that can be caught before they have time to take to the woods are murdered according to the regular forms approved by the traditional *lex non scripta* of the country. There is certainly a great demand for missionary work in such a country. In fact, in any country where old, gray-haired women and little children are starved, whipped, roasted alive, and fed on salt water, there is plenty of work that ought to be accomplished in the interest of humanity. The witchcraft outrages in Alaska, it is a strange fact, are spasmodic, and occur only at periods. When one person is accused, the chances are that alleged witches will be discovered in great numbers all over the country.

THE TIMES.

W. R. BURLING, Editor & Prop'r.

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SOUTHAMPTON, JANUARY 11, 1883.

Dr. Sheldon's Address.

Rev Sheldon Jackson, D. D., who, in the interest of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, has traveled over a larger portion of our country, and has a better knowledge of the moral and religious condition of the nation than any other man, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church of this village last Sabbath. With a large map of the United States before the people, he gave them an idea of the extent and area of the country; of the field it was for mission work, and very interesting information as to what the Board of Domestic Missions have to do, and how they do it.

Very few knew that there were tribes and people, citizens under our flag, who to day bow down and worship idols of wood and stone; none realized, as he pictured it, the odious blot mormonism is on the fair face of this country. The works he planned out for women to do was new to most of his hearers. The importance to the nations welfare, morally and civilly, the progress and hold the christian religion has on the ignorant, unbelieving and lawless citizen, was so plainly and evident to every one truthfully stated, that christian and patriotic hearts were filled with a renewed desire to do more for their Christ and their country.

He spoke particularly of the dangers that surround those that go into the frontier cities and towns where there are no religious observances, and asked those who had sons, brothers or friends so situated to labor faithfully and diligently until a christian minister was established near by the absent ones.

His remarks might have been summed up: The field is white unto the harvest; the laborers are few; Christians, Patriots, will you go, send, or assist in sustaining laborers in that field? Answer this question as you love your neighbor as yourself.

INDIAN LIFE ILLUSTRATED.

A REMARKABLE COLLECTION IN THIS CITY.
ENRICHING THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

Through the generosity of Heber R. Bishop, one of its trustees, the American Museum of Natural History will soon be in possession of the most complete collection in the world of objects illustrating the ethnology of the Indian tribes of British Columbia. These tribes, especially those known as the Haidabs, on Queen Charlotte Island, are of much greater interest, so far as their art productions are concerned, than any of the Indians of the United States, and yield richer treasures to the collector than do the Alaskan tribes with whom, judging by the objects now in the Museum, they are closely related in religion and artistic conceptions. This collection has been called the Powell Collection in honor of Dr. J. W. Powell, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Dominion of Canada at Victoria, British Columbia, to whose enthusiastic and intelligent interest it is due. Several years ago Professor Bickmore, of the Museum, addressed a letter to the provincial Government, then at Ottawa, making inquiries concerning British Columbia. His letter was treated with great courtesy and a mass of documents was sent him. More valuable than all of these, however, as indicating the good-will of the Canadian officials, was a manuscript map of the province of British Columbia, copied from one in the office of the Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Victoria, and showing on its face a record of many years of labor. The map had not been published, and is valued very highly by Professor Bickmore, who has preserved it in one of the cases of the Museum. Among the documents received was a report from Dr. Powell to his Government urging the necessity of speedily making a collection of utensils, implements, musical instruments and other things made and used by the Indians of the province. He showed their interesting character and said that unless the work of making such a collection was begun soon the objects most valuable in an ethnological sense would be carried off by French and German collectors, who were already on the ground. Professor Bickmore learned that no attention had been paid to the suggestion, and then brought the matter to the attention of Mr. Bishop, who promptly authorized Dr. Powell to make as complete a collection as he desired for the Museum near the Central Park. Dr. Powell brought not only an ardent love for the work but also the unusual facilities growing out of his official relations with the Indians to the performance of his commission, and has succeeded in making a collection which is of the greatest scientific value. There are already several hundred objects in the cases of the Museum and Mr. Bishop has received word from San Francisco that sixty tons more are in transit or awaiting shipment. Mr. Bishop has spared neither personal pains nor expense, and Dr. Powell, in his official visits from tribe to tribe, has secured a great many relics and heirlooms which ordinary collectors could not have purchased.

Among the most interesting objects are a war canoe and four totem posts, now awaiting shipment at San Francisco. The canoe was coveted by Dr. Powell two years before he could secure it. It belonged to a powerful chief, and is the most elaborate piece of workmanship yet found among the Indians. In general design it appears from the descriptions given to be similar to the Alutian canoe in the Alaska exhibit at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, but it is of immense size and extravagantly decorated with carvings and paintings. It is sixty-one feet in length, nine feet in beam and over four feet in depth of hold, yet it is made out of a single log, and though hollowed out with rude implements its sides are so thin that thus far no master has been found willing to undertake to carry it round Cape Horn and deliver it in good order here. Yet it is a practical boat, and has a carrying capacity of 100 warriors. The manner in which canoes of this description are made has been described by travellers in British America and

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Alaska. The boat is shaped from a cypress or similar tree and hollowed. Water is then placed within it, hot stones thrown in the water, and the top of the canoe closely covered. The steam generated by the heat of the stones softens the wood and the sides are then bent outward till the desired width is obtained, and are held in position by the seats.

The fantastic character of the decorations of the canoe which Dr. Powell has secured for Mr. Bishop can be learned from the following description published in *The San Francisco Call* while the canoe was lying at Broadway Wharf in that city:

"Throughout are displayed peculiar designs in the way of carvings and paintings, the most notable of which is under the projecting stern fashion plate, consisting of a plump body in the shape of a doubled up baboon, and covered with leaf-shaped scales. The head is of some nondescript animal which, if it should suddenly be endowed with life, would scare the bravest backwoodsman ever honored by notice in a dime novel. Even as depicted in wood, the enormous glaring eyes, exposed teeth and clenched claws are unpleasant to look at. The flat piece on the bow is surmounted by a carved face that would answer admirably as a head of his Satanic Majesty. The inside bears the marks of the tools of the crude workmen, while the outside is comparatively smooth and painted a lead color, excepting under the bows, where, on a white background, are inscribed huge characters, the meaning of which is not apparent. The shape of the boat is, at first glance, in true lines, but a closer inspection shows that one side has more of a curve than the other. The first seat, extending across the craft, is about three and a half feet from the bottom, on the upper side of which are carved four ill-shaped frogs' legs, between which is a face meant for human, but strongly resembling an owl's. On the upper side of the second seat are crude representations of babies' faces and the trunks of their bodies. Above each head are small legs and feet, and the first impression one gains by looking at them is that the artisans endeavored to show that the legs were useless, and being cut off, had been carelessly thrown in their present positions. Where the legs should properly have been were heads of fishes. The third seat has a horribly grinning human face, with the nose detached and the lower jaw missing. Smitten eyes and a set of generous upper teeth set off the face to a charm, providing one could be charmed with ugliness. On one end of the fourth seat is an entertaining sight of an exaggerated dragon in the act of swallowing a not by any means good-looking female head, while the other end has a carving of a no less exaggerated baby in an impossible position. The fifth seat is surmounted with a pair of extenuated legs that might have been meant for either a frog or human being. At the extremity of each is a foot bottom side up, and giving the impression that a pile driver had flattened them out. On the sixth seat is carved what evidently is meant to represent duck and geese heads reaching out for something to allay the pangs of extreme hunger. The seventh seat is covered with canvas, and but the tip of some equally crude earwing can be seen. All of these figures are painted in red, black and flesh colors, and the conception of the designs was certainly in the brain of a 'siwash' that had no great idea of beauty of features, nor of the symmetry of form. So exaggerated and grotesque, mixed with the horrible, are they, that cold type are unable to portray them as they really are."

A visit to the Museum and a glance at the objects in the collection will make this description clear. The hundreds of objects there embrace rattles which are used by the medicine men to exorcise the evil spirits that cause sickness, dishes of various kinds, weapons, clothing, chests, models of the totem posts which the chiefs set up in front of their houses and which bear the crests of the families to which the chiefs belong, and a great variety of ornaments of wood, bone, scales, slate, claws and silver. Everywhere the decoration is the same, and consists of a horribly grotesque figure developed from the human face. The eyes are elongated in an extraordinary manner and afford a startling support of the theory that even so beautiful a design as the familiar Greek border is nothing more than a fantastic evolution from the human face. Frequently a carved head stands out in bold relief flanked by legs or arms, hands or feet; seldom if ever is a body found entire. A strange superstition might almost be supposed to lie at the root of this peculiarity, for it is most striking. Where shoulders, arms and hands are combined the attitude is always the same: the hands thrown up on a level with the shoulders and the palms turned outward. In the figure the eyes and mouth are exaggerated and the nose ignored, but in the relief carvings fidelity to nature so far as the features are concerned seems to have been aimed at. The colors seem to be the same pigments used by the Indians of the Territories. Dr. Powell has collected over twenty varieties of rattles and perhaps as many wooden masks, used by the Indians in their dances and incantations. The medicine men use a variety of masks and rattles, each one being supposed to have power over a different evil spirit. The masks all show the whole face carved out of wood, not unsightly, and hideously painted; the rattles are made in the form of various birds and fishes, which are easily recognizable. There are twenty or thirty kinds of flutes and whistles in the collection, including a double flute and two in which powder flasks have been made to do service by giving them mouth pieces of wood. It is expected to have the entire collection classified and in place for the next spring exhibition.

ALASKA LETTER.

SALMON FISHERY,
In Camp 30 Miles from Ft. Wrangell,
September 4, 1882.

MY DEAR MRS. ALLEN:

"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."

Your kind letter of July 3d reached me in due time (containing sentiments so precious and gratifying). I cannot express to you the good it did me. My husband and I were aboard the steamship Dakota, with nearly a hundred excursionists, en route to the most important stations in Alaska. I was too busy then, at sight-seeing to answer by return mail. We considered ourselves highly favored to be among so many intelligent people. Having been isolated so long from society, I assure you we embraced all the social privileges, we were much pleased to find those who were greatly interested in all the Missions of the coast. Our Home was thrown open to all who wished to visit it, and I believe the whole party came. The children were assembled in the school room, and did their part to interest, with songs, and Scripture verses, &c. Little Bessie Jackson sang "Come to Jesus," although not quite three years old, her little baby voice chorded sweetly with the organ. She pleased every one so much, that a small collection was taken up and presented to her. It was amusing to see her trying to grasp the silver pieces in her hands, her face brimful of delight. We received many words of sympathy and encouragement, and many who had little faith in Indians, acknowledged that something could be made out of the children. But I am digressing, and must hasten on giving you a few incidents of other Missions which we visited. We had some very fine days and some miserable weather, which made one now and then ask if the sun ever shone in Alaska? I was sorry we had any unpleasant days, which gave such an unfavorable impression of our summer climate, for we had just had two weeks of constant sunshine. I never saw more magnificent scenery in my life, than we passed through on our way to Chilcat. Those drawings of Mrs. Willard's in the *Home Mission*, are good, but they give but a faint idea of the beauty and grandeur surrounding her home, I could not bear to leave it, our stay seemed too short, from 5 until 11 at night, when we caught the last glimpse of the snow-crowned peaks by moonlight. Our visit here was a disappointment in one respect, because Mr. and Mrs. Willard were at Sitka, could not even get a sight into her cosy house. We were glad to meet the native teacher, Mrs. Dickinson, who used to be our interpreter, she came aboard the steamer to go to Portland, Oregon, to visit her daughter who is now in the Indian training school. Before coming on the ship she took us in her house to see two "witches," whom she had been hiding for three weeks from their friends, who were then in search to kill them, and had sent word to her, if she did not deliver them up, they were coming down from Upper Chilcat to kill her. They cried most pitifully when she

bid them good-bye, and begged her not to go away and leave them. She told them her husband would protect them. Our sympathies were aroused, and when we related the circumstances to the Captain of the ship, he kindly consented to allow them a passage to Sitka, where they received protection. Tilly and her husband are stationed twenty-five miles from here at Willard, Upper Chilcat. They have a school of fifty scholars; are getting along very nicely. Do not forget these, our first missionaries from our school, (now Mr. and Mrs. Paul.) They greatly need the sympathy and prayers of God's people. We met Dr. and Mrs. Corlies at the mines (Juneau City.) They are comfortably situated in a rented house, and find the work very hard. Mrs. C. says she never was in such a den of iniquity. The beer is sold to the Indians by the bucket-full. It is hard work to get them out to preaching. They expected soon to follow their Indians to their winter home (Takon Harbor.) Our next place of interest was Takon Inlet, among the glaciers and icebergs. The small boats were lowered from the ship, and nearly every one went rowing among them. It was rather dangerous, for large pieces of ice were constantly breaking off and dashing down into the sea with a crash, sounding like thunder.

At Killisnoo, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt, of the North-West Trading Company. Here there is a fine opening for a missionary store, and Whale Oil Refinery, which employs a great many Indians of the Hoochonoo tribe, we counted some sixteen tents. Mr. V. has built a very nice cottage, his wife is the only white lady in the place. They were warm friends of Mrs. McFarland when living in Wrangell.

As we were nearing the wharf at Sitka, it was Sabbath morning, the bell of the Greek Church was just ringing for service. We attended there first, then made our way to the Presbyterian service, which was an hour later. At present they worship in an old stable, which was fixed up for home and school soon

after the fire. I hope they will be able to build again in a very short time. We were sorry to find Mrs. Willard in very delicate health—her recovery is quite doubtful.

At the end of ten days we were at Wrangell, and on the day following we began packing up for our camping expedition to this place. We are located opposite the most southern extremity of Wrangell Island, have six tents all in a row, facing a beautiful bay. Very near is the fresh water stream. We are not seeking pleasure alone, practically, our object is to train our girls to take care of their winter supply of fish which costs too much when bought from the stores in Wrangell. It is a great sacrifice to come so far from home and live in a 7 by 10 foot tent in Alaska weather; half of our time it has been pouring down; but have had but one week of good sunshine, which we have improved. It takes two days of sun drying, then the fish are ready for the smoke house.

Boys spear the fish, then they are brought down by canoe to the girls and

they take charge of them. We were doing a booming business, when lo! two girls took the measles. There was some consternation in the camp. After holding a council, we concluded that we had better send all the small children home, and nurse the sick as best we could. Fortunately we had a supply of medicine with us, and there was an old log house near, which we turned into a hospital. At the end of two weeks we were able to take them home and a pretty good supply of Salmon—about six barrel of salted and nearly 500 dried fish.

Instead of re-opening school as we expected, our house looks more like a hospital. Fourteen are in bed with measles; from the present outlook I do not know when we will be able to begin school. We were glad to welcome Dr. Jackson and three new missionaries by this ship—Miss Gould, teacher for Hydah; Miss Matthews, for Chilcat, to be with Mrs. Willard; Miss Rankin, to assist aunt in the Home. I assure you she could not have come in a better time to be initiated. It's a strange providence that the measles were around us all last winter, yet we did not have a case in the home.

MAGGIE J. MCFARLAND.

THE OBSERVER.

For the New York Observer.

THE GREAT NORTHWEST COAST.

SHELDON JACKSON'S CELEBRATED TOUR: OUT OF THE WORLD: HOW THEY LIVE: WHITES: INDIANS AND MISSIONARY WORK.

Among all the enterprising, pushing and successful pioneers in aggressive work, our friend, Sheldon Jackson, is one of the best and bravest. He has been named "Bishop of the Outside World," apostle to them who have no other teacher, and he deserves the titles. In a recent trip to Alaska, with thirteen Indians he made a canoe voyage of 250 miles along the coast in order to visit some Indian villages that he could not reach by steamer, and writing to us he said in a private note:

"You haven't seen the world until you have visited this wonderful North Pacific Coast. Only Bayard Taylor or yourself could adequately describe it, and I think it would task your ready pen and descriptive powers to the utmost."

He then tries his own pen, and gives us these facts in regard to Sitka and the people on the coast:—

SITKA, ALASKA.

BY REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

Sitka, Alaska, has had a varied history. The headquarters of Russian su-

premaey in the North Pacific, it was once a proud commercial city, the centre of an extensive commerce and capital of a large province, with its schools and seminaries. Now it is like Goldsmith's Deserted Village. Her prestige, her commerce, and largely her people, are gone. The castle, once the abode of Russia's proud nobles, still crowns the hill. The officers' quarters, barracks and club-house still remain. The church, built in the form of a Greek cross, with its emerald green dome and roof; its chime of bells, now silent; its queer interior arrangement; its paintings, rich vestments, and candlesticks and chandeliers of massive silver; all speak of departed glory. The old stockade, from whose loopholes upon occasion during the Romanoff dominion poured the death-dealing ball and shot, is now partly in ruins.

Sitka, with its quaint foreign appearance indeed, still remains, now the picture of desolation; but its beautiful island-studded Bay, said to equal in picturesqueness the Bay of Naples or Rio Janeiro, remains as of old. Mount Edgecumbe, an extinct volcano, discovered by Bodega in 1775, still guards the entrance to the bay; while the sharp, snowy peak of Vostovia, surrounded by a group of peaks and glaciers, stands guard in the rear. The opening gold mines and salmon canning hold out a prospect of future prosperity.

Although in latitude 57 deg., about 15 deg. north of Boston and 3 deg. south of Greenland, yet, owing to the modifying influence of the warm Japan current of the Pacific Ocean, the mean annual winter temperature, according to the U. S. Coast Survey, is that of the State of Georgia, and the mean annual summer temperature that of Minnesota. This estimate is made from the daily record of the thermometer kept for forty years by the Russian Government. The thermometer rarely ever falls below zero.

The Bay was first visited by Baranoff in 1799, who built a fort, which he called Fort Archangel Gabriel, and took possession of the country for Russia. Three years later, the Indians rose, captured the fort, and murdered all the officers and thirty men. In 1804, Baranoff returned and recaptured the town and built Fort Archangel Michael, the settlement taking the name of New Archangel. From 1809 shipbuilding became one of the active industries of the place. In

1810 the place was visited by the Enterprise, one of the ships of John Jacob Astor's Fur Company. The same year a Greek priest arrived in a sloop-of-war, to minister unto the colonists. The first resident physician did not reach Sitka until ten years later.

The growth and importance of the place were finally assured in 1832, when Baron Wrangell transferred the capital of Russian America from St. Paul to Sitka. In 1834 it was made the seat of a bishopric and Father Veniaminoff made bishop. This eminent prelate was afterwards recalled to Russia and made the head of the Greek Church. In 1837 the first steam-engine was introduced into the colony. It came from Boston with a cargo of whiskey and rum. About the same time a school was established for the children of the employes of the Russian Fur Company. In 1833 it fell into the hands of Etolin, who greatly increased its usefulness.

In 1841 an ecclesiastical school was established at Sitka, which in 1845 was raised to the rank of a seminary. In this school were taught arithmetic, geography, history, bookkeeping, navigation, geometry and trigonometry, and the Russian and English languages. In 1845 the first school was established for the natives. These schools were discontinued at the time of the American occupation in 1867, and no other supplied their place until the arrival of Rev. John G. Brady and Miss Kellogg, Presbyterian missionaries, in 1878.

At the time of the visit of the U. S. steamship Alaska, this spring, it was found that the population of Sitka was as follows:

Native Americans, wives and children...	35
Naturalized	44
Russians and descendants.....	247
Total.....	326

In addition to the above are about 1,000 Indians. Thrifty gardens and the rank growth of the wild grasses attest the fertility of the soil and mildness of the climate.

Our stay at Sitka was rendered the more pleasant by the kind attentions of Rev. John G. Brady, Collector M. D. Ball, and his Deputy, Dr. Dnlaney. Our party also met some very pleasant ladies among the Protestant, Jewish and Russian population of the village. About six miles north of Sitka, Messrs. Cutting & Co. of San Francisco have established a cannery

for salmon, under the supervision of Mr. Hunter. As the steamer had freight to land at the cannery, we were able to make a visit. We found all the operations, from the catching of the salmon to the boxing of the cans ready for market, were carried on by the Indians under the supervision of white men. It was a new sight to see over a hundred Indian men working as steadily and intelligently as the workmen in an Eastern factory. It is an opening up of new avenues of support—a partial solution of the problem, how to elevate and civilize the Indians. In connection with industrial and mission schools, they can at the same time be taught various industries, given an elementary education, and led to a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. Humanity, patriotism and religion all combine in urging it. And this, so far as this people is concerned, is the work of the Board of Home Missions.

A SERIOUS CHARGE.

THE SHELLING OF THE ALASKA VILLAGE AN ENTIRELY UNNECESSARY ACT OF CRUELTY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 8, 1883.

The *Chronicle* publishes an interview with J. N. Flocher, a resident of Alaska Territory, who was present at the shelling of an Indian village by United States naval forces. He says the outrage was committed at the instigation of the Northwest Trading Company, which drove the Indians away from that part of the country in order that it should be left open to the company's own operations. The attack was not justified by the action of the Indians, and the naval officers were misled by the company's agent, Vanderbilt, and Collector of Customs W. G. Morris.

SHELLING INDIAN VILLAGES.

The destruction of Alaskan villages by the United States revenue cutter *Corwin* has very properly been made the subject of one of the first resolutions of inquiry introduced in the House of Representatives. The information furnished by the Treasury Department shows that the account recently given in these columns of that disgraceful incident was substantially correct. It appears that after the death of the medicine man by the accidental discharge of a bomb-lance on one of the steam launches owned by the North-Western Trading Company, the natives not only threatened to destroy the stores and boats of the fishermen and demanded 200 blankets, but also seized two of the white men and refused to release them. The imprisonment of these fishermen added materially to the offence for which these Polar savages were subsequently punished. On the other hand, the measures of retaliation were more arbitrary and cruel than the unofficial accounts represented. As soon as he had effected the release of the two prisoners, Captain Merriam demanded 400 blankets, and when the Indians were unable to furnish more than eighty-one he shelled the villages, landing a force of sailors

under fire of the *Corwin's* guns, destroying forty canoes, and burning the huts to the ground.

Now the savagery with which punishment was meted out to those wretched creatures in the far North is a blistering disgrace to our American civilization. Polar races are invariably improvident, and it is probable that such scanty stores of provisions as these Indians had laid by for the winter were destroyed when their villages were burned. The loss of their boats, moreover, may have rendered it impossible for them to obtain sufficient supplies for their necessities during the Arctic night. Probably they have been forced to depend upon the charity of other tribes for shelter and food, and if that charity has been withheld they may be already suffering the pangs of starvation diet in that dreary region of everlasting ice. But even if the consequences of the shelling of these villages be less serious than we apprehend, the punishment was a wanton and unnecessary exercise of power. Retaliation is not a Christian principle under any circumstances, and in this instance the punishment was cruel and barbarous. Undoubtedly the Indians fancied that the fishermen had murdered the medicine man and that their demand for compensation in blankets—the circulating medium in Alaska—was a legitimate one. If they had threatened to destroy the property of the company and actually seized two of the fishermen, from their own point of view they had not acted without sufficient provocation. If Captain Merriam had threatened to destroy their boats and villages and had carried off two of their chiefs to the lower settlements, he would have done enough. Why should he have burned up their boats, provisions and huts?

Polar races are not vindictive by nature.

Explorers have invariably found the Esquimaux of Greenland hospitable and friendly; Captain Hall lived on excellent terms with the natives of the Franklin archipelago; Baron Nordenskiöld and Lieutenant Berry met with the most amiable of savages in the Chukch peninsula; and the survivors of the *Jeannette* were kindly received by the natives of the Lena delta. Archdeacon Kirkby, whose recitals of his twenty-eight years of missionary work in the northernmost settlements of this Continent are familiar to many of our readers in New-York and Brooklyn, invariably speaks of these Indian races as having a peaceable and forgiving disposition. In Mocsonee, Saskatchewan and Athabasca, the missionaries of the English Church have found the natives eager to be educated and Christianized and easily influenced by good treatment and sympathy. If the tribes in Alaska were dealt with in the same spirit they would evince the same traits. American traders may quicken their vicious propensities by bartering whiskey for furs, and the commanders of revenue cutters may educate them in the injustice and barbarity of civilized communities, but by nature they are not vindictive—only ignorant and unspeakably wretched.

SHELLING ALASKAN VILLAGES.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

SIR: The dispatch announcing the shelling of two Alaskan villages by the crew of the revenue cutter Corwin, the looting of the humble barrancas of the natives, and the killing and capture of several of the tribe—all done, it is alleged, on account of a show of hostility by the Alaskans—is, so far as appears, such a summary display of the settlement of grievances as is altogether unworthy of this nation or of any of its authorized agents. It is a manifestation of power, too such as we would not dare to put forth toward the subjects of England, France, or indeed of any other nation which would be likely to call us to account.

And how does the account of this country with the Alaskans stand? Have we forgotten that, only two or three years ago, about one-half of the population of Lawrence Island, in the upper part of Behring's Sea, perished through their indulgence in whiskey obtained from traders? Is it not known that, while under Russian ownership, the Czar made a treaty with the United States excluding intoxicating liquors from all the exports of this country to Alaska, and that that prohibition is by this high-professing nation disregarded? Is it accordant with the canons of justice to debase a whole people, and then take to killing them because they grow quarrelsome and spiteful.

It may be well, also, to bring to remembrance some matters of serious import in which our subjects were concerned, the details of which were set forth in the report of Vincent Collyer, Special Commissioner of Inquiry to Alaska, a little prior to the cession of that country to the United States. On page 136 of that report it is stated in a letter to Commissioner Collyer from William S. Dodge, Mayor of Sitka, that "the conduct of certain military and naval officers and soldiers has been bad and demoralizing in the extreme; not only contaminating the Indians but in fact demoralizing and making the inhabitants of Sitka what Dante characterized Italy—'A grand house of ill fame.'" He further states, on the authority of Medical Director Bailey, that within six months after the appearance of the troops at Sitka, nearly the whole of the Sitka tribe, some twelve hundred in number, were suffering from diseases, from which many of them eventually died.

Now, it is not difficult for Americans to behold in its true aspect the wickedness of the English system, which permits vessels to rove up and down the Australasian seas, ostensibly to trade among the groups of the Pacific, but in reality to carry on a commerce and engage in a work of kidnapping natives, which is attended by rapes, murders and other outrages, and owing to the hatred inspired by which good men like the lamented Bishop Patteson and many others have in recent years fallen victims. Did we see our dealings with the Alaskans in the same light, I believe we would be forced to admit that, did they possess the power and did the gospel rule allow retaliation according to the method of the revenue cutter Corwin, the Alaskans would scarcely balance the account did they visit with ruin every settlement of ours on the Pacific coast. The Nation will be judged for these things, but it will be at the hands of a higher Power and in a way that as yet is hidden from us.

JOSIAH W. LEEDS.

Philadelphia, Eleventh month, 18th, 1882.

SUBDUING ALASKAN INDIANS.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 6.—A communication was received by the Speaker of the House to-day, from the Secretary of the Treasury, in response to a resolution of inquiry offered last Monday by Mr. Hewitt, of New-York, calling for information concerning the alleged shelling of Alaskan villages by the revenue cutter Corwin.

A bomb used in whaling accidentally exploded and killed an Indian who was a medicine man or Shaman. The Indians seized two of the white men and demanded 200 blankets as their ransom and threatened to destroy the fishermen's stores and boats.

On the arrival of the Corwin with Captain Merriam, the white men were released and as a punishment, Captain Merriam demanded 400 blankets of the Indians. They were defiant and refused, whereupon forty canoes were destroyed by Merriam. Still the Indians were unsubdued, and the Corwin landed some men under cover of the guns and burned their villages sparing the friendly Indians. The matter was referred to the Committee on Territories.

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HENRY REED.

UP THE COAST.

INCIDENTS OF A TRIP FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SITKA.

A Lady's Observations at Astoria, Victoria, Fort Wrangell, and Other Points on the Route.

By MRS. MARY O. REYNOLDS, of San Francisco.

There was a sound of lamentation and woe in various secluded corners of the stanch little steamer Los Angeles, as she plowed her way through the ruffled waters of the Pacific, during the first two days of her journey from San Francisco to Sitka, and, not unlike the fable of the boys and the frogs, it was great fun to some, but almost death to others. On the afternoon of the second day out, however, the wind died away, the sea calmed down and took on an appearance of liquid glass, while a most gorgeous sunset lit up the west to a blaze of glory, and spread a kaleidoscopic carpet of brilliant hues over the surface of the ocean. The third day dawned magnificently. One after another the sufferers crept from their hiding places and joined those who, seated in the sunshine on the decks, were dreamily watching the misty mountains of Oregon, and occasionally exclaiming, as a distant whale spouted or threw his black body partly out of the water. At noon the main subject of interest became the crossing of the bar at the mouth of the Columbia. Many times and oft I had heard this bar spoken of as a thing to dread, and when I beheld the preparations being made to meet its difficulties I confess to a secret thrill of consternation, and when I heard the appalling, melancholy cry of the automatic buoy at the entrance, I began to feel that a setting of my affairs in order, in anticipation of an untimely taking off, would not be out of place. However, I pinned considerable faith in the ability of our captain to see us safely through. A pilot boat approached us, expecting to render us assistance; but, with an impatient toot of the whistle, the Los Angeles warned her off, and she fell behind without delay. Having prepared myself for a good big fright, I was not a little disgusted when, on asking a bystander when we would arrive at the dangerous part of the bar, he quietly remarked that we had crossed it. Notwith-

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standing a little disappointment at having missed an anticipated excitement, we had cause to congratulate ourselves that we had safely passed a spot that had brought disaster to so many. After a delightful ride of a few miles up the river we arrived at the queer little town of Astoria, which, although it was founded so many years ago, has the appearance of having been started only recently. One loud report from our cannon awoke the echoes in the surrounding hills, and soon, with a graceful sweep, our vessel rounded to and was moored to the dock. As we stepped ashore, a balmy air greeted us widely different from the harsh winds that had tortured us through the summer at San Francisco. Half the population of

ASTORIA

consists of fishermen and those engaged in salmon canning, which is the chief industry there. The business portion of the town is built almost entirely on the water, while the residences are perched on the abrupt slopes of the surrounding hills, and peep out from among the green trees like little white marten-boxes. We had the pleasure of dining in one of them, in the brightest of little dining-rooms, whose windows overlook the broad Columbia. Our host was an old Eastern acquaintance who came to this coast several years ago, and is extensively engaged in salmon canning. At Astoria we took on fifty-seven passengers and over a hundred tons of freight. All night long the "whist" of the grain bags as they slid into the hold, sounded in our ears. At eight the next morning we left our moorings and passed tranquilly out over the bar into the open sea. At midnight we turned into the straits of Fuca, and the next morning reached Port Townsend, which is situated not unlike Astoria, with the business portion partly over the water; but the hills are not so high and the residences are on the tops of them. As the ship remained at the dock several hours taking on freight and passengers, we embraced the opportunity to walk about the town. At this place we made a very welcome addition to our party, in the persons of Governor Newall, of Washington Territory, his wife, two daughters, and a Miss Ferry, from Seattle, who arrived simultaneously with ourselves, having made the journey from Seattle on the steamer Star. We reached Victoria on the same evening, while it was still daylight, and passed the remainder of the evening in making purchases of such articles as we would need during our sojourn in the "waste places of the North." The next day being Sunday, part of our company attended divine service in the morning. The afternoon was spent by some of us in driving about the country, over fine, hard roads, behind a pair of roans that did not seem to lose interest in their work during the whole of their twenty mile trot. Upon our return

we were tendered a most delightful dinner at the Dreard House, shortly after which we retired to rest with the most placid feeling of satisfaction toward all the world.

VICTORIA

is said to be an eminently comfortable place in which to live. Every one takes life as easily as possible. No one is extremely rich, and on the other hand no one is unusually poor. The people are sociable and endeavor to make life pass as pleasantly as possible. Here we made a still further addition to our tourist party in the persons of a Mr. and Mrs. Lord, from Washington, D. C., and Mr. Hardacre from Camden, N. J. As our steamer was advertised to sail at 10 A. M. on Monday, we were up betimes to complete our purchases of umbrellas, fishing-tackle, etc., and about noon we steamed out of the harbor and bade adieu to extreme civilization or luxuries other than those furnished by our steamer. Now that we have all business matters off our minds and are limited to the confines of the ship, we turn our attention to making the acquaintance of our fellow-passengers. A short time suffices to prove to us that our lines have fallen in pleasant places, and among very agreeable people, nor do we have occasion to alter our opinion during our entire journey. All of the young ladies were intensely interested in their tour, and were making copious notes thereof. All the charts or maps in possession of the officers of the ship or the passengers were brought into requisition and eagerly scanned as our ship pursued her devious way through the labyrinth of straits, gulfs, inlets and bays on her flight to the north. At any hour of the day groups of heads might be seen bending over chart and map, while zealous pencil points traced our course, which seemed amazingly intricate. Heretofore the Sitka steamer had taken a pilot at Victoria, but Captain George, who acted in that capacity, had been appropriated by the United States war-steamer Wachusett, which had passed up two weeks previous to our arrival, and consequently, double duty fell upon Captain Carroll. The weather continued pleasant through our first day's sail from Victoria, and as a consequence the cabins and staterooms were deserted and our ship presented very much the appearance of a well-filled excursion boat. While passing through De Haro Straits we obtained a fine view of Mount Baker, distant nearly a hundred miles, and when we reached the Gulf of Georgia the scene became perfectly enchanting, distant blue mountains with snow-covered tops being visible on all sides. Toward the close of the day we gathered on the upper deck and bow to watch a glorious sunset. The departing sun peeped through rifts in mountain peaks and between long lines of low-lying clouds, that threatened to obscure

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his vision. Bravely he contended with them all, and smiled so persistently that they were covered with a rosy blush. The placid waters reflected their glow, and soon we appeared to glide through a sea of rainbows. All too soon they faded from pink to purple, and then to gray. Low banks of fog lay along the base of the hills or drifted in fleecy clouds at their summits. Shortly after sunset we arrived at

NANAIMO.

A queer little rambling town, situated in a lovely little bay almost circular in form, with a narrow entrance, out of which is a view of distant mountains with snowy summits. We all went ashore and wandered through the crooked streets. On the following morning the ship left for Departure Bay, a coaling station only three miles away. An invitation was extended to the party to visit the mines of the Wellington Coal Company, but the rain prevented our acceptance. Late in the afternoon of the same day we passed through Seymour Narrows, a most blood-curdling place at certain stages of the tide. As the ship neared the mouth, the current appeared to flow out so strong and swift that it seemed almost impossible that she should attempt an entrance; but, crowding on steam, she turned an abrupt angle and forced her way in. In breathless silence we watched the angry green waves that boiled and foamed at the feet of the rocky walls of the Narrows, and the little whirlpools that dimpled the fathomless black water in the centre of the channel.

When some one remarked that this was where the Saranac went down, our timid passenger thought we were about to follow; but her fears proved groundless, and the little ship sped on her way in safety. We had seen our last of the sun for several days and the following morning broke gloomily enough. All without was mist or fog and rain, but within all was peace and harmony. A few of us whiled our evenings away in singing. Our repertoire did not include any classic selections, but consisted of church music of the simpler kind, old and new, of ballads and minstrel melodies. The singer of our party was a young gentleman from Portland, who possessed a fine voice, and who was kind enough to occasionally render us a modern ballad in his best style. The scenery grew wilder and stranger as we passed north. The mountains were higher and more perpendicular and densely wooded. Trees were apparently standing one upon another. Here and there a slide of some kind had cut a swath through them as neatly as a scythe could have done, and frequently little waterfalls, white as snow from their excessive rapidity, leaped down the side of the mountains into the stream below. The mountains rose abruptly from

the water's edge, and many were crowned with snow. Often we vaguely conjectured as to how our ship would manage to extricate herself from the maze of islands among which she seemed to be hopelessly entangled. Swiftly and surely she appeared to be heading for some rocky coast or sandy beach upon which to strand herself, but with a sudden and dexterous turn she shot into another channel, and flew on in search of further labyrinths. With the exception of one night, during which, on account of the fog, we anchored in a small cove, we made no further stop until we reached

FORT WRANGELL.

A mist was still falling as we landed, but there were no indications of a break in the clouds; so donning our wraps and overshoes, we went ashore, resolved to see all there was to be seen. Our first visit was to the Mission school for native children, conducted by Mrs. A. R. McFarland and her assistant Miss Dunbar. Here we were cordially greeted, and after inspecting the premises, which were all in the best of order, we wandered into the schoolroom, gazed at the remarkable pictures that adorned the walls, twirled the globe about to ascertain our whereabouts (much to the hilarity of our captain,) inscribed our names and residences in a volume provided for that purpose, sat in the forms, and after raising our hands for permission to speak, propounded questions betraying more ignorance than erudition. Desiring to witness some of the progress of the scholars towards culture, we begged Miss Dunbar to favor us with a little exhibition of their learning. She kindly complied, and summoning the few scholars, in all about twenty-five, who were remaining through the vacation, put them through their accomplishments for our benefit. Considering the limited time that the school has been in operation, this progress is remarkable. Contrary to my previously formed ideas, they learn very rapidly and are docile and affectionate. They sang a number of songs in English, then repeated some of their own dialect, and recited the Creed in the same manner; then read, spelled, and went through their calisthenics. Some have quite intelligent and pleasing faces, and all were neatly dressed. From the Mission we made a pilgrimage to the Indian burial-ground, to examine their grotesque totem poles of genealogical trees. Some of these poles were from seventy five to one hundred feet in height, embodying as many as six or eight figures of birds, animals, or fish, more or less distinctly traced, and each standing upon the head of the other. The Indians cremate their dead, and over the ashes erect a small wooden house, three or four feet square. On one of these tombs stood the form, carved in wood, of an immense animal, somewhat resembling an

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alligator, with the addition of a pair of enormous ears. We gathered a few flowers from among the graves, to press as mementoes, and then pushed on to visit one of the Indian villages, a description of which I will give in my next letter.

UP THE COAST.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A SAN FRANCISCO LADY.

By MRS. MARY O. REYNOLDS, of San Francisco.

As stated last week, after inspecting the Mission school and burial-ground at Fort Wrangell, we pushed on to visit one of the Indian villages. This was situated on the beach on one side of Wrangell as near to the water's edge as the tide would permit, and consisted of wooden huts and tents mostly facing the channel. On the doors of many of these were inscriptions, one of which, being rather more elaborate than the rest, I give you. The legend runs thus: "Anatlash. Let all who read know that I am a friend to the whites. Let no one molest this house in case of my death, as it belongs to my wife." As our party was on the *qui vive* for curios, we now considered the method of procuring some. Not being familiar with the dispositions of the Indians we did not know how far we might venture to push our inquisitiveness and acquisitiveness with impunity. We very soon made the discovery that they will sell anything they have for money, and you cannot be so inquisitive that they will resent it. They are as sharp at bargaining as the Chinese, deal with perfect good humor, and grin idiotically at you whether you purchase or not. We came across a hideous old squaw squatting in the sand. The upper part of her face was smeared with black paint, and an alleged ornament of bone pierced her nether lip. One of the party, having mastered a little "Chinook" on the Sound, propounded various conundrums on the subject of curios to the venerable beldame, who, in answer, raised her grimy paw and uttering the word "Klatawa," pointed to a hut near by. It was one of the best of its kind, and had over its door a desperate attempt at a gilded eagle. We accepted her invitation to Klatawa and swarmed over there. We found the interior of the habitation to consist of one large square room, into which we descended by a flight of half a dozen steps. The ground was laid with rough boards, with the exception of a square place in the center covered with gravel, upon which a fire was burning, the smoke ascending through a hole in the roof. About this fire was a framework of poles, on which fish were drying and smoking. Before the embers sat an Indian boy, superintending the baking of bread in an iron skillet, while

about the floor were scattered, in anything but picturesque confusion, the beds of the family, their clothing, bark boxes containing their presumed valuables, dried fish, cooking utensils, and an indiscriminate collection of odds and ends, the value of which could only be conceived of by an Indian. About the sides of the room, at an elevation of probably three feet, ran a platform as many feet in width. Upon this were stacked a number of bark boxes and piles of dried fish. The whole interior presented the appearance of having been liberally oiled and smoked. All this we discovered after our eyes had become accustomed to the gloom. We then discerned the forms of several Indians, in all their array of paint, blankets and silver ornaments, squatting about the room.

A YOUNG SIWASH,

who entered with us, and who spoke a little English, interpreted our desire to inspect some of their treasures with a view to buying. Accordingly one or two lazily arose, and after rumaging vaguely about in out-of-the-way corners, brought forth sundry boxes, which they proceeded to open with a great flourish of keys, and from which they extracted a few articles of trifling value, such as silver rings, grass baskets of an inferior pattern, bead pouches and rough wooden pipe-bowls. Exorbitant prices were demanded for the same, but upon our declining to buy, they seemed equally well pleased, laughed good-humoredly, chattered to each other with that peculiar cluck in the throat that is so impossible for a white man to imitate, and locked up their goods again. The Indian makes a great display of his bunch of keys. He has a two-fold object in their accumulation—he fondly hopes to impress the world at large with the wealth of his treasures, and at the same time keenly appreciates their value as articles of necessity in the bosom of his tribe. He is perfectly conscienceless in a bargain. If he sees you are about to close with his first price, he deliberately retracts it and substitutes a larger one. Experience teaches you to decide instantly, snatch the object of barter and thrust the cash into his hand. Then you must steel your heart against the absurd look of regret which he casts alternately at you and the price, which, now that it is too late, he feels that he was perfectly besotted to name. After our party had purchased one or two rings of little or no value in this hut, we retraced our way to the open air, which, although still scented with the fumes of fish and oil, was ambrosial compared with that of the hut. As we wandered along the beach toward the ship, we became aware that our reputation as curio-hunters had preceded us, and our eyes were fairly dazzled by the array of

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shining silver bracelets adorning arms stuck out, at our approach, from perambulating blankets; earrings were made to twinkle in the sunlight that had now replaced the gloom, and fingers appeared as though clothed in silver mail. We had already profited by our short experience in negotiating with Indians, so far as reasonable bargains were made. Before our return to the ship we called upon the family of Rev. S. Hall Young, who is doing a very good work at Wrangell, and then at the office of the Deputy Collector of Customs, whose beds of mignonette and great variety of poppies, fine specimens of garnet rock from the Stikkeen, and two squealing bear-cubs we inspected with pleasure and interest. A warning shriek from the whistle of the Los Angeles told us that time was short, and we hastened to the ship. As we moved away from the wharf a concord of sweet sounds reached our ears, and looking up to the Mission we beheld the Indian girls singing and waving us a farewell. Later, the coyote dogs down in the village joined in the chorus, with most dismal effect. We bore away with us the missionary, Mr. Young, and his two young lady cousins from Portland, Oregon, who, as they asseverated, had spent a most delightful month in Wrangell. Our next stop was to be at Sitka. About night-fall looks of apprehension began to be exchanged between our more timid passengers, because on this night we were to round.

CAPE OMMANEY,

possibly a playful diminutive for or a corruption of ominous. A terror it is to the seasick passenger. The sun set magnificently, and, although there were no indications of a storm, the wind blew very fresh and dead ahead. We perambulated the upper deck until we were glad to go below for shelter from the cold breeze. After our evening warble, which had become a settled habit, a few of us, who still held out stanch against the increasing friskiness of the ship, settled down to a rubber of whist, while others dropped off one by one and laid themselves up in their little beds, fondly hoping that seasickness will not break in and steal the little comfort they might expect from the night. After the termination of our rubber we discovered our most timid passenger seated in the cabin utterly refusing to retire. She was fully convinced that the most fearful storm was raging, and that the ship was going down. Having some little curiosity to witness the storm, I stepped upon the deck and beheld one of the grandest of nights. The full moon looked down from a cloudless sky upon the dark-green waters that rolled in great billows and foamed and seethed as the ship dashed through them. On our starboard side could be dimly seen a line of distant coast,

while on our port stretched the broad Pacific. After inveigling my timid fellow-passenger to her state-room door, I betook me to my own, but not to obtain much sleep; for howsoever enchanting rocking in the cradle of the deep may be in song, it is scarcely so soothing to an able-bodied adult who has not been brought up on it. Breakfast time the next morning found us safely landed at Sitka, on one of the most beautiful of bays. After breakfast our first object was to search for curios. In rank and file we sallied out, and made a raid first on the stores, where we found Indian goods in considerable quantities, mostly made by the Chilcots, who appear to be the most artistic of all the coast tribes. After investing considerable loose cash here, we invaded the Indian village, situated at one end of the town of

SITKA.

The houses are placed with considerable regularity and are numbered. The persuasive eloquence of the Jamestown had been productive of order in a degree. We picked our sinuous way among canoes, Indians, salmon frames and coyote dogs, accumulating here a bangle and there a horn spoon with grotesquely carved handle, bought some fine huckleberries, and interviewed our first medicine man, a most disgusting-looking being, whose long hair had never been profaned by the touch of shears or comb. Upon our return to the ship we found callers from the Jamestown and Wachusett, which were lying in the harbor. In the afternoon part of our company visited the Mission school, which had been established in the old Government Hospital by Captain Glass, in conjunction with the Presbyterian Board of Missions, and others patronized the Russian bathhouse. The latter, while it serves all the purposes for which it is intended, is primitive enough. The structure is of logs and contains two rooms, the first of which has a carpeting of fresh cedar boughs, with an occasional piece of clean sail-cloth spread over them; for furniture, a couple of benches, a small stove and a looking glass. After disrobing in this apartment, one enters the bathroom, which is of considerable size, with walls of rough logs. In one corner a large stone stove is built. Near it stand a barrel of hot water, with huge dipper. Across the room are a couple of barrels of cold water and a bench holding a pair of big dishpans. On one side of the room are shelves of varying height. Two painted windows, guiltless of curtains, furnish a dim, religious light. The heat is stifling as you enter, but custom soon makes it bearable, and when you have reached a breathing point you generate the steam from your bath by throwing water upon the stove. The magnificent sum of two bits

reimburses the proprietor for all this luxury.

Late in the afternoon of our first day at Sitka we attended vespers at the Greek Church, which was built by the Russians and is in the form of a Greek cross. It has a fine chime of bells, and its roof and dome were painted green. Our footsteps echoed painfully in our ears as we stepped over the uncarpeted floor to benches that were politely disposed to our benefit. An invisible choir of male voices was chanting, in a soft minor key, the response to an equally invisible exordium. A sparse congregation of Russians and Indians stood or knelt at the back part of the church. We sat almost immediately under the dome that lighted the hall. Opposite was a mass of gilded scroll-work and pictures in burnished silver relieve, only the faces of which were colored. In the center of this was an arched doorway, the doors of which, opening in the middle, were extremely handsome and of gilded scroll work representing scenes in the life of the Saviour. Occasionally these doors were thrown suddenly open, and the officiating priest in purple velvet cap and sacerdotal robes, appeared upon the threshold. Through the open door we obtained a glimpse of an inner sanctuary of considerable dimensions, which, after the services were concluded, the gentlemen of our party were permitted to enter and examine, but from which the ladies were carefully excluded. Near the close of the religious rites a small desk was brought to the center of the rotunda, upon which was laid, with great care and reverence, a large and magnificent volume, the covers of which were decorated with medallions in enamel set in golden scroll-work. One by one came Russians and Indians, from the aged crone to the little child, who, after bending the knee, kissed the book with simplest faith and reverence. After the close of the services we were welcomed cordially by Father Metropolsky, who, now that he had laid aside his priestly robes, appeared as a short, plump, dark-haired young Russian. He kindly showed us through an inner department, in the middle of which stood an enormous bucket, used for

INDIAN BAPTISM.

On the walls of this room hung several pictures in silver relieve, with heavenly faces, and an elaborate bronze lamp was suspended from the ceiling. We were also shown two superb robes which had been in the church between thirty and forty years, but whose heavy gold bullion and satin designs were perfectly untarnished. One of the objects of interest in this church is a picture of the Virgin and Child, in a silver frame which is elaborately set in diamonds and other precious stones. This picture was stolen a few years ago, but was afterward replaced. After leaving the church our party divided, some to achieve the romantic walk to Indian river and to visit the Blarney Stone. Why "blarney" no one seems to know exactly; but the legend runs that on a night many years ago this stone was mysteriously deposited upon the spot where it now lies. It bears upon its surface certain cabalistic characters, bewitchingly enigmatical. We also visited the castle occupied during the Russian rule by the Governor of the Territory. It is a large square wooden building,

perched on a hill at one side of the town, and reached by a long flight of wooden steps. In the lower story are the office and rooms of Mr. McLean, the United States Signal Officer. On the upper floor is the ballroom, also fitted up for theatrical performances, and the scene of many a mad revelry during the Russian regime. It is said that the officers of the Jamestown did not allow grass to grow upon its polished floors, and its walls were emblazoned with the programmes of their dramatic exhibitions. Like most old buildings in countries whose religion is based on traditions, the castle has its ghostly fiction, and Indians and Russians give it a wide birth after nightfall. To a company of jovial tourists, whose sole object was to see all there was to be seen, and extract all the pleasure or interest possible therefrom, an apparition or two would not come amiss. How to obtain a view of the specter, which was said to assume the form of a young and beautiful Russian lady of patrician antecedents, was the difficulty. As it was too light when we entered the castle to hope for her appearance, we wended our way to the cupola, and passed out on to the roof. Here, upon a small platform, we bestowed ourselves to watch the fading hues of the sunset.

UP THE COAST.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A SAN FRANCISCO LADY.

By MRS. MARY O. REYNOLDS, of San Francisco.

The sun had just gone down behind that glorious landmark,

MOUNT EDGECOMBE,

Which rises a solitary and symmetrical cone, nearly 3,000 feet in height. It is on the southern point of Krnzoff Island and fourteen miles away. The upper portion is of a pinkish-violet color, which presents the appearance of having been thrown in a mass upon the summit while still liquid, and to have run in streams down the sides and there congealed. At the east of Sitka, mountains rise abruptly to a vast height, their precipitous sides covered almost to the summit with an impenetrable growth of evergreen. How these trees preserve and obtain a foothold upon the crags is a perpetual conundrum, which can only be solved by the theory that they receive their sustenance from the excessive moisture of the climate. The summit of one of these mountains terminates a forked crest of stone, seemingly in one solid gray mass. Beyond and to the south are snow-capped mountains. Numerous small islands dot this apparently land-locked bay. From the elevated positions on which we stood, our vision embraced the whole of this lovely scene, which, colored by the hues of the dying day, was one of enchanting beauty. Snowy peaks, granite crags and the tiny flakes of clouds that floated in the tender blue of the sky were tinged with delicate pink, while the purplish cone of Edgecombe stood out in bold relief against an amber sky. On the

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placid water below, an occasional canoe floated lazily along, while in the little rocky lagoon of the nearest island a solitary crane poised on one leg and gazed pensively into the darkening water. Chatting tongues held their peace for a time, and ardent eyes drank in the

BEAUTY OF THE SCENE.

The twilight lingered long in the sky, but night crept on at last, and the stars stole out one by one until they formed constellations scarcely familiar in shape or position. Occasionally a faint call from bugle or bell reached us from the Jamestown and Wachusett lying in the harbor, their twinkling lights shining brightly across the dark waters. Ours was a company who were not adapted to a long siege of quiescence. One ventured a warble, then another followed, and soon we had broken into the old strains, and were arousing the echoes in the hills. Suddenly, we became conscious that a light had been brought upon the scene, as though some one, disturbed in his repose by our merriment, had brought in his bedroom candle to aid him in investigating the matter. We faced about, and there, peering from behind the rock cones of the mountain, was the old man of the moon with the worst case of mumps on record. His jaw was dreadfully swollen, and he looked as though he had just arisen in desperation from his bed on the mountain to enter a silent but earnest protest against such orgies. We welcomed him with acclamations, and chaffed him not a little on his seedy appearance. Then, finding that the hour was rather late, we descended to the ballroom to look for the ghost. As the trap-door leading to the cupola clanged behind us, and left us in utter darkness, we were conscious of a little creepiness about the roots of the hair, but our Captain, more familiar with the premises than ourselves, foraged about, and soon illuminated the scene by means of a small piece of candle. All search of dark corners failed to disclose the wraith of the charming Russian lady; but lying prone upon the floor of one of the ante-rooms was a manly figure, whose general appearance of dislocation would seem to indicate that he had been broken on the wheel. He was pounced upon, dragged into the ballroom, and seated in the corner of a bench, where in a most dejected, knock-kneed and pigeon-toed silence, he was forced to listen to

AN IMPASSIONED HARANGUE

By the orator of the party. Still preserving his dogged taciturnity when adjured to name any just cause why sentence should not be pronounced upon him, he was condemned to execution, seized and hung to the swaying chandelier, whose stearine jets

dropped a gentle baptism over him as he swung. Having discharged this dreadful duty, we solaced our overcharged feelings by dancing a quadrille to the music of our own voices. The waxed and polished floor proved a slippery snare to one or two members of the party whose feet were unaccustomed to treading the light fantastic. Happily no bones were broken; but time flies on apace, and the long days of that far northern latitude beguile one into keeping later hours than he is aware of, so bidding an affectionate adieu to our scarlet-coated dummy, pendulous on the chandelier, we extinguished the lights above his head and left him to swing in the moonlight alone, or to throw his fantastic shadow about in a wild mazurka with the phantom lady of the castle. A short walk through the silent street brought us to the ship, where, after good-nights were said, we dispersed, some to sleep until a late breakfast, and others to be awakened from their slumbers at an early hour to set out upon fishing excursion. A loud rat-tat at our doors a 5 o'clock the next morning awakened us from a peaceful sleep, that seemed all too short; but time and tide and trout wait for no man, and presently, in full fishing toggery, we stood, still sleepy-eyed and a little chilly, on the wharf to wait for the smoothing of those last few inevitable hindrances that generally attend such excursions. Soon we were seated in a small boat, a party of six, including two Russians who pulled the oars, and were speeding over the waters of the bay as fast as an adverse tide would permit. We were bound for

SAWMILL CREEK,

About five miles to the east of Sitka, and reached it after an hour's pull through the loveliest of passes, where the mountains rose abruptly from the water's edge, clothed in deepest green, with here and there a seam of white rock that ran from crest to base. Landing on the east side of the stream, which here possessed the advantage of a narrow beach, while the opposite side was wild and rocky in the extreme, we left our Russians to care for the boat and lunch, and to procure firewood for cooking our breakfast, while we pursued our way over stones and through tall grass to the fishing-place farther up. As we turned an angle in the stream the scene became still more wild and grand. The narrowing creek rushed in rapid haste over its stony bed and between two mountains that arose almost perpendicular from its edge to a height of 2,000 feet or more. Following a slender trail running along the side of the mountain—now over fallen logs and through underbrush, now stepping on a ledge of rock just wide enough for a foothold, or clutching the branch of a tree to aid us over a precipitous spot, stop-

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ping occasionally to gather a flower, a fern, a bit of moss or a handful of berries, we pushed our way until we reached our fishing ground. A narrow bit of beach gave us foothold as we cast our lines into the rushing stream. Opposite the shore was wild and craggy, and the waters, in the impetus given by the fall above, rushed in green, foam-capped waves around the bowlders. Down in the clear stream scores of dog salmon, plainly visible, moved lazily about, but kindly refused to take the hook. Their flesh is too rank for pleasant eating, and we were looking for trout to make the crowning feature of our breakfast, for which our appetites were now sharply set. Our hopes were not doomed to disappointment, for in a short time a dozen or more shining trout lay on the rocks. These one of our Russians picked up and carried off and shortly summoned us to a very welcome repast. The sun had now come out very hot; but, seated in the cool shade of a tree, on a carpet of freshly cut rushes, we quaffed our coffee, ate of our delicious fish and numerous other edibles provided by the steward of our ship, and felt that it was good to be there. After our meal had been fully discussed we scrambled back over the trail and set ourselves to the serious work of the day, namely:

CATCHING TROUT

Enough to make a good showing to our fellow travelers, and to convince the most skeptical that fish will bite for sinners on a Sunday. The sun came around the angle of the mountains after a while and looked into our cool retreat, but the trout in this far away land had not become fastidious and bit just the same as though in the shadiest spot. No matter how ardent the sun's rays, they could not warm this stream, which, fed by mountain snows, flowed pure as crystal and cold as ice over its rocky bed. By 4 of the afternoon we had secured nearly a hundred trout, and were ready to return to the ship. We diminished the distance by more than a mile by taking advantage of the high tide and passing through a narrow channel formed by a few small islands and the main land. A covering of green rushes concealed our net of fish, and as we rounded the ship's side we encountered a storm of good-natured rally and "I told you so's" from our fellow-passengers, who had congregated to witness our arrival. But they changed their time and smacked their lips over the prospect of a feast as we unloaded our catch. We had missed our dinner aboard ship, but an hour later found us refreshed as to the outer man and fast caring for the comfort of the inner creature, down in the pantry. The evening was spent by some of us in entertaining callers, and others take a

farewell walk to Indian river. The Jamestown was to leave on the following morning for San Francisco, and, as there had been a fresh edict issued by the Navy Department prohibiting the families of the married officers from living or traveling in the ship, they were obliged to go by our steamer, consequently the number of our passengers was augmented by at least a dozen. As the Jamestown had been stationed at Sitka two years, and her officers had been the life of the town, the few remaining inhabitants felt as though they were being deserted, and especially so after the past two days unwonted animation. Long after sleep had closed our eyelids on that night, we were faintly conscious, as in a dream, of hearing gay laughter and song and the scrape of a violin out on the wharf; but the farewells, though long, were ended at last, and early morning found us out of the harbor and

ON OUR WAY TO HARRISBURG,

A day's journey farther north, and the termination of the ship's route. As the day advanced, light filmy clouds softened the blue of the sky and tempered the sun's rays. As we passed through Peril Straits, so called on account of its difficulties of navigation at certain stages of the tide, the grandeur of the scenery was greatly increased. We moved amid a world of snowy peaks and the whole universe seemed bound in the blue and silver. Sometimes, looking as far ahead as the eye could reach through the narrow strait in which we were steaming, fairy forms arose from the water on the distant horizon, like the pinnacles and battlements of a phantom city, never distinct enough to dispel the delusion entirely, but, as one of our young ladies said, "it is like a glimpse of heaven." In the afternoon we were favored with a spectacle that is seldom granted to the traveler in that region. Looking up Cross Sound we obtained a view of Mounts Fairweather and Crillon. They were at least eighty miles away, but the atmospheric conditions being exactly right, thin grand forms, seemingly an unbroken mass of snow and ice from the water's edge to their tops, which seemed to pierce the sky, were distinctly visible. For an hour we stood on the hurricane deck, all the glasses that the ship could muster being handed from hand to hand, while we traced the lines of deep blue glaciers that traversed the mountains' sides. An icy breath reached us even at this distance as an earnest of the cool reception awaiting the travelers who should covet a nearer acquaintance. Our Captain intimated that he might run over there during one of his next Summer trips. May we be there to see. During the afternoon we overtook a tribe of Indians on the move. They occupied three immense canoes with sails. As we

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passed them they waved us a grimy but friendly greeting, favored us with a whiff of salmon oil and rapidly disappeared. Later in the day we obtained

A FINE VIEW OF A GLACIER

Only a few miles away and encountered numerous small icebergs drifting about in the channel. We were now but a short distance from Harrisburg as the bird flies, but were obliged to make an almost complete detour of Douglass Island, as the western passage into the strait leading to the village is too shallow to admit of the transit of the steamer, thereby lengthening our journey by at least ten miles. We had hoped to obtain our first view of the town by daylight, but as we rounded the eastern point of the island into the narrow strait, night seemed to fall suddenly as we glided between two frowning lines of mountains that shut out the last remaining gleams of sunset. In the dim distance a line of blue smoke marked the spot where, we felt assured, eager eyes had sighted the ship the instant her nose had turned the point of the island, and anxious hearts were longing for news from the world that had been as a blank to them since the ship's last visit, a month before. A half hour more and the twinkling lights of the town were visible through the darkness, that had now fallen indeed. A roar of the ship's cannon that threatened to splinter the stony peaks of the mountains and bring them down upon us, announced our coming, and with an air of "See the conquering hero comes," the gallant little steamer made a grand sweep in order to bring her port side to the wharf in her finest style and—stuck. An astonished hush for a moment pervaded the ship; then the engine recovered its breath and beat frantically in its endeavor to back her. But all in vain; she would not budge an inch either backward or forward, but she listed—graciously! how she listed. Soon she became, not a ship, but a hill—a hard, uncompromising hill, on whose slippery incline the sailors, who had walked the decks in storms as though to the manor born, now tumbled about like the best of the land-lubbers. The flowery carpet of the cabin hillside was as

A SNARE TO THE FEET OF THE UNWARY, and everything and everybody stood at such peculiar and crazy kind of angles that it more nearly produced sea-sickness in me than had anything during the entire voyage. We wished the gun had not fired quite so loudly, and that the ship had not attempted quite so proud a sweep; but there was no help for it. A peep over the top of our hill revealed the fact that the ship's larboard side was hard aground in the mud, which the rapidly receding tide had now left distinctly visible. To the starboard the water

was many fathoms deep, and now from that direction we heard the sound of oars and voices, and soon, through the gloom, discerned the forms of canoes shooting rapidly toward us. A moment more and a number of the townspeople were among us, eagerly greeting their friends and inquiring for news from the outside world. When bedtime came we dispersed without our usual evening song. Out of purest consideration for captain's feelings we forebore, concluding that our repertoire did not contain anything peculiarly adapted to his present frame of mind. Fortunate were those who occupied staterooms on the larboard side, as they did not require any bracing to keep them in their beds; but we of the downhill side were not so comfortable. The lock of my door, having listed in sympathy with the ship, refused to open, and it was only after an agile young friend had entered by the transom and removed the lock entirely that I was enabled to obtain an entrance. But my difficulties had only begun. I was now distracted by mental calculations as to how I could get into my berth, now that I had reached it. After due deliberation I concluded to climb up by means of my traveling trunk, which stood near the foot of the berth and at right angles with it. So, commencing at the lower end, I clambered slowly and painfully over its miserably hard and corrugated top and deposited myself carefully upon my bed, but not to rest.

A NEW DIFFICULTY

presented itself. How should I stay in my bed, now that I had gotten there? I could not lie lengthwise without rolling out; I could not lie crosswise without doubling up like a jack-knife—a position for which I was physically unadapted. So cudgeling my brains once more, I remembered that at the beginning of my voyage I had stowed away in the upper berth sundry nigger-like and bolster-shaped pillows, for which I had hitherto been unable to divine any use. I slid out and resurrected these, which, stuffed into the side of my berth, formed a bulwark behind which, after ascending the trunk once more, I dropped my weary bones and found rest at last. Awakened in the early dawn by the thump of the engine, I found that the boat had righted and was now near the wharf, which she reached in safety, having apparently experienced no injury from her brief rest on land. After breakfast we sallied out, despite a fine rain that fell at intervals, to view the town. On the right of the wharf, along the narrow beach, were a few straggling huts belonging to a small band of Sitka Indians. These we visited and soon exhausted, and turning to the left threaded our way along the gravelly beach and into the town, which, but little more than a mining camp, lies

in a little sheltered nook at the foot of the mountains. At the back of the village, and apparently almost overhanging it, rises a mountain 2,200 feet in height, upon whose summit lay, here and there, patches of snow, feeding a little stream that precipitated itself down its rocky face; to the east and west the mountains were clothed to their summits with evergreens of various kinds. This little camp, whose site a year previous to the time of which I write had never been visited by white men, now consists of nearly a hundred houses, and bids fair to double its size before another year shall have rolled around. On the eastern side of the town lies a little hill upon which is situated the military post, where a Gatling gun commands a most comprehensive view of the town and also of the Awk village on the opposite side of the hill. Both of these places we visited, being kindly escorted over the breakneck trail to the Indian village by a gallant young officer from the post.

THE AWKS

had formerly occupied the site upon which Harrisburg now stands, but were subsequently invited to remove themselves around the point, being much more agreeable to leeward. We had observed, as we went farther north, that the type of Indian seemed to improve in appearance. The Aawks are a strong and hardy race, possessing both industry and intelligence. The bulk of labor is not thrown upon the women, and, almost without exception, a domestic harmony reigns in their families that might well serve as an example to more civilized races. Their strength is immense, and an Indian thinks little of shouldering a burden of 125 to 150 pounds weight and trotting briskly off up the steep mountain trail to the mines, four miles away. We wandered through their village, which was much like others we had seen; always built as closely to the water as the tide would permit, barely having room for their canoes to be pulled up before their doors; the same all-pervading smell of salmon oil; an equal number of dirty faced, romping children paddling about on the beach in their single and much-abbreviated garment, that had evidently never been removed for the purpose of cleansing since it was first completed and put on; and a like host of coyote dogs, large and small, apparently more at home than anybody else. We paused before the door of a tent to watch an Indian manufacturing silver bracelets out of coin. He beat them to the desired shape on a small anvil and then carved them quite artistically by means of a common jack-knife. They also make very handsome gold bracelets, which they value at \$50 to \$60. On the following day the ship made an excursion to Takori

Glacier, thirty miles away, but owing to the shallow water was not able to get near enough to obtain a fair view. Upon their return in the evening we, who were going to remain at Harrisburg until the next trip of the steamer, bade farewell with much regret to the little company of tourists, all of whom we had found most congenial and delightful companions.

A BUSINESS THAT PAYS

The Alaska Fur company has just made a statement of its operations since its organization in 1870. Its capital stock is embraced in fifty thousand shares, the par value of which is \$100. The total capital paid up, is \$373,045 48, upon which nine dividends have already been paid, making a total of \$92 per share, or \$1,840,000. After deducting the amount of the assessments from the sum there is a net profit left to the stockholders of \$1,465,954 52 on an investment of \$373,000. Besides this amount received in dividends, the company has built a costly iron steamer and several sailing vessels, which are said to have cost nearly as much as the subscribed capital.

The company has thirty-five trading stations, in addition to its seal fisheries, and virtually controls the territory of Alaska and the adjoining islands. The only government official who has any cognizance of the company's operations is a son of Senator Morton, who is supposed to keep an account of the skins shipped from the islands of St. Paul and St. George, but as one of these has an area of twenty-seven square miles and the other thirty-three, and the killing and curing season lasts only forty days, it is obvious that he must rely to a great extent upon the honesty of the company's agents. All the skins are sent to London for sale, and no account is taken of them in San Francisco, outside of the company's packing houses, and no information can be had in regard to the operations of the company except such as the officers see fit to disclose.

It will be seen that the company has a "fat take," to use printers' parlance, and it would also appear that the time has come to reverse the advice of the good Horace, and say: "Go north young man!" However, the company has paid in taxes on its skins and in rental, since 1871, to the United States government, the handsome sum of \$1,891,030.

REV. DR. SHELDON JACKSON, in a letter to the New York "Observer," states the surprising fact that though Sitka in Alaska is about 15 degrees north of Boston and 3 south of Greenland, through the influence of the warm Japan current in the Pacific Ocean its mean annual winter temperature is that of Georgia, and its summer temperature that of Minnesota.

"You will be surprised to learn that I am already in Alaska," writes Mrs. McFarland from Fort Wrangell: "The last of July, Dr. S. Jackson said the Home Board was ready to take up the work and was looking for workers to send here, and proposed that I should come with him. So I got ready and started on four days' notice. I have been alone since he left; I am not going to be unhappy; there is too much work to be done here for the Master for that. Yet I feel that it is little that I can do alone. I pray there may soon be a man found to come to this place. I have a school among the Indians. We have a young Indian here from Fort Simpson who preaches every Sabbath. He is a very good young man, but the Indians are very anxious to have "a white man preacher" come, and to have "a church house."

In the Commissioner's report in reference to Alaska, we find such paragraphs as these: "Ya-soot, a Tonga chief, came on board, and expressed a great desire to have a missionary and a teacher. He wished me to ask 'Washington' to send them a missionary. This same feeling was exhibited in every village we visited during our cruise. It was the old cry, 'Come over into Macedonia and help us.'"

"It is not necessary to make treaties with the Alaska Indians or to remove them to reservations. My own experience among the Indians of Washington Territory has proved to me that the whole system is wrong. What these Indians all ask is to have a teacher sent to them, one to every principal Indian village, and where there is such an universal desire for instruction, we may look for the happiest results."

FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN ALASKA.

On the 10th of August, 1877, Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., and Mrs. A. K. McFarland, reached Fort Wrangell to commence Presbyterian Missions in Alaska. Finding an independent Indian school and mission that had grown up under the labors of Philip McKay, a Tsimpsean Indian, they reorganized it and placed it upon a permanent basis under the care of the Board of Home Missions. Upon the return of Dr. Jackson to the States, Mrs. McFarland was left in sole charge with Philip as an assistant. In August, 1878, she was joined by Rev. S. Hall Young, who entered upon his work with great zeal and success.

On the 3d of August, 1879, Mr. Young, taking advantage of the presence of Rev. Henry Kendall, D.D., Secretary of Board of Home Missions, Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D.D., and Rev. W. H. R. Corlies, M. D., proceeded to the formal organization of a church, all the ministers taking part in the services. Twenty-three members were received, eighteen of whom were Indians. Among the latter were four chiefs of the Stickine Nation.

THE CHURCHES.

SERMONS AND SERVICES YESTERDAY.

Preaching at Howard University—Some Facts from the Territory of Alaska—Notes from the Catholic Churches.

Fourth Presbyterian Church.

A large audience was gathered yesterday morning to listen to the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., who spoke on "The Claims of Alaska upon the Country for Education." Dr. Jackson, as the superintendent of Presbyterian missions in the West, was commissioned to visit Alaska and discover its needs and investigate its claims. This he did during the past summer, and those who listened to him yesterday were impressed with the fidelity with which he had discharged his trust, and received rich information as to the vast resources and capabilities of this portion of our country.

Among the many important and interesting facts mentioned by Dr. Jackson we would note the following:

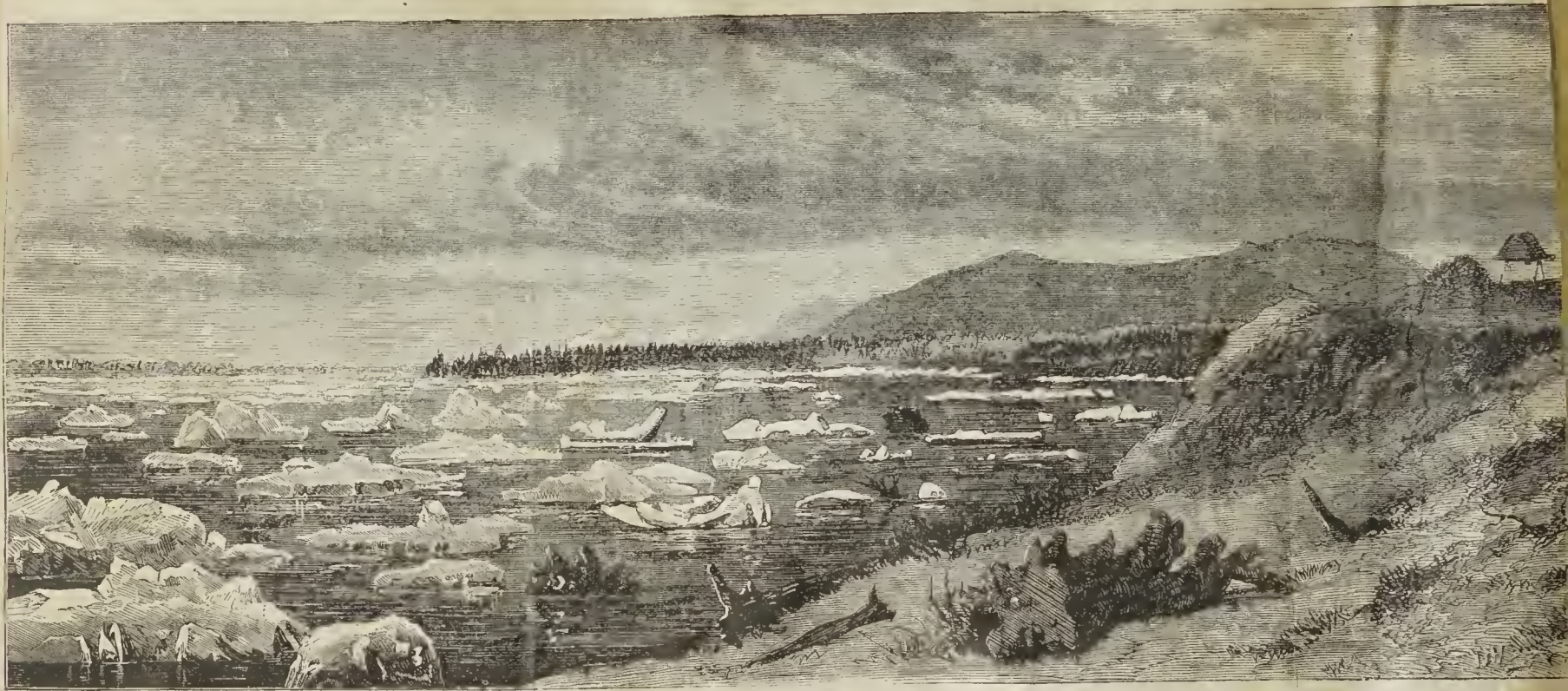
Attention was called to the vast area of Alaska (580,107 square miles); its immense number of islands, rivaling those of the great archipelagoes of the Southern Pacific; its wonderful glaciers; its hot and mineral springs; and its mighty river, the Yukon, which is 2,000 miles in length, and navigable by the largest river steamers for 1,500 miles, and whose delta, with its five mouths, is seventy miles in width.

The resources of the country are fur, fish, and lumber. These are almost inexhaustible. The fur trade alone will repay all that was spent in the purchase of the land. The waters swarm with salmon, cod, and other fish of great commercial value. In Alaska are stored also the reserves of lumber, which may yet supply the world when the more accessible resources have become exhausted. Yellow cedar, white pine, hemlock, and balsam fir are the chief varieties.

The climate of the interior is cold, as represented. That upon the coast is modified by the gulf stream which sweeps the Southern shore, and is in character similar to that of Washington.

The Aleutian district is suitable for pasturage, and the time may come when grazing will be a profitable business. The population is at the least calculation 26,000. These are citizens of the United States without the advantages of citizenship, and involved in the deepest ignorance, and ruled only by superstition and brute force. There is neither law nor protection of courts. The only rights guaranteed are to those who have might to protect them. There are no schools, except one or two started by native workers. Only since June, 1876, have these been established. The natives manifest great desires for a common-school education and for the introduction of Christianity. This great land now appeals to this country, part of which it has become, and Dr. Jackson enforced this claim by earnest and eloquent appeals to those who heard him, and by arguments of the most forcible and various character. In closing he begged all who had influence and authority to use them for the great cause thus presented.

In the evening the pastor, Rev. Mr. Kelly, filled the pulpit and preached from Matthew, x., 34: "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth; I came not to send peace, but a sword."



BREAKING UP OF THE ICE ON THE YUKON.

Alaska.

BY REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

ON the 30th of March, 1867, Alaska was purchased from Russia for \$7,200,000. On the 28th of May the purchase was ratified by the United States Senate, and on the 18th of October the country became a portion of the United States. As it is the latest of our territorial acquisitions so it is the least known. Indeed, the interior regions of the country away from the Yukon river are as unknown as any portion of Africa.

The coast and island section has been explored somewhat by the United States Coast Survey and the Yukon river by the Scientific Corps of the Western Union Telegraph Expedition of 1864-67.

Wm. H. Dall, of the Smithsonian Institution, who was connected with both those parties, has written the standard work on the country.*

The word Al-ak-shak means "The Great Land," and correctly describes the country. It is great territorially. From its eastern boundary to the island of Atton, the extreme western limit, is two thousand two hundred miles in an air line.

This island of Atton, according to Prof. Guyot, is as far west of San Francisco as Maine is east. Consequently between the extreme east and west of the United States San Francisco is the middle city.

The coast line of Alaska, following up and down the bays and inlets according to the measurements of the United States Coast Survey, is about 25,000 miles, or once around the globe. Its total area is about as large as all the United States east of the Mississippi river and north of the Carolinas and Alabama.

THE YUKON.

It has the great river of the United States.

The Yukon is over 2,000 miles long, and navigable for steamers from 1,500 to 1,800 miles. With a varying width of from one to five miles along its course, it is seventy miles across the

delta of its five mouths. There are places along its lower section where it widens into bays, across which one bank cannot be seen from the other, and at a thousand miles from its mouth, in places, it is twenty miles wide. Not as long as the combined length of the Missouri and Mississippi, it has a greater volume of water. Larger than the Ganges of In-

* Alaska and Its Resources. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

dia or the Orinoco of South America, it is one of the great rivers of the world.

An Indian boy accompanying the scientific party, as he rushed forward to the bank and caught a view of the grand river, threw up his hands in astonishment, exclaiming, "It is not a river; it is a sea!"

No art of pen or pencil can give adequate expression of its vast expanse of waters. It was first discovered and explored by Glasunoff in 1835 and by Malakoff in 1838.

In the accompanying illustrations are three characteristic views.

One of these is the breaking up of the ice as seen by Major Dall in May, 1868, at Nulato, a fur trading-post 357 miles from the mouth of the river. In February, 1851, it was the scene of a tragedy, in which the Kotlikuk Indians massacred the garrison, including Lieut. Bannard, of the British navy.

The Yukon usually freezes up in October and breaks up in May. The great blocks of ice, six feet thick, grating against one another,

came crushing against the banks, cutting off large trees and badly tearing away the earth. As the river was quite narrow at this point (a mile and a half wide) it added to the grandeur of the scene as the great ice-cakes piled up on one another, in some places thirty feet high.

Another engraving shows an Indian summer encampment at Nowikakat, 500 miles from the mouth of the river. Nowikakat is a favorite place for intertribal fairs, where several tribes

meet for barter and exchange. The birch-bark canoes and skin-covered bidarra line the bank.

The remaining illustration pictures fishing through the ice at Fort Yukon, a thousand miles from the sea. During the winter the natives subsist largely upon fish caught thus. In windy weather they sometimes erect a wind-break of skins supported by stakes set in the ice. In some places extensive fish-traps are made by driving poles through the ice to the bottom of the river and attaching to them long wicker-baskets.

In the illustration will also be seen a man on snow-shoes, plodding after a sled drawn by two dogs. That is the ordinary method of winter travel from place to place.

Fort Yukon, north of the Arctic Circle, is the most remote of the posts of the Hudson Bay Company. By a mistake in calculations it was founded on the American side of the boundary line in 1847.

At the time of Mr. Dall's visit the fort consisted of a large house of six rooms for the commander, large storehouse, kitchen, four blockhouses pierced for muskets, and four dwellinghouses. The employes were mostly from the north of Scotland. They had a chaplain, Rev. Mr. McDonald. The supplies of provisions and goods are brought across the country, and are said to be two years in reaching the Yukon from York factory on Hudson Bay.

Their annual mail starts from Fort Gurney, on the Red river, north of Minnesota, about the

middle of December. The letters for all the Hudson Bay Company posts in the Great North Land are packed into two small oblong boxes and then lashed to dog-sleds. Two men, one in advance the other following the sled drawn by dogs, start on their lonely journey towards the North Pole.

On they plod, day after day, until crossing the north end of Lake Winnipeg, they reach Norway House. Here a side dog-mail is sent off to Fort York, a thousand miles distant on Hudson bay. Again plunging into the wilderness up the Great Saskatchewan river, a month brings them to Fort Carleton. Here other side-mails are sent out. On, and on, and on, through February, and March, and April, and May, that wonderful mail holds its way steadily to the northwestward until, in June, the little handful of letters is carried into Fort Yukon. That mail-route of 4,000 miles in the dead of winter, where for one hundred nights the mail-carriers curl up in the snow with their dogs, is the annual romance of the North.

Alaska has the great mountain-peak of the continent, Mount St. Elias, 19,500 feet high. It is the great island region of the United States, containing an aggregate area of over 31,000 square miles, equal to the size of some of our important states.

Indeed the North Pacific coast is so sheltered by islands, that the trip of 1,500 miles from Puget Sound to Alaska is made by ocean steamers in smooth water; passing through

straits and channels between the islands and main land.

It is the great-volcanic region. Stretching along the Aleutian Islands for 1,500 miles, the Shishaldin, the Akuten, the Makusin, and 61 other volcanoes rear their heads, and ten of them belch out fire and ashes.

It is the great medicinal spring region, that may yet become popular places of resort, for certainly there is no pleasanter summer trip than among the islands to Alaska. One of these springs, Goreloi, is reported to be a vast caldron of surging chemical waters eighteen miles in circumference.

It is also the great glacier section. Every deep sheltered ravine along the coast for hundreds of miles contains a glacier of greater or less extent.

But the practical reader is ready to ask, Will the purchase of Alaska pay? Has it any material resources?

Its material resources are sealskins, fur, fish, petroleum, coal, ice, fish-oil, iron, copper, lumber, lead, silver, gold, sulphur, etc. The royalty on the killing of seals paid annually into the U. S. Treasury is equal to the interest

on the purchase-money. And yet this resource is largely confined to two small islands off the coast—St. Paul, 6 by 12 miles in extent, and St. Matthew, 5 by 10 miles. The seal-fisheries make it a valuable possession.

Then the valuable furs of the fox, marten, mink, beaver, otter, and other fur-bearing animals make it worth having.

Its fisheries are worth all it cost. The cod, salmon, halibut, herring, and other valuable fish of commerce are there in inexhaustible quantities.

Two firms in San Francisco took \$100,000 worth of cod during 1877. Other parties are arranging to establish salmon canneries this coming season.

Its mineral resources will some day attract a large population and prove to the world that Alaska was no barren purchase.

The greatest surprise in connection with Alaska is the mild winter climate of the North Pacific coast, peninsula, and islands. The great Japan current of the Pacific that gives Oregon and California their delightful winter climate, first strikes the shores of our North American continent at the western end of the Aleutian Islands, and imparts its greater heat to the Alaska coast.

Consequently, while in a high northern latitude, it yet has a warmer winter climate than New York city.

The greatest cold recorded on the island of Unalaska during a period of five years was zero of Fahrenheit. Extremest heat for the same years was 77°.

There is a great deal of rain and fog—thus resembling the climate of the north of Scotland.

I will leave an account of the population and their customs for a second article.



INDIANS FISHING THROUGH THE ICE ON THE YUKON.



ALASKA ONCE MORE.

INDIAN SUMMER ENCAMPMENT AT NOWIKAKAT, ON THE YUKON RIVER.

Collector Ball's Reply to "Alaska."

To the Editor of The National Republican:

SIR: In THE NATIONAL REPUBLICAN of the 13th instant, in a communication signed "Alaska," I find a denial of my estimate of the population of the Territory of that name, given in my article published the day before, as also insinuations designed to ridicule my knowledge of the country, and a charge of intention to create false impressions.

To sustain his denial of my estimate the writer pretends to give the census taken by Captain G. W. Bailey, of the Revenue Marine, in his cruise last summer. These may be correctly given, though the deliberate misrepresentation of the writer in two other citations might justify doubts as to all his statements, and I am not able to see the report to-day, as it is in the printer's hands. But, admitting them to be correct, they do not give "the population of Alaska down to October, 1879," as the writer states; for the report shows, and he knew that Captain Bailey did not touch at a single port in all Southeastern Alaska, after May 20, 1879. The residents of Wrangel were then away at the Cassiar mines. Had he really been there "in October, 1879," he would have found 500 instead of seventy-five whites, and many of them occupying or building houses on land to which they have no means of acquiring title till some law is given them. At Sitka he reports seventy-eight, but at that time the terror of an Indian outbreak was still fresh, and it was not known if there was to be speedy protection, armed or civil, for that locality. Since both have been assured, settlers have flocked in by every steamer down to and since "October, 1879," and there are now not less than 500 whites in and around Sitka eagerly desiring "a governor, etc.," and a land commissioner, etc., that they may pre-empt homes there and develop the country.

Besides this, Captain Bailey's census does not include the people at either of the settlements of Chiean, Klawak, Silver Bay or Port Hunter, at neither of which he touched, and at all of which there are white residents, and in two of them quite a number. And if he really gives 4,300 as the entire Indian population he is certainly much below the correct estimate, for it is well known that there are more than that number within 100 miles of Sitka. On pages twenty-three and twenty-four of the pamphlet of testimony taken by the Senate sub-Committee on Alaska

will be found some carefully prepared tables of Mr. Ivan Petroff, a gentleman of that intimate personal knowledge of the whole Territory, which the writer "Alaska" thinks so essential, and very guarded in his statements. He concludes thus: "We have a total of members of the Russian church of 8,000, without counting the mission on the Yukon river, and some settlements on Norton sound, from which we have no returns." Now, Mr. Petroff takes and credits Captain Bailey's report in his returns—in fact, they are based on it—and it will be seen that my estimate is correct, even without the two settlements just mentioned, and the four previously mentioned, and the increase at Sitka and Wrangel since May, 1879. I am not required to "gainsay" Captain Bailey's report in order to show that there are 8,000 civilized people in Alaska. And let me say here, since it is customary to speak slightly of the creoles and Aleuts, that their character is entirely misunderstood. Many designated creoles in the population tables are apparently pure white, and among them refined and educated families, that have furnished wives to our military and naval officers and scientific explorers. The assertion that these people, now absolutely without any form of law for their protection, "have no interest in" a bill which proposes to give them a law, is too preposterous for argument.

The writer has further charged that I "attempt to give the impression" that these 8,000 are the people who pay into the Treasury the annual revenue of \$317,000. Yet here is my exact language. In speaking of the shame that the expense of a Territorial government should be pleaded as an excuse for denying these people the necessary laws, I say "especially since the Territory pays an annual income of \$317,500 into the Treasury, and all taxes and licenses that might greatly add to it omitted." Who has attempted to create a false impression, Mr. Writer—you or I?

I regret, Mr. Editor, that you did not consider the communication of "Alaska" of such a character as to entitle me to know his name from you. Not that I desired it for my information. Oh, no! There is but one man who would or could write such an article, and I recognize him, unmistakably, as the same swift witnness who has always been found ready, for reasons best known to himself, to come to the front to obstruct the course of justice to Alaska when it seemed moving that way. But it would have been more manly for



him to have signed his own proper name, as it would have relieved me, knowing as I do the estimation in which his efforts are held, from the duty of noticing this one. At least he might have signed himself anti-Alaska, and not used the name of the Territory under which to stab her. But I trust I have shown that his plausibility is hypocritical, and that his plain misrepresentations of my purpose sufficiently attest his own. Very truly,

M. D. BALL,
Collector of Customs for Alaska.
MARCH 13, 1880.

NATURE'S CATHEDRAL.

Pleasure and Piety in the
Yosemite Valley.

THE EASTERN EXCURSION PARTY.

Graphic Description of the Grand
Scenery and Pen Portraits of
Typical Tourists—Etc.

[Correspondence of the CHRONICLE.]

YOSEMITE, June 12, 1879.

The entire journey from San Francisco into the valley is now but a pleasure ride. Hutchinson and a singer. There is a training Sabbath-school class daily in the morning, and some lectures of a highly interesting character have been given, notably one by Dr. Sheldon Jackson on "Alaska," and one by John Muir on "The Geological Records of the Yosemite Valley Glaciers." The latter fairly electrified his audience, and over a hundred followed him in his climb up the Eagle Point trail to the foot of the Upper Yosemite Fall. This was fun for him, for he leaps over the crags like a goat, but it must have been a hard road to travel by those unaccustomed to mountain exercise. Dr. Guard's lecture on "Modern Mental Activities and the Bible, the Present Image of Miraculous Intellectuality," was an able discourse.

RIDINGHOOD.

them?

ALASKA, FORT WRANGEL.—REV. S. HALL YOUNG.

The quarter has been quiet and prosperous. Brother J. W. McFarland entered at once into the spirit of the work, teaching with his wife in the school, and working earnestly to perfect himself in the practice of medicine among the Indians. The attendance for the quarter has been never less than one hundred and fifty to our Sabbath morning service. The school was pretty well attended.

April saw the arrival of our friends Rev. J. L. Gould and family. They remained with us till the mail steamer, giving us all fresh courage, stimulating us to fuller faith and more earnest efforts. I wish you would send us half a dozen more such missionaries. April 30 ten missionaries sat down together, with full hearts, to the Lord's feast. It was a most precious season. One young man, promising and intelligent, was admitted to the church on profession and baptized.

On the arrival of the May steamer this pleasant circle was broken. As the steamer was to touch at Klawack, only fifty miles from the Hydah mission, I took passage with Brother Gould. I took Louis Paul and his wife with me as far as Juneon on their way to their station

at Willard. They parted from the "Home" with many tears. Tillie especially felt her separation from Mrs. McFarland, who has been more than a mother to her. I left them in charge of some members of my church at Juneon, with instructions to forward them at once by canoe to their destination. I wrote to Brother Willard concerning them. We hope much from their labors. I found many of the Indians of the Wrangel mission at Juneon, and spent the short time the hurrying steamer gave us principally among them.

The next day the steamer stopped at Killisnoo, near the Hoochenoo village. At Killisnoo the N. W. T. Co. have erected extensive oil works, and have some twenty white men and many Indians employed in catching whales and herring. They have already made it a success, and business is very lively. All of the Hoochenoo tribe and many of other tribes are congregated there. The chief workers among the whites are men of character and breeding from the New England states, who will bring their families to Killisnoo. Both whites and Indians begged for a teacher.

To-day we arrived at Klowock, where we found Mr. Chapman awaiting us and ready to take us by canoe the rest of the way.

One feature of the work done this spring is the amount of Christian work done by my church members. Wherever they have gone—and they have visited Juneon, Chilcat, the Hydahs, Tongas, and the Indians of the Noas—they have held meetings when they could and have preached everywhere the gospel of Christ. Thus the seed is sown.

I expect to return to Wrangel the last of this month or the first of next, and shall push forward my linguistic studies. I am also getting my Indians at work building a new town of American houses. I may take a canoe load of men from my mission to Fort Simpson at Metlahkahtah to study architecture.

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May 1882

MISSIONARY LIFE IN ALASKA.

BY MRS. E. S. WILLARD.

CHILCAT MISSION, Haines, Alaska, }
February 17th, 1882. }

We held a regular council of war yesterday. Jack had brought charges against one of the Chilcats for having killed, in Harrisburg, last fall, his own wife, who was of Jack's tribe, and the latter being short of funds, was determined to have payment, and was more than ready to fight for it. On the other hand, the accused denied the charge, and demanded the proof, which Jack could not give. We knew nothing of the trouble until about fifty of the strongest men of both tribes filed into our house, with their faces painted black and red, and their heads tied up. They arranged themselves, one tribe in a close row on one side of the room, the other tribe on the opposite side, and called for the minister. I had dinner just ready to put on the table, but I set it back and called Mr. Willard from the study, and that was the last of dinner till about eight o'clock that evening. We had no interpreter but Kitty. The poor child did grandly under the circumstances, which were of a most trying nature to all. Hour after hour the loud, violent charges were made, and the refutation as loudly and angrily given, until we were all tired out. Mr. Willard, after getting the run of the trouble, took paper and pencil, and after charging the men to tell the whole truth, and nothing else, he proceeded to write down their words for the man-of-war, to which he referred the whole matter. Several times they seemed on the very point of breaking over into cutting and shooting. Twice in particular I thought it was come to that, but while I held baby tight in my arms, Mr. Willard had sprung into the middle of the floor, and with a tremendous setting down of his feet and his fist, and with a voice that almost made me quail, he brought them back to something like order. Then he stood up and talked to them until you could almost have heard a pin drop, except for the often-repeated "Yug-geh" (good). Old Jack left with angry threats before the good feeling came, when he found that he could gain nothing unjustly through us.

We had a delightful gathering of the children to-night; all seemed to have a good time, and we feel that it must have done good. We made Willis master of ceremonies, and all did so well; after leaving their kerchiefs and blankets in the Indian room, they came to the sitting room, to shake hands with us; when we told each, in their own language, that we were glad to see them. There must have been over a hundred, I think; we played many games, then sang and talked and prayed together, and said good night.

Monday, February 20.—On Saturday we came home from our usual visiting of the village, with sick hearts—having been confronted with the charge of hav-

ing brought on this "terrible" winter of storm and snow. In the first place, it was because those children had been buried instead of burned; then Mr. Willard had put on his snow-shoes in the house; and, lastly, we had allowed the children that night in their play to imitate the noise of a wild goose. We had very few at church yesterday, and those mostly children. Did not know the reason until this morning. Two women came to us in great trouble; one, the mother of the first child that was buried, had been the subject of persecution for some time, and now, since Jack had gone below and Cla-not away seal-fishing, the people declared that should the storm continue and the canoes be lost, they would kill her without mercy. All day Sabbath the people had been ready to kill her, and themselves too. She had slept none that night. The people were out of food, and were unable, on account of the snow, to go to their village store-houses for more, and they were desperate. If she did not get the minister to show her where the grave was and build a fire over it, they would kill her any way. Mr. Willard told them that neither the burial nor the place had been any secret; it had been done in daylight; all had the opportunity of knowing all about it. Then we talked with them for a long time, trying to show them the foolishness and sin of their superstitions; and they listened so well that they went away saying that the people might do what they liked, they would build no fire. They said that the people had built great fires over the other little graves, and had brought two days of beautiful weather.

February 23.—The storm continuing, the woman yielded yesterday, and this A. M. there is a great fire on the beach, built by the people, around which the children are dancing and throwing into it little effigies. Oh, may the Lord have mercy on this poor people, and deliver them from such idolatry. It is still snowing; the fall has been, indeed, wonderful to us; I am sure we must have had twenty-five feet at least; it thaws and sinks so that it has hardly exceeded eight feet in depth at any time, but it is so solid that one can walk over it anywhere. But the storms are sometimes so blinding that traveling is next to impossible. Our house is built high; yet, as I look out of the window, I see only the snow-covered apex of the out-house roofs and the tops of a few trees; the mountains are entirely lost in the storm, and the waters of the bay are far below my snow wall. A man wanted to cut some wood for us last week, and he dug out the cord. You should see the cavern—down—down—down—then away on so far beneath the surface. But a very different picture our interior presents, with its bright carpeted sitting-room, roaring wood fire, big windows of light, and the green trailing moss on pictures and walls, with table and shelf of good and bright-covered books for friends. As one of the Indians said to me one evening that, unable to go to church, I sat reading at home, he said, "You can stay here all

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alone and yet have many friends, for your books talk to you like people." Don't you think that was a bright remark? It made me so glad and thankful. But, above all, our little home is bright, because of its quiet content, and its little white bird in the blue gingham apron, whose music grows sweeter every day. I wish I could give you a correct likeness of her.

Monday, February 27.—No hint of out-houses now; and even by mounting a chair I cannot see over the snow against the window. We had only about sixty at church yesterday; the women were out in a body, working nearly all day at the snow with their canoe paddles, trying to find the little grave, but with no success. Late last evening they came again to get Mr. Willard to go with them. Of course he would not. This morning, before breakfast, our kitchen was about filled with them again. He told them that he knew no more about it than they did—if he did he should not show them, and he wished them to come to him no more for such a purpose. Of course, in all these talks we tell them why it is wrong and what is right. Another large fire was kindled on the beach last week, for the purpose of burning the hair of a little girl who had dared to comb it outside the house. It was immediately cut close to her head and burned, to avert catastrophe. I think the saddest of their superstitions are those which most

directly affect the living—such as witchcraft. When a girl is twelve or fourteen years old she is secluded for a length of time, great in proportion to her caste, from six months to two years, in a little dark room, and during this time is never allowed to see the daylight, nor any face, save her mother's, who when necessary, goes out with the girl after night, and then the latter is closely blanketed. The highest compliment which can be paid a young woman when she is married at the end of this time, is, that she is pale as muslin. If this is not done, great calamities to the people are sure to result, so this has been declared by the medicine men to be one cause of the great snow now. Some evenings ago a father and mother brought their little girl to me in great distress. The people were so angry because she was not imprisoned according to their customs, that it was not safe for her to be seen alone. She is one of the brightest and best girls in the village, and she recently said, "I know that God knows all things, and that He sees my heart while I say I have nothing to hide." We had a long talk, and among other things the father said, that to show me how the people believed these things, he would tell me what was done before we came. A girl of high class, during a spell of bad weather, was the subject of this charge by the medicine men. She denied it. The storm continued. They told her that if she did not confess it they would kill her. They then commenced torture by burning her blanket from her by inches, to extort her confession. Her blanket was half burned

from her body; still she denied; still the storm raged. They next killed a slave, but without the desired effect on the girl, and, last of all, they killed her, and burned her body, when immediately the storm abated, and they had beautiful weather. When told that these customs were not regarded by the Fort Wrangel Indians, and that they had no storms as a consequence, they quickly replied that this country was very different; the *least little thing* would bring snow here. Of course we tried to explain to them how and why it was different.

March 1st has come in like a lamb. Last evening we saw the sun set gloriously after so long, and this morning it rose with equal splendor. About noon we heard the report that the woman had at last been successful in finding the grave some time during the A. M.

March 27th. The steamer promised for the 1st of this month has not yet arrived, but it is now expected daily. There will be so much to attend to when it does come, for the *mail strain* is always great, and this time we will have the accumulated matter of *five months*, which, after such a long famine, will be almost too much for poor human nature, so that I am going to make sure of a satisfactory *beginning* of a letter to you at least before it comes. I fear that much more than that will not be possible this time, although I have so much to tell you.

SMALL-POX.

Just after I wrote you last, our trials in sickness began, but God brought us through so wonderfully, I think I never felt so thankful for guidance and strength, as during this time, for what He so mercifully gave me. In the first place our little Carrie was taken with—I knew not what—but she chilled and fretted and cried, had no appetite, yet seemed to be starving; seemed to have a severe cold in the head, and we got no rest at night. At length on Saturday night, among other ways of soothing her, I tried rubbing her back with my bare hand, and found to my astonishment (for she had so long been exposed to it without having taken the disease) that she was coming out with small-pox. In the early morning I called Mr. Willard to make the fires and get on water to pack baby, for she was cold and the pox were not coming out well. He was not feeling well either, having the first old-fashioned headache since coming to this country, and, upon getting up, he almost fainted several times. At last, after lying down between attempts at dressing—baby meanwhile screaming as though she would go into spasms—he succeeded in getting out to the sitting-room, calling Kittie, and getting a fire made. As soon as possible I got Carrie into a soda water pack, which soon soothed her so much that she allowed Kittie to hold her while I attended to Mr. Willard, who by this time was rolling on the floor in his misery. Having bathed his head, got his feet to baking,

and made him a cup of tea which he could not swallow, I swallowed a mouthful myself, and took the fretting child. After an hour or so I got her down in a sweet sleep, which lasted for two hours—still in the pack. Then I found Mr. Willard almost delirious, not knowing what ailed him, but he complained of agonizing pain—he didn't know where—and of burning up, although his skin felt like a dying person's, cold and clammy, while his color was a singular mixture of purple, white and green. I soon had a cot-bed up in the sitting-room, big kettles of boiling water, tub, wringer and blankets, and fairly forced the almost crazy man into a scalding pack, with flatirons all around. I despatched Kittie to Mrs. Dickinson to tell her our situation, and that I wished she would hold a Sunday-school. Mr. Willard grew alarmingly ill. I had only time to *work* prayer. Baby woke crying. I took her out of her three and a half hours' pack and gave her a good bath; she was then brighter and better, the pox out pretty well; then back to Mr. Willard again. Kittie stayed hour after hour; not a soul came near; at last he fell asleep, and by-and-by my anxious eyes saw that it grew natural; a better, redder color came into the face, and after a couple of hours there came a little natural perspiration; and when I took him out, although he was as weak as a child, he was himself again, and in the course of a week he had almost regained his old footing. Little Carrie soon became very restless again (the irritation was fearful, the great, big pox, with a pit of white matter as large as a pea, and on a part of her body so thick that I could not lay a finger end between them; fortunately there were none on her face or hands, though they were thick on her little head). I packed her again, and again at bed time bathed her with weak salt-water. Still there was no rest, with all I could do, for several days and nights, though she was doing well, and had entirely recovered in two weeks—while the Indians are sick many weeks, sometimes months, and quite a number have died.

Of course, after this siege I did not feel quite young and gay, but I was happy in having my dear ones living and well, and you know as well as I can tell you that I had the tenderest care and nursing when my turn came.

Last week Mr. Willard probed another of their deepest cancers.

The Stick Indians of the interior, from whom these people get all their furs and their wealth, are a simple, and so far as we can judge by those who have dared to come here, an honest tribe, much more than these their superiors, who consider them beasts, just as some of the wites esteem these Chilcats.

The Chilcats have lied to the Sticks and cheated them, and to prevent their coming to the coast to trade, have told them horrid stories of the whites, and that they would be killed if they came.

The few who have ventured here have been dogged about by the Chilcats, and look like hunted things. We have, however, gotten hold of every one and told them of Christ. One of the Sticks brought a nice squirrel robe to Mr. Willard last week, and as he wanted one he bought it from him at just the same price that he would pay either our own people or the trader; he paid him in flour, shot and powder. You can scarcely imagine the hornet's nest that was stirred up—the people were ready to mob us. Early next morning, before we could get our breakfast, we were set upon by some of the head men of whom *Clanot* was spokesman. Many and many a time he had asked prices of goods, and we had told him, but he wanted us to tell him the truth and everybody else a lie. He charged us with having *robbed* them, for, said he, "the Sticks are our money—we and our fathers before us have gotten rich from them; they are only wild, they are not men, and now you have told them these things, and taken away our riches." Mr. Willard told him that he spoke the truth to all men—nor would he lie for any—he told him that a certain advance on prices here was just and right when they carried their goods into the interior, but that it was wrong to hinder the Sticks from coming here, and that when they brought their skins here, it was only right that they should buy and sell at the same prices which *they* did. He asked him too what he brought into this world, and what he expected to take out of it, and tried to show them that they were heaping up wrath against the day of wrath. That one question as to his natural prestige, although Mr. Willard has used it many times in church to check their pride, seemed altogether new to him, and touched him more than anything else that was said; he reminded us of his high class and that his father and grandfather had had wealth before him; told us that it had offended him, that he had come to this place expecting us to build him a nice house as they did in Ft. Simpson—there the people prayed, then told the missionary, and he gave them the things they asked for. The people here could not believe when we gave them nothing, and now we had taken away what they had. He would not stay in this place. He has not allowed his wife to come to church since we talked to him here about polygamy; he says if he lets her hear she will give him shame (*hear him, I suppose he means—he has three wives.*) You must not for one moment imagine from anything that has been written here, that we are weary of our work, or ready to give it up, or discouraged, for such a thought would be far from the truth. We *expected* discouragements and trials; it was from no momentary enthusiasm or impulse that we entered upon the work, but, as we know our own hearts, from love to God, supreme desire to serve Him with our *all*, and an earnest conviction [that He called us *here*. Our

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minds have never wavered for an instant; our expectations have been realized, not in just the *kind* we looked for perhaps, but in trials *greater* than we would have any but *Him* know. We have *reason* to "rejoice and be exceeding glad." Continue to pray for us that we may be faithful unto the end. In the matter of which I have written (the boat) our object is not to *escape* all trial, but simply to *entrench* ourselves so that we will be *able* to stand our ground in fighting the *legitimate* warfare.

April 5, 1882. The Favorite came in yesterday afternoon with mail from the middle of November up to March; of course it took us till midnight to look over, read, and arrange, and then retired before we were through, but not to get one wink of sleep.

We received a flag by express (an elegant gift from the young people of Joliet, Ill.), and our piano; the latter is in the sitting-room, and I have already played some old tunes on it for the Indians, but I think it did me more good than them, though they were so delighted. It came without a case from Sitka, as it alone had barely been rescued by the miners from the fire which utterly destroyed the Boys' Home and much of their goods, leaving poor Mrs. and Mr. Austin homeless and impoverished again. Oh, I long to give them everything I have. Dear people, what trials they have had, and how nobly they bear them; may the Lord show them great light and comfort. What a mingling of feeling these letters give us, so much of sorrow and yet so much of joy.

May 8th. I have not yet heard from Mrs. Downing, but I have taken the little girls, to do for her all in my power; it was premature as regarded my arrangements—for my hands are full to overflowing now—but I felt that it was the ordering of God, and that He would strengthen for every task He gave. A week ago last Saturday (April 29) we found that our village here was almost deserted, the people having gone to Nauk Bay, some ten or twelve miles down the channel, to fish, there being in that place an immense run of herring. Accordingly, we put our things together and followed the people to spend the Sabbath at their fishing ground. Some half-dozen persons, who had intended remaining here till Monday, went down on Saturday also, because, as they said, they could have no Sunday here without us. So there were left in this village only a few old people, and some children, among them my little girl and her grandparents; they came down to Nauk on Sabbath just in time for church. Some of the people were, I think, very glad to see us, but many looked dark at our coming; they had intended to work all that day. On Saturday we saw them fishing; in the stern of the canoe sat a woman or child to paddle; in the prow, a man with a long pole through which were driven many sharpened nails; this pole was used much in the same way as

a paddle, but from every dip was brought up and dropped into the canoe from one to six fish. In a very short time the canoes were half filled, and then taken ashore and the fish emptied into great basins dug in the pebbly beach, where the women cleansed them and strung them on long sticks to dry. As the tide went out children ran along the shore, and from among the sea-moss gathered fish by the tubful. The people worked late on Saturday night; we had our evening worship with a few of the children on the rocks overhanging the workers, where they could hear the hymn. At the dawn of Sabbath, six or eight canoes dropped down into the bay again for fish, but soon returned with empty boats and very long faces. Of course it was

the missionary who had driven away the fish (they were all gone). There were still many of the latter left over undressed from the day before, and soon the camp presented as lively an appearance as on that day; they were angry about the fish, so set about work that they would not think of doing *here*, building their drying booths, whittling fish sticks, cleansing fish, etc., etc. My husband had hoisted the flag at worship time on Saturday eve, and at church time on Sabbath morning we took our seats on the rock beneath it, and sadly looked on at the busy hands and sullen faces of the multitude below. A few of the school children who were allowed to do so, washed the black paint from their faces and came to us. We then went down and made our way through the busy crowds of people to their very midst, and Mr. W., taking a tin pan drummed for them to stop work. A few did so, and gathered closer around us, while the others could not but hear, as they worked; others came to the afternoon service. After church, I noticed that my little Indian girl had been set to work on the fish. I knew that, child as she was, she was working against conscience, and I called her to come to me. I was impressed with the idea that if we saved her at all from the people, now was the time for the decisive step, and after consulting together we decided to take her at once. Her people were only too glad to have the burden of her support lifted from their shoulders. So on Monday we brought home with us the filthy, half-naked little child, whom I put into a tub of hot water and scrubbed to entirety with brush and carbolic soap; then braiding her long soft hair, I put her first into a clean nightdress, then into a good clean bed for the first time in her life. The little heart grew very tender in the operation, and I trust that God enabled me to take proper advantage of it, and when I left her after a bedtime talk and prayer, and a good-night kiss, I could not but trust that the good Father had planned a noble future for the little one whom He seemed to have given to me. During the week, though it had seemed so full before that

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I could not possibly get anything more into it, I managed to make her an entire suit, underclothes, skirt-dress, and shoes (from deerskin) and stockings. She has gone all winter with *nothing* on her body except a little ragged cotton slip, and but half fed; and she is only one of dozens of bright little girls here, whom I've besought to take into my home, and whom my heart longs and aches for—but this poor weak body of mine. Oh, Mrs. Haines, we *must* have a home here, God will provide it, for these children *must* be saved, and it cannot be done in their homeless homes. It has been growing upon us ever since we came here, but every day the necessity is more apparent, every day the burden is heavier on our hearts. I did not speak to you of it before, because I knew that the Board was burdend with work still unprovided for. I have had dozens of boys and girls, of the best and brightest of our children, brought to me by their parents, who begged me to take them and ~~teach~~ *teach* them better things than *they* could.

June 29, 1871. — We are still prisoners, but I rejoice to say that I have the use of my *hands*—at least for a little while at a time—and my husband can *walk*, though slowly and feebly. It has been indeed a dark time for us. For many days we thought the end had come for me; before I was able to move myself, Mr. W. hurt his hand digging in the garden; it at once took such a malignant form, that it was beyond all human means—at least in this country—to save his life; we gave up *hope*, but *not doing*, *faith*, and *prayer*, and God blessed us. While we both lay prostrate, our only aid—the little ten year old Indian girl—was taken with scarlet fever, and in a few days after, our baby Carrie with the bad auguina type; to save her life we had to exert our all; my arms were made strong to hold, bathe, and pack her; her father drew us with one hand from the bed to the stove on a rocking-chair. We had been unable to get ourselves any warm, good food for so long, that I think we should at last have perished all together with exhaustion, if Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson had not come to our aid, and offered us Jack long enough to cook us something each day, and when he left them and us after a few days, Mr. D. very kindly finished the week cooking for us himself. The children are both about well now, and we are all gaining. Mr. W. had to go to the upper village to-day, taking a man with him to dress his hand and cook for him—for he is desperate—but Louis and Tillie came down to-day very blue and homesick, I think, though they are very well and have had plenty to do. Their school even now numbers between fifty and sixty; they have put in a garden, and Mr. W. told Louis to get out his stakes and logs as fast as he could, while he was hindered from going up; but of this latter work, I believe he has done nothing.

The Indians have taken possession of the large house given to the mission, and are going to tear it *entirely* down, to build up *new* as a monument to the dead. Shateritch has told us repeatedly that it will *then* be the mission house; but it seems that he has nothing whatever to say about it, and the other Indians say that when it is finished they will have rent for it.

But how are we to get anything from Juneau? We must have a boat of our own. We have had no freight since last fall, except our piano. The *Furorite* brought us not even a letter last time. Our potatoes and other provisions have been lying so long in the warehouse there that I suppose by this time much is past use, while we suffer for want of it, and pay high rates of storage.

You see they keep our freight purposely in Juneau, and we are obliged to *starve* or take their Indian stuff at double price, besides paying them for keeping from us *our own*. It drives my husband almost wild, especially since he cannot *work*. He paces the floor, and I scarcely know whether he has greater distress of mind or body. He says he "may as well be locked up in a box." But "*no, no*," I tell him, "*it is not so bad*, because we are free to teach Christ to these people. *They* cannot shut our mouths as long as the spirit is kept in our bodies, and you know we *expected trials*." I suppose if we ever *do* succeed in getting a boat of our own, they will give us every annoyance in their power still. But it seems as though our only *chance* of relief lay in such a possession. We have not been able to get a canoe for love or money, even when we were dying, as we thought, for medicine, which might have been had only seventy-five miles away. Fish, in their season, are more to the Indians than anything else, and all are using their boats. We feel a good deal "cast down," you see, but oh, "*not in despair*." God will take care of His work here; we are sure of that; *we* are not *necessary* to its success. If we should not be spared to do it, I shall believe that it is because some one else can carry it on better; but oh, how I thank Him for the privilege of doing at least *one year's hard work in Chilet*. I want to tell you, dear Dr. Jackson, that I do feel sometimes as though *my* course were almost run. If it *should* be, and I am not permitted to write you again, I want to give you these words: *Please* do not feel, nor allow the Board to feel, that they made a mistake in sending *us*, even though it *was* but for a year or two. *God sent us here*, and when *He* calls us away *our special work* will be done, however imperfectly. Oh, how my heart yearns over this people, that God will send His spirit among them mightily and establish His work. Would that I might *see* the church and home here, and, more than all, some fruit of souls saved, but I *know* that *all* will be well.

Though our path *has* led toward the valley of shadows, yet the days have been

long and bright. On the 21st of June the sun rose at 2.45 A. M., setting at 9.15 P. M. Of course, the darkest hour was only like early twilight, so that "even the night is light about us."

A Visitor from Alaska.

We had the pleasure of a call from E. Conklin, of New York, the representative of the American Press Association, who has just returned from a trip to Alaska. Mr. Conklin describes the scenery along the route as of surpassing beauty. The steamer is kept in a channel near the main land, and the voyage seems more like that along a beautiful river, narrowing in sometimes between high and woody cliffs, and then widening out into the semblance of a beautiful placid lake, fringed with timber and green-clad hills. Mr. Conklin says that there exist many errors about Alaska, both as to climate and resources. For instance, the Bay of Sitka is generally represented in pictures with natives spearing walruses, and a back ground of tremendous icebergs; a fancy picture for the reason that icebergs and walruses are unknown there. Root crops are grown to perfection. Potatoes were shown him weighing three-quarters of a pound each and 30 in a hill.

The thermometer last winter did not get below +11°, which is much warmer than New York. The Kuro Siwa, or warm Japan current which flows through Behring's straits into the Arctic ocean, exerts an astonishing influence upon the climate, the isothermal line of which would probably be about the latitude of Philadelphia.

Thirty miles from Fort Wrangel up the Stikkeen river, exists the only living glacier in America. It is fully 60 by 20 miles, and its progress may be watched from day to day. The whole country is immense and its climate varied. The climate of the frigid zone may be found away to the northeast, while that along the coast is moderately temperate, the interior varying as the influence of the sea diminishes. The

mines are about 2½ miles from Sitka and are regarded as true fissure veins, the ore is, however, low grade. The mining is generally by means of tunnels run into the sides of the mountains. Probably 500 miners are engaged in mining, which can easily be carried on for five months of the year. Sitka is a general rendezvous for the population, which is of a floating character, prospecting in the summer and returning to the town in the winter.

A regular trade is springing up between the Pacific coast and Alaska, and its resources are gradually assuming great commercial importance. Mr. Conklin, in a new work entitled "Picturesque Northwest," to come out in May, will fully describe this region and introduce some valuable engravings of scenery, etc.

A Gross Error.

The following exceedingly interesting statement is now going the rounds of the patriotic American press:—

"Few people are aware that the proud boast of Englishmen that the sun never sets on the British Empire, is equally applicable to the United States. Instead of being the western limit of the Union, San Francisco is only about midway between the farthest Aleutian Isle, acquired by our purchase of Alaska, and Eastport, Me. Our territory extends through 197 deg. of longitude, or 17 deg. more than half-

way round the globe. The Rocky Mountain Presbyterian, in commenting on this fact, says: 'When the sun is giving its good-night kiss to our westernmost isle, on the confines of Behring's Sea, it is already flooding the fields and forests of Maine with its morning light, and in the eastern part of the State it is more than an hour high. At the very moment when the Aleutian fisherman, warned by the approaching shades of night, is pulling his canoe toward the shore, the woodchopper of Maine is beginning to make the forest echo with the stirring music of his axe.'"—*Scientific American*.

This is very poetical indeed, but wholly untrue. People of sound reasoning powers, who will pause a moment to consider the above paragraph, need not resort to the map to be convinced of its absurdity. San Francisco is stated to be midway between the farthest Aleutian isle and Eastport, Me. Now, the distance between Eastport and San Francisco, in an air line even, not allowing for difference of latitude, does not exceed three thousand miles, and if the latter place is midway of our territory, we of course get but six thousand miles of extreme extent, east and west—about one-fourth of the globe's equatorial circumference, but perhaps one-third of the same in the latitudes traversed, where the circle is of course contracted. This, it will be noted, is an essential reduction from the more than one-half claimed in the quoted paragraph, and is fatal to its deductions. Turning now to the map, we find that Eastport is in longitude 66° 56' west from Greenwich, and that the "farthest Aleutian isle" is some seven degrees west of the 180th parallel, reckoned also from Greenwich, or, to be precise, in longitude 173° east from that point. This would give us, from Eastport, instead of the one hundred and ninety-seven degrees claimed, but *one hundred and twenty* degrees to the "isle," and but one hundred and eighty-seven degrees from Greenwich to that extreme western portion of our territory; and so, instead of the sun's being an hour high in the eastern part of Maine when the Aleutian fisherman receives his "warning," it is barely visible above the eastern horizon at Greenwich, three thousand miles from the Pine Tree State. The difference of time between Eastport and Greenwich is about four and one-half hours: and the down-east chopper who should thus take to the woods at midnight would be looked upon as a new variety of owl by his more sensible neighbors.

We are surprised that a journal so able, and usually so careful, as the *Scientific American* should endorse so wild a statement as the above from its exuberant Rocky Mountain contemporary. We will only add that we consider it a fortunate thing for us as a people that the sun *does* set upon our national domain. We know that the unlimited acquisition of territory is the pet idea of many patriotic but misguided people; but the thoughtful see in such a policy a menace to the stability of the Republic. The purchase of Alaska, even, we have always considered a mistake, as the possession of that isolated region, in the event of complication with other powers, will be sure to prove a source of national weakness rather than strength. Our country should remain in a compact, solid form, not so vast in extent as to be unwieldy. Herein lies our safety. From the standpoint of patriotism, therefore, we hope that the day may be far distant when a paragraph like the one above quoted can be written with truth.



SITKA, OR NEW ARCHANGEL.

APRIL 27, 1878.

Alaska.

BY REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

NO. II.

THE capital of Alaska, under Russian rule, was at Sitka on Baranoff Island.

A trading post was established there by Baranoff, in 1799. In 1802 the Thlinkets massacred the garrison, which was reestablished in 1804. It was afterwards made the seat of government, the better to prevent the encroachments of the English Hudson Bay Company. The emperor of Russia built a handsome Greek church, the spires and dome of which can be seen in the accompanying illustration. He also erected a large hospital, military and naval quarters, bishop's residence, seminary building, and governor's palace. This latter is represented by the large building on the hill. These buildings, with the exception of the church, were turned over to the United States government, and since the withdrawal of the troops are vacant. Snow-capped mountains rise around the town in every direction while on a neighboring island is the great landmark of the region, Mount Edgecumbe, an extinct volcano, 8,000 feet high. A mail-steamer makes a monthly trip from Portland, Oregon, to Sitka. Since the withdrawal of the Russians, it has lost much of its population and trade.

The native population of Alaska is variously estimated from 26,000 to 70,000. In the northern and central section of the coun-

try they are evidently of Esquimaux descent; in the southern and island regions of Indian descent. They are, however, in civilization far in advance of the blanketed Sioux of Dakota. In the northern country they reside in permanent underground houses called Topeks. On the southern coast they have large plank barrabora or houses above ground.

They have also, to some extent, adopted European styles of dress. Many paint their faces with oil and lampblack, which gives them a repulsive appearance. Polygamy is common among the rich. Feasts are given on the erection of a new house, marriages, births, naming of children, deaths, etc. These feasts consist of dancing, singing, and feasting. A summary cure for crying babies is to hold them in the sea until they cease crying. Children on the coast are bathed in the sea daily and learn to swim about as soon as they do to walk. The incurable sick and old are sometimes killed. They have a great variety of household utensils made from horns of mountain sheep and goats, from the fossil ivory of their country and from wood. Some of these are elaborately carved.

In their villages is a large kagus-keemi or dance-room, that is also used as a town-hall and for public assemblages generally. The dancing is mostly done by the young men. Naked to the waist, they wear seal or deer skin pantaloons, decked out with the tails of wolves or dogs. They also bind feathers around the hair. The elderly men sit around the sides of the room smoking, and the women look after the refreshments—berries and fish. More or

less, religious rites are mixed up with the dancing.

In some sections the dead are burned, and the ashes carefully preserved. In others they are doubled up and packed away in boxes, which are raised from the earth on four poles and surrounded by various household utensils or symbols of their religion. Among some tribes the women are denied a burial and cast out as dead dogs.

They are in religious matters fetish worshippers, completely under the control of the shamans or sorcerers, whose religious rites sometimes consist in cannibalism in its most disgusting forms.

Schamanism is belief in spirits that will come or go, afflict or relieve, at the bidding of the sorcerer. They are consulted in all private and public matters.

The purchase of Alaska created much excitement and heated discussion at the time. Senator Sumner's speech advocating the ratification of the purchase, was one of his masterpieces. It was crowded with facts and figures with reference to the country. Major-General Howard, U. S. A., who was sent by government to ascertain the condition of the people, made to the country through the religious newspapers an urgent appeal for missionaries and teachers.

The question was considered by several Mis-

sionary Boards, and it seemed as if the churches would enter with enthusiasm upon the work of giving the gospel to fifty thousand heathen,

providentially made a portion of our own land. But, very strangely, nothing was done, and Alaska was left worse off under enlightened Christian United States than under despotic Russia.

Russia gave them government, schools, and the Greek religion, but when the country pass-

ed from their possession they withdrew their rulers, priests, and teachers, while the United States did not send any others to take their places. Alaska, to-day, has neither courts, rulers, ministers, nor teachers.

The only thing the United States has done for them, has been the introduction of whiskey. So that the Alaskan can answer, as it is said a Chippewa did, when asked if he was a Christian Indian, "No, I wishky Injen." The great Christian heart of the country went on planning, praying, and laboring for Asia, Africa, and the Isles of the Sea, but no eye pitied, no heart was burdened, no hand stretched out to save these fifty thousand dying heathen for whom we as a Christian people are chiefly responsible.

Ten years roll away and thousands of immortal souls, whom we criminally have left without a knowledge of the Saviour, pass into eternity unsaved. Ten years come and go, and



INDIAN DANCE AT ANALACHLEET, NORTON SOUND.



HERALD ISLAND. From a sketch by Dr. I. C. Rosse, Surgeon Revenue Steamer "Corwin"

tens of thousands are left to grow up in ignorance and superstition.

Is it any wonder that even the long-suffering God himself would no longer wait on his organized church, but must raise up other agencies? He took a young man from the degraded fet sh-worshipping natives and raised him up to be the apostle to Alaska. Without education, barely able to read a little English, Philip McKay, baptized by the Holy Ghost, commenced a school that was attended by sixty natives, many of them adults, and three times on the Sabbath preached to hundreds of his countrymen. It was not the old, old story of Jesus and his love, for Christians had never told them the story. It was the new story, for the first time heard in that section. God's Spirit was present with power. Scores of them believed, and hundreds renounced their heathen dances, incantations, and other religious rites. And as in the spring of 1877 they went to the mines and fisheries, like the primitive disciples, "they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word."

Thus the glad tidings spread from village to village, into the regions beyond.

A THOUSAND MILES FOR JESUS.

A gray-haired old blind man, a thousand miles away, heard the good news that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners—that he who had made the sun and moon, the mountains and rivers and fish, had sent his Son to the world to "take the bad out of him." How his heart leaped for joy. Had he not again and again gone into the deep gloomy cañons of the mountains and fasted by the day and the week to get the bad out of him? Had he not, under the stings of conscience, gone to the

schamans of his people and offered them all he possessed to bring him peace? But their incantations availed not. In his desperation he had himself torn with his teeth the half-putrid flesh from human corpses and eaten it to get the bad out of him, but in vain.

But now he heard of a better way, and his heart was glad. Is it strange that he wanted to know more of that Saviour? But his informer could only tell him what he himself knew: that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; and that if he would know more he must go to the coast, where he would find a man who could tell him more.

Taking a grandson to lead him he started for the coast. Many a weary mile they followed the trail over the mountains. Many a lonely mile they paddled their canoe, and many the suns that set upon their wild evening camp. But as they journeyed along, lest he should forget the one message he had received, he was ever repeating to himself in his native tongue, "Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

"The sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry-trees"—the news of God's working arrested the attention of the church and the country, and two widely different organizations entered the field. Missionaries have been sent to Alaska by the Presbyterian church and by the Roman-catholic church.

In the interests of the Presbyterian missions I visited the country last summer and received the mission grown up under Philip McKay.

Mrs. A. R. McFarland was left in charge of the mission, with Philip as assistant.

But Philip's work was drawing to a close. God had raised him up to attract the attention of the church, and then when the church was

prepared to go forward, would take the instrument to himself. Philip fell asleep with consumption, Dec. 28. What a change from an Alaskan barrâbora to a mansion of glory!

Since then the Rev. John G. Brady has been sent to Sitka, with Miss Kellogg as assistant teacher.

Mrs. McFarland's school continues to grow. Chiefs of tribes are entering themselves as A-B-C scholars. A few months ago, a chief about forty-five years of age entered the school to learn English, then return to his distant

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home and teach his people. With the tears rolling down his cheeks he said, "Me much sick heart. You come and teach all the Stick-ines, all the Hydass, all the Tongas about God. My people all dark heart. Nobody tell them that Jesus died. By-and-by all my people die," (pointing down,) "go down, down dark."

Yes, their lives go out in darkness because American Christians have denied them the Light of Life. Let us redeem the past by earnest prayer and labor.



THE "CORWIN" IN A "NIP" OFF CAPE ROMANZOFF, June 16, 1880. From a sketch by Captain C. L. Hooper, U. S. R. M.

New Columbia.

BY REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

EACH summer a revenue marine steamer is sent to cruise in Alaska waters, to protect the seal fisheries and prevent as far as possible the introduction of intoxicating liquors and firearms among the native population. In carrying out these instructions many opportunities are afforded of furthering scientific and geographical exploration, of relieving shipwrecked whalers and benefiting the natives.

During the cruise of 1880 special instructions were given to search for two missing whaling vessels, the Vigilant and Mount Wollaston, also the exploring steamer Jeannette. While searching for these vessels in the Arctic ocean, unusually clear skies revealed a sight of Herald Island and Wrangell Land in the distance. Several attempts were made to reach them, which were frustrated by the immense fields of ice that surrounded them.

Success was reserved for the cruise of the present season, and on the 30th of July a landing was effected upon Herald Island. It was found to be a mass of gray granite rock six miles long and two wide, with an elevation reaching 1,200 feet above the sea. It is the

home of the Arctic fox and polar bear, while innumerable sea-gulls and murrens breed on its cliffs. The island, a short distance to the east of Wrangell Land, was first landed upon by Capt. Kellett, R. N., in 1849. He was however unable to scale the cliffs and did not penetrate inland. The island was named after the ship which he commanded.

The greater event, however, was the landing on the 12th of August upon Wrangell Land, when Capt. C. L. Hooper, in command of the United States revenue marine steamer Corwin, raised the stars and stripes, and took formal possession in the name of the United States, calling it "New Columbia."

Thus a new territory was added to our already widely-extended domain, and another point gained in Arctic exploration.

For years the Indians of Siberia have reported high mountains in sight to the northward on clear days. They also have traditions that in the ages past their ancestors had migrated and driven herds of reindeer across to a land in the north. These reports having reached the Russian government, Admiral Fer-



NEW COLUMBIA, OR WRANGELL LAND. From a sketch by Captain C. L. Hooper, U. S. R. M.

dinand Wrangell was sent in 1820 on a tour of exploration. After a fruitless search of three seasons he reports:

"Our return to Nishne Kolynsk closed the series of attempts made by us to discover a northern land, which, though not seen by us, may nevertheless exist, and be attainable under a combination of very favorable circumstances, the principal of which would be a long, cold, and stormless winter, and a late spring. If another attempt should be made, it would be advisable to leave the coast about Cape Jakan, which all the native accounts concur in representing as the nearest point to the supposed northern region."

Capt. Kellett, R. N., claims to have seen it Aug. 16, 1849, but was unable to make a landing.

Capt. Long, of the whale-bark Nile, discovered and sketched the entire southern coast August 14-16, 1867, and named it Wrangell Land, but was unable to force his way through the ice that surrounded it.

Notwithstanding these reports, it has been a disputed question among geographers whether the land was not a myth. This has been set at rest by the landing of the Corwin on a dry gravel bar at the mouth of a large river. The existence of a flowing river 300 feet wide and 12 feet deep at low water, would indicate a land of considerable extent, perhaps a continent, stretching far toward the pole.

Along the southeastern coast are mountains 3,000 feet high. At the time of the Corwin's visit there was no snow visible on the plain or low hills.

The country is sterile, with no evidences of human habitation. Polar bears abound. The two eastern capes are to be named after the navi-

gators Wrangell and Kellett, and the river after Maj. E. W. Clark, Chief of the Revenue Marine Bureau, Washington, D. C., through whose intelligent sympathy and active direction these annual cruises are conducted.

New Columbia is situated about 6 degrees north and 10 west of Behring's Straits.

During the cruise of 1880, Capt. Hooper discovered the existence of a large river emptying into the north side of Hotham Inlet, Kotzebue Sound, Alaska—that is not marked upon any of the charts. The natives report it both wide and deep, and that it takes them 30 days to ascend it to their homes.

A few miles east of Cape Lisburne were found valuable deposits of coal, from which the steamer supplied herself.

CAVE-DWELLERS.

Upon King's Island was discovered a race of cave-dwellers. Their village consists of forty houses excavated in the side of a rock precipice or cliff which rises from the sea at an angle of 45°. Some of the houses are 200 feet above the water. The people live almost entirely by walrus and seal hunting and seem contented and prosperous. Near the village is a cave with a gothic-shaped opening. This is their storehouse where they preserve meat for winter use, and is only approached in summer by water, the rocks being too steep even for a native to climb.

If they wish to launch a canoe when the surf is dashing against the perpendicular sides of their island, the boatman takes his seat in his kyack, secures his waterproof garments, and watches a favorable opportunity, when at a signal two companions throw him and canoe over and clear of the surf.

On Nunivak Island they found an underground village, the ten houses being built of earth and arranged in a circle with a common entrance to the covered way in the centre. From this central hall short passages lead to the separate dwellings.

The people were evidently unaccustomed to strangers, fleeing to the hills on the approach of the steamer. One man, who was persuaded to venture on shipboard, was at first frightened at a looking-glass. Placing his hand upon a stove, he was astonished that it should burn, and to make sure of the effect tried it the second time.

On Eschscholtz Bay they met a party of natives from Buckland river hunting white whales in canoes of great beauty and speed. Upon these expeditions their superstitions will not allow them to chop wood, dig in the ground, sew or tan skins, lest the spirit that is supposed to control the whales will be offended and prevent them from returning the next season.

When the fishing season is over the wealthier ones burn the clothes they have worn and the poorer ones a portion of theirs, as an offering to the "god of the white whale."

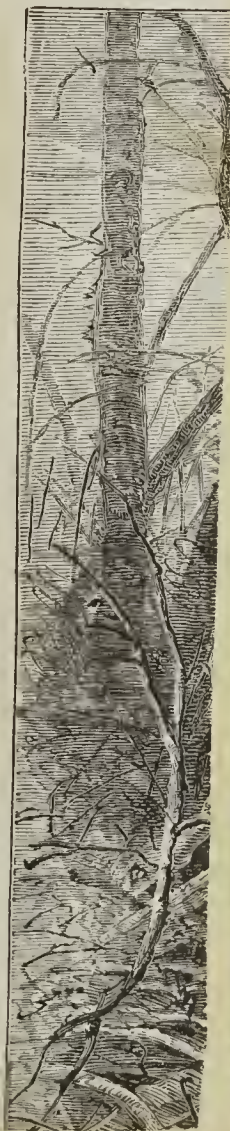
The family boat along the Arctic shore is the "oomiak." This boat is about 30 feet long, 6 wide, and 2 deep, and made of walrus-hide stretched over a light frame of wood. Into these are loaded their furs, merchandise, tents, guns, traps, spears, bow and arrows, a kyack, sled, several pairs of snow-shoes, fish-nets, and seal-skin bags containing fresh water and clothing, large drum for incantations, besides a family of a dozen men, women, and children, and a number of dogs.

The most savage and warlike natives were found in a settlement at the end of Cape Prince of Wales, the most western extremity of Alaska. These people terrorize the neighboring tribes, and carry on a smuggling trade with Asia.

The natives that annually come down the great Yukon river to trade at St. Michael's are represented as having "piercing black eyes, long, muscular limbs, and erect figures, showing courage, strength, and endurance."

During the cruise of the Corwin in the summer of 1880, two vessels were seized and sent to San Francisco for illicit traffic in whiskey and firearms. The whiskey was in bottles labelled, "Jamaica Ginger," "Bay Rum," "Pain-Killer," and "Florida Water." Some small schooners from San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands are accus-

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tomed to visit these northern waters and, contrary to law, trade whiskey and firearms in exchange for furs, ivory, and whale-bone. This so demoralizes the natives that they neglect to put up their necessary winter supplies. The summer is spent either in waiting the arrival of the whiskey-trader or in carousing as long as the rum lasts. Winter finds them without food, and many die of starvation. A notable instance of this was found among the settlements on St. Lawrence Island, Behring's Sea, where during the winter of 1878-79 over 400 died of starvation, and the remaining population only escaped a like fate by eating their dogs and the walrus-hides covering their houses and



TOTEM POLES, FORT WRANGELL.

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boats. This was the direct result of whiskey introduced among them the previous summer.

Capt. Hooper gives the following description of one of the villages: "At Cape Siepermo we found the village deserted, not a sign of life remaining. I counted fifty-four dead bodies; and, as these were nearly all full-grown males, there can be no doubt that many more died. The women and children doubtless died first, and were buried. Most of those seen were just outside the village, with their sleds beside them, evidently having been dragged out by the survivors, as they died, until they, becoming too weak for further exertion, went into their houses, and, covering themselves with skins, lay down and died. In many of the houses we saw from one to four dead bodies. One woman was found face down, just outside the door of a house; probably one of the last survivors, she had gone out to find relief from her terrible sufferings, and, overcome by weakness, had fallen and found that relief in death. The body of a boy of perhaps sixteen years of age was found in the village,

about half-way down a small hill, he having fallen as he descended and died as he fell. I estimate the number of dead at this place at one hundred and fifty."

It is the humane errand of the revenue steamer to break up this nefarious trade.

The cruise is not without its danger, fifty-four whaling vessels having been lost in those waters during the last ten years. And the Corwin herself has occasionally been caught in the ice. Upon one occasion an Indian medicine-man offered with his incantations to break up the ice, if well paid for it.

A scientific expedition fitted out by Congress would greatly increase our knowledge of Alaska and its resources.

* Alaska, and Missions on the North Pacific Coast. By Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D. Fully illustrated. (New York: Dodd, Mead, & Company.)

The Great North Land.

THE "Presbyterian Bishop of the North-West," as he is sometimes styled, the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, has written a book,* which has just been issued from the house of Dodd, Mead, & Company, of this city, to which we are indebted for both the facts and the illustrations of the present article. In the ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY for April 13, and April 27, 1878, Dr. Jackson gave some account of that great territory, and of the beginnings of Christian work there. So far as possible we shall not retrace the ground which he so well covered in those articles. Let us simply remind our readers that Russian America was formally given over to the possession of the United States, October 18, 1867, upon the payment of \$7,200,000; that it is a great territory, covering more than 580,000 square miles, or an area equal to all of the United States east of the Mississippi and north of Alabama, Georgia, and North Carolina; that the island of Attu in Alaska is as far west of San Francisco as the coast of Maine is east of that city, making the Pacific metropolis the middle city between the extreme east and west of this country; and that in its seal-skins, its furs, its fisheries, and its lumber, the territory is worth all that was paid for it, and is destined to be a source of profit to the country.

Physical configuration naturally divides the territory into three districts—the Yukon, extending from the Alaskan range of mountains to the Arctic Ocean; the Aleutian, embracing

MAY 22, 1880.

THE ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY.



ESKIMO SNOW-HOUSE, ALASKA.

the Alaska Peninsula and islands west of the 155th degree of longitude; the Sitkan, including south-eastern Alaska.

Concerning the Yukon district, but little is known. Much of it is a vast moorland, interrupted by promontories, isolated mountains, numerous lakes, bogs, and peat-beds. In places the herbage is luxuriant, and rare and beautiful plants abound. Summer sets in in May, following rapidly on the heels of winter. At Fort Yukon the thermometer often goes above 100° in summer, and from 50° to 70° below zero in winter! The commercial value of this section is in its furs.

The Aleutian district is largely mountainous and of volcanic formation. Between the mountains and the sea are natural prairies, with a rich soil, covered with perennial wild grasses. The climate is said to be better adapted for haying than the coast of Oregon. At present the principal resource of this part of the territory are the fisheries off the coast, which are wonderfully productive.

The Sitkan district is mountainous in the extreme, and the larger portion of it covered with dense forests. It is destined to be the great reserve lumber region of the United States. The country, moreover, is believed to be rich in minerals, waiting only time for the development of remarkable resources in this direction. The temperature at Sitka is equable, ranging from a mean of about 32° winter to 54° summer, and averaging 43° for the entire year.

The natural phenomena of this "great north land" are graphically described by Captain Butler, an English officer, who writes: "Nature has here graven her image in such colossal characters that man seems to move slowly amid an ocean frozen rigid by the lapse of time—fro-

zen into those things we call mountains, rivers, prairies, and forests: rivers whose single lengths roll through twice two thousand miles of shore line; prairies over which a traveller can steer for weeks without

resting his gaze on aught save the dim verge of the ever-shifting horizon; mountains rent by rivers, ice-topped, glacier-seared, impassable; forests whose sombre pines darken a region half as large as Europe. In summer a land of sound, a land echoing with the voices of birds, the ripple of running water, the mournful music of the waving pine branch. In winter a land of silence, its great rivers glimmering in the moonlight, wrapped in their shrouds of ice; its still forests rising weird and spectral against the aurora-lighted horizon; its nights so still that the moving streamers across the northern skies seem to carry to the ear a sense of sound."

The routes of travel to Alaska are not very numerous. A United States mail steamer makes monthly trips between Port Townsend, Washington Territory, and Fort Wrangell and Sitka. The country west of Sitka, including the Aleutian Islands and the great interior of the Territory, is reached from San Francisco.

The inhabitants of Alaska are grouped in four general divisions: the *Koloshians*, inhabiting the islands and coast from latitude 54° 40' to the mouth of the Atna or Copper River; the *Kenaians*, the Indians who occupy the coun-



AN ALASKA HOUSE OF CEDAR PLANK.



ESKIMO WOMAN, ALASKA.

try north of Copper River and west of the Rocky Mountains, except the Aleuts and the Eskimos; the *Aleuts*, properly the natives of the Aleutian Islands; the *Eskimos*, inhabiting the coasts of Behring's Sea and of the Arctic Ocean, and the interior of the country north, and including the northern branches of the Yukon River.

The estimates of the number of the population vary greatly. The Russian officials at the time of the transfer claimed a population of 66,000; this is probably an overestimate. It is practically impossible as yet to secure a complete census. If we say 50,000 we are in all

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probability not very far from the real number of people in the Territory.

The Alaskan Eskimos do not essentially differ from the same race as they exist elsewhere. The illustration shows one of their snow-houses,

which is constructed in various apartments, and so arranged with winding passages as to exclude the cold. We fancy, however, that such a residence, though warm, is not remarkably cheerful.

Some of the Alaska Indians live in houses like the one represented in the engraving. These houses are generally built along the beach, just above high-water mark. They are from 25 to 40 feet square, without a window, the only openings being a small door, three or four feet above the ground level, and a hole in the roof for the escape of the smoke. The door opens upon a broad platform, which extends around the four sides of the house. Some of the houses have a second platform inside the first. The square within all is planked, except the space reserved for the fire. The walls, and frequently the roofs, are made of cedar plank, from two to five feet wide, and two to three inches thick. These planks are made by splitting the trees, their faces being smoothed with a small adze.

Among some of the tribes the rank of the chief is indicated by the height of a pole, called a "totem pole," erected in front of the house. The greater the chief the higher his pole.

These posts are carved with the "totems," or family badges of the chief, and form a sort of genealogical record of his family. These family badges extend through different tribes, and their members have a closer relation to one another than the tribal connection. Members of the same tribe may marry, but not members of the same badge. These totem poles are from two to five feet in diameter, and are often more than sixty feet in height. They sometimes cost



ESKIMO HUNTER, ALASKA.

as much, including the gifts and entertainments that attend their dedication, as \$2,000. Visitors to the Centennial Exhibition will remember specimens of these poles.

The general condition of the natives of Alaska may be described as one of extreme degradation. The women are despised and oppressed. Female infanticide is common among some of the tribes. Polygamy is common. Widows are sometimes burned to death on the funeral pyres of their husbands. Witchcraft is practised, and religion resolves itself into devil-worship. All the Alaska Indians are held in abject fear by the "shamans," the conjurers or medicine men.

The latter half of Dr. Jackson's book is occupied mainly with an account of the work of the mission which he was instrumental in founding among the benighted Alaskans. It was begun August 10, 1877, at Fort Wrangell. Mrs. A. R. McFarland, a missionary lady of experience, was put in charge, and carried on the work nobly. At the time she was the only

Christian white woman in Wrangell; for seven months she was the only Protestant missionary in Alaska, and it was five months longer before any one came to her assistance at Fort Wrangell. During that time all the perplexities, religious, physical, and moral, of the native population were brought to her for solution, and her arbitration was universally accepted. If any were sick, they came to her as a physician; if any died, she was called upon to take charge of the funeral. If husbands and wives became separated, she was the peacemaker to settle their difficulties. In questions of property she was judge, lawyer, and jury. When the Christian Indians called a constitutional convention, she was elected chairman. She was called upon to interfere in cases of witchcraft; and when the Vigilance Committee were about to hang a man for murder, she was sent for to act as his spiritual adviser. There are few instances of greater Christian heroism than hers. She is now at the head of the McFarland Industrial Home at Fort Wrangell, which aims to save the Indian girls from a horrible fate, and train them for future usefulness.

The Rev. S. H. Young is now laboring at Wrangell, and the Rev. J. G. Brady at Sitka. At the former place a church has been formed; at both stations there are other assistants besides those already named, and Dr. Jackson reports the work as prospering.

ALASKA.—A recent arrival from Juneau City says a company of six men on Douglass Island are taking out, by sluicing, from \$1800 to \$2500 per week. The weather during the past month of September has been fair and pleasant, with the exception of twenty-four hours of a soft gale. Mr. Goodall and party during their visit to Alaska visited the famous Takon glaciers and other places of note, and returned highly pleased with their trip. A brighter outlook for Alaskan ports in the future than has prevailed in the past is anticipated.



SCENE ON ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND, BEHRING SEA.

Interior of house containing five dead bodies.

From a sketch by Captain C. L. HOOPER, U. S. R. M.

CRUISING IN ARCTIC SEAS

THE RECENT VOYAGE OF THE STEAMER CORWIN.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.—The following letter was received to-day by Major E. W. Clark, Chief of the Revenue Marine Bureau, dated on the revenue steamer Corwin, Point Barrow, Alaska, Aug. 17:

MY DEAR SIR: We arrived here last evening from the westward. The bark Legal Tender is also here, and will sail before long for San Francisco. She may get there ahead of us, so I will send a mail by her. We have been very fortunate so far. On the 1st of this month we landed on Herald Island, and on the 12th we landed on and took possession of Wrangel Land. We found no traces of the Jeannette at either place, although we searched carefully. I do not think she reached either place, or that she will come out of the ice again on this side of the continent. I believe it was the intention of Capt. De Long to endeavor, in case of being shut in, to reach McClure Straits between Banks and Prince Patrick's Land, and in that case assistance could only reach them from the Atlantic side. This has been a most open season, and if she does not show herself this year the vessel will not in all human probability be seen again, although it is possible that the crew may. The whalers are all very positive that she entered what they call "The Hole," a lead to the north-east of Herald Island, and that she got shut in.

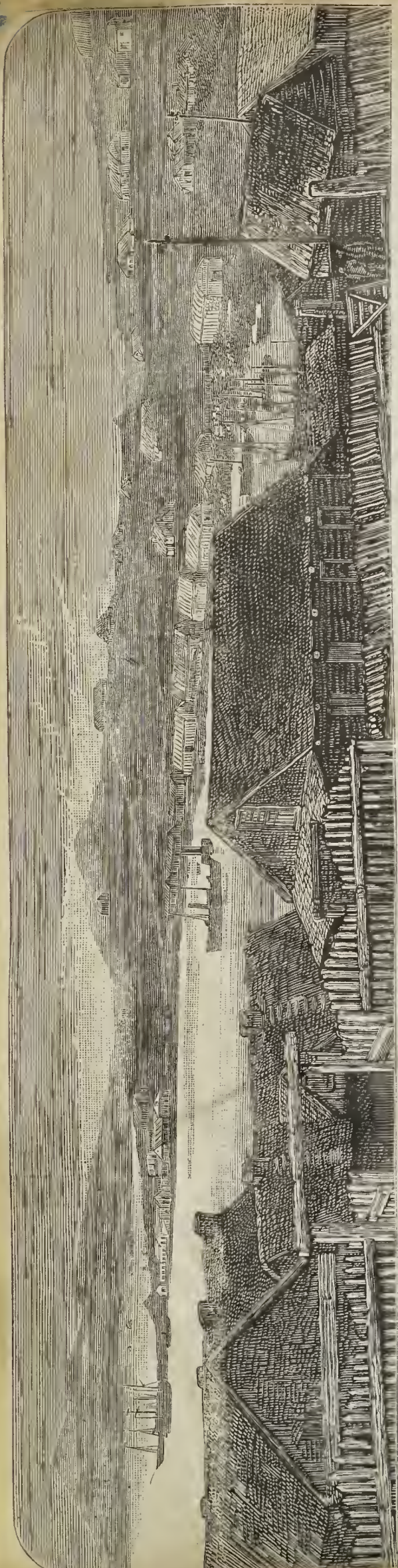
I shall not have time to write an official report from here on the "new possession" of Uncle Sam. We took possession, planted the American flag, and now we want to give it a new name, as I believe we are entitled to do. I propose to call it "New-Columbia." The land north of the continent to the east is all named for the English, and the islands further west are called New-Siberia, so it seems to me that to call it New-Columbia would be appropriate and less likely to give offense to those who are interested in the old names on

the different charts than to give a name of a less national character. Wrangel never saw the land, and, after trying for three successive years to get a sight of it, refers to it as the "problematical land of the North." Neither was he the first to report the existence of it. The object of his cruise was to investigate the truth of the reports to that effect brought by previous travelers. Kellett, after whom it is called on the English charts, only dimly saw what he supposed was a small island, and which he called Plover Island. That is where we landed, at the mouth of a good-sized river on the east end, which now appears on our chart as Clark River. It will take me some time to make out a full report of the cruise, as I have plenty of notes. We have made some valuable corrections in locations along the coast of Asia, between Kolutchin Bay and Cape North, and have taken a good set of magnetic observations, which, I think, will be valuable, as they extend all over the sea.

I should not have left the vicinity of Wrangel Land so soon, but the whaling bark Daniel Webster was reported as being "in the pack" to the northward the last time we were on this shore, and I wanted to learn her fate and assist her if possible. She was crushed, and her crew escaped to Point Barrow over the ice. They have all been picked up by different vessels along the coast, and will be taken to San Francisco. We have nine of them on board the Corwin.

As soon as we get our letters written and put on board the Legal Tender, we will go down the coast and take in some coal at our mine if the weather is smooth enough; if not we will go to Plover Bay and fill up. Then we will return to the west coast and see if we cannot get on shore again on our "new possession." The season is in all respects a remarkable one. The ice is well off shore here and very open to the westward. I suppose we might try 20 more seasons and not find one so favorable.

The Rodgers has not put in an appearance yet, but, I think, will be able to reach the land all right later in the season, although it is not free from ice by any means. We ran into a lead about 20 miles, and then forced the vessel through the floe for six or eight miles more. At times it took all her power to keep moving, and she got bumped and squeezed much harder than I liked to see, but, with a new continent within possible reach, of course we could not turn back. I want to get back to San Francisco.



SIBERIA. — VLADIVOSTOCK, THE CHIEF PORT OF THE RUSSIANS ON THE PACIFIC.

cisco before the fall gales in the Pacific comment. Our rudder is not first class, but it is the best we can do with it up here. The vessel has also a leak forward about the water-line, I suppose, although I cannot find it, which takes in a good deal of water when she pitches into a head sea. I had a full outfit of everything for wintering, and would willingly stop all winter if necessity compelled, but hope there will be no necessity for it. If we were to put the vessel into winter quarters far enough south to insure getting her out again next year, we could not go as far by sledges as we have already been with the vessel, and what we could accomplish would be so much less than what we have accomplished that it would not pay for the risk. We will keep a sharp lookout, and do all that is possible toward laying down the coast lines, &c., until the ice drives us out. I have divided some of the extra provisions with the whalers that have members of the Daniel Webster's crew on board.

Everything on board on this vessel goes on well. The engine moves along as regularly as the daily motion of the sun, and we have no fear of its failing to respond when called upon. I do not think there is another engine in the service that could do the work this one has done in the last two years. I hope the result of our cruise will prove satisfactory and come up to all expectations. We have all tried hard to do something that would reflect credit on the service. All send kind regards and best wishes. Yours, very truly,

C. L. HOOPER,
Captain, United States Revenue Marine.
The statement that Wrangell Land is a part of the Dominion of Canada is not considered accurate by Government officers, as the colors of the Dominion have never been raised upon the land.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

1 Proceedings in the Yosemite Valley---John Muir's Lecture on Glacier Formation.

[SPECIAL TO THE BULLETIN.]

Yosemite, June 12th.—There was to-day the regular daily Sabbath-school training class at 9 A. M. At 10 o'clock the lecture by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, subject: "Alaska," illustrated with the blackboard outlines of the country and adjacent islands. The speaker displayed a thorough acquaintance with his theme, and elicited great enthusiasm. He closed with an earnest appeal to Christians of all denominations to aid the work of the Evangelists among the Indians of Alaska. A unanimous and most hearty vote of thanks was tendered him by the assemblage.

John Muir took the platform at 11 o'clock, and fortified with a back ground of diagrams, proceeded to unfold the geological records of the Yosemite Valley glaciers. He said he made the Yosemite glaciers one hundred tons to the square foot, enough to crush to any depth, totally dissenting from the Whiney theory of local subsidence. He humorously inquired where the little granite plug went to that fell out. There are five well defined Yosemitees among the Sierra, all plowed out by glaciers, of which he has found sixty-five between thirty-six and thirty-nine degrees. He inspired the crowded house with such enthusiasm that more than a hundred climbed the trail to Upper Yosemite Falls with the lecturer. The evening lecture was by Dr. Guard, on "Modern Mental Activities and the Bible, the Present Image of Miraculous Intellectuality." Men go everywhere and know everything save the way to Heaven. Only the Bible can guide them thither. His ideas were enforced by a wealth of speech illustration and gesture rarely rivalled.

Among the late arrivals is a surveying party under Lieutenant McComb, a branch of the Wheeler corps, to determine the altitude of Yosemite walls and the waterfalls.

More Lectures by John Muir, the Hugh Miller of the Pacific Coast.

Yosemite, June 13th.—The telegraph has been broken down, but the Assembly has not broken up. The past two days have been full of pleasure and profit. The chapel bell, that munificent and timely gift of H. W. Bacon of San Francisco, has been hung in its graceful belfry, and sends its cheerful tones throughout the valley. The Yosemite Assembly medal has arrived and has been eagerly sought for. Its design, the cross radiating light over the world, bears above it the motto, "In hoc signo vinces." The "Hugh Miller of the Pacific Coast," as Joseph Cook has aptly styled John Muir, gave on Tuesday evening his second lecture, with blackboard delineations, etc., to an over-crowded

house; subject, "Mountain Sculpture." On Wednesday noon another geological lecture at Glacier Point was given to an audience of over two hundred, and again in the evening in the valley, before a huge camp-fire; subject, "The Distribution of the Sequoia."

Last evening there was another Hutchinson concert in the chapel with a greatly diversified and pleasing programme. Rev. H. H. Rice read an appreciative poetical tribute to Yosemite, composed by Rev. James MacDonald of San Rafael.

Joseph Cook has become a convert to the glacial theory at the expense of a badly sprained wrist. The last snow on the summits will cause the waterfalls to hold out this season much longer than usual.

Friday's Session—Interesting Exercises—Semi-Scientific Excursions, Etc.

YOSEMITE, June 14th.—Yesterday's afternoon session of the Sunday-School Assembly was employed by Rev. Mr. Peltz in pointing out the relations of the pastor to Sunday-School work. After his discussion of this important subject, the art of questioning was taken up by the Assembly, and the views and experience of members were expressed with freedom and mutual advantage. At the meeting in the evening, improvements needed in Sunday-schools was the theme of consultation. Mr. Magee of Plainfield, N. J., made many practical suggestions. Rev. S. H. Willey of Santa Cruz presided with much discretion and great acceptance. Rev. Mr. Gregory of Sacramento and others participated in the discussion. A financial exhibit of the Assembly and Chapel Fund shows only a small deficit, and a generous rivalry between the California and Eastern members of the Convention was manifested in providing for its liquidation.

Excursions, semi-scientific and pleasure, are the order of the day. Rev. A. S. Fiske has led two parties of climbers to the summit of South Dome. Rev. J. M. Allis of the *Occident* has also made this ascent. John Muir guided a company, in which was Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Mann of San Francisco, to old Inspiration Point yesterday.

Joseph Cook and wife and John Muir took their departure from the valley this morning.

The Hutchinsons are announced for another concert to-night. A portion of the proceeds are generously donated to the chapel fund.

The weather is delightful.

Farewell Expressions—General Congratulations on the good Work Done—The Calibre of California Saints and Sinners—Closing Exercises of the Memorable Meeting.

YOSEMITE, Cal., June 16th.—The farewell meeting of the Assembly, last evening, was conducted by Rev. Mr. Ford of Ramah, N. Y.

Rev. H. H. Rice of Sacramento expressed his great satisfaction with this session of the Assembly. Its good effects would be fully felt by all after their return home. The Valley would be blessed. He hoped the Sabbath would be better observed, and wanted residents to consider the Chapel as theirs. He commended the location opposite the Three Brothers, the type of the trinity of the God-head. He hoped all would continue to feel greater interest in the Chapel, and he believed its benefits would be permanent.

Rev. Mr. Linn of Winnebago, Illinois, in behalf of Eastern members, said their's was a sadder because a more complete farewell than that of Californians. The eye of the Deity did not look upon a fairer scene of His creation than Nevada Falls—the altar of God's great, grand cathedral. Perfect and perennial would be the memory of this Yosemite assembly—its blessings would reach forward to the latest generation.

Rev. Mr. Dimmock of Santa Rosa was profoundly thankful that his hopes of two years ago had been realized. All that had been seen and done in Yosemite would enrich their life here and hereafter.

Dr. J. T. McLean of Alameda thanked God that he had been largely instrumental in opening up the way to the valley, whereupon Mr. Peltz styled him the Pontefex of the Assembly.

Rev. S. H. Willey of Santa Cruz said this was only a semi-farewell; soon would they meet and be heartily welcome to Monterey. He thought Joseph Cook would be wiser when he knew of California and the Chinese.

Professor Nelson of Sacramento was sorry that his late arrival prevented his hearing John Muir. Had the geologist mentioned God? Science and scenery did not make men and could only assist. California sinners were on a large scale twenty inches to the foot. Its saints must be the same.

Rev. Mr. Gregory declared that his camping trip to Yosemite was like life's journey, the arrival here like heaven itself. All outside strife was shut off by these walls, and all denominational differences forgotten.

William Searby of San Francisco, in behalf of the Executive Committee, warmly thanked the Eastern members for their aid in making the As-

sembly a success. He had found among them many who are every inch Christians. The Chapel and the Sunday-school established under the superintendency of Mr. Titsworth, the public school teacher, were tangible proofs of success.

Rev. Mr. Peltz introduced the speakers with such easy grace and ready wit that everybody regretted that a throat difficulty prevented extended remarks.

James McGee, a townsman and personal friend of Dr. Vincent, as his representative spoke the final words of farewell. The congregation sang "Hail, Sweetest, Dearest Ties" to the air of "Auld Lang Syne." An impressive benediction by Rev. Mr. Peltz closed the Assembly.

YOSEMITE CONVENTION.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

YOSEMITE, June 13, 1879.

Secrets oftentimes, like other folks, throw off their reserve when well introduced to each other. Even so has it proved with Yosemite and Sabbath-School work. They are in many respects, similar. Neither the one nor the other is superficial enough to be, naturally, forward in their advances. Both are too conscious of their intrinsic dignity to run any risk of being mistaken—the one of being seen, the other of being done aright. Each stands ready, however, to unburden itself and bless mankind with its own grand secret—how to see and understand and love the the holy heart of Nature, and how to save the world by saving the dear children; waiting to kiss each other are the righteousness of God-like work and the priceless peace of scientific pleasure. Waiting for ages has been Yosemite for an appreciative observer—waiting to reveal its sacred secret—and few there be that find it. Said John Muir, in his lovely lecture the other evening, to the shallow-eyed tourist, "You look at El Capitan and El Capitan looks back at you, and you know nothing about it."

The secret of success in Sabbath-school instruction is, likewise, no easy task to discover. Work, stereotype, dull routine work, says "It is not in me. Fan me or I faint in any enduring endeavor. I need the breath of inspiration, whence cometh help to make me an efficient helper in the holy cause of Christian nurture." In glad response to this plaintive appeal, Yosemite comes to the rescue. She lovingly confides her secret to the earnest seeker, and works are no longer dead for the workers are made alive. The Yosemite part of the Sabbath-School Assembly programme is inspiration. Monterey will give method and the best systems of instruction—these will be in time and place after the animus gained during the Yosemite session.

Yosemite and the Assembly have found mutual satisfaction in each other. The Valley takes no pleasure in the fashionable three-days call. She has no care to merely pass the compliments of the season and the commonplaces of the moment with her guests. Nothing short of a week will unbend her sphynxhood. She likes a visitor that comes to hold a session. She hath, moreover, the kindest of greeting for the Abou Ben Adhem type of humanity. Lo! he who loves his fellow-man leads all the rest in her affections. Only the good can hold communion with the great. Yosemite is too gigantic to enter into a pigmy, selfish soul! Never before has this Vale of Beauty enjoyed the presence of so large and devout a band of devotees as during the current week.

And never before has any company of visitors had such rare and varied opportunities for pleasure and profit. What a wealth of what is best in so many departments of human thought and interest has the principals of this Sunday-school Institute, set before its members. And when is added to the what the where of this rich

repast—religious, literary, scientific and æsthetic—the combination challenges comparison. Joseph Cook is always and everywhere emphatic and impressive, but his brilliant sentences gain a peculiar power and penetration in the atmosphere and amid the surroundings of Yosemite.

John Muir's loving rehearsal of the testimony of the rocks would charm an audience on the sands of Sahara—how infinitely more delightful in the very theatre of his well-studied facts. Dr. Vincent is ever earnest and apt in his exhortation, yet the strength and tenderness of these influences seem to infuse added force to his words of warning and encouragement. The eloquence of Dr. Guard finds better appreciation than usual after the expansion of the soul gained from a trip to Glacier Point. A Yosemite audience can hardly lightly remember the earnest appeals of Dr. Sheldon Jackson in behalf of home missionary effort among our Aztec and native Alaskan population. And when can ever cease the melodious echoes in heart and brain of the Hutchinsons music heard in Yosemite Valley! Yosemite is the inspiration of this Sabbath-school Assembly.

J. A. B.

ALASKA.

BY JOSIAH COPLEY, ESQ.

For many years the Russian Empire embraced a large tract about twelve times the size of Pennsylvania in the northwestern corner of North America, generally known by the term "Russian America." Its only uses to the Russians were its trade in furs and its fisheries. No Russian colonists worthy of the name ever settled there. A few traders, with their families and dependents, occupied Sitka, the chief trading post, and some minor ones. A few civil officers, a few soldiers and a few priests of the Greek Church, occupied Sitka and some other points, keeping up a show of national sovereignty. Nothing worth speaking of was done by the Russians to develop the resources of the country, and little more was attempted by the priesthood to civilize, educate and Christianize the aboriginal savages, further than to teach a few of them to make the sign of the cross. Indeed the Greek Church is not a missionary Church at all, nor do the people of Russia ever go out as strong and progressive colonists as do the Anglo-Saxons.

Things were in this condition until Russian America, under the name of Alaska—so named from a narrow peninsula which runs far out into the Pacific—passed into the possession of the United States by purchase in 1868. This change of ownership, however, has wrought but little change, and that little has been rather of a negative than of a positive character. The authority of Russia, in the persons of its civil and military representatives, has been withdrawn: but our own Government has not yet established anything in its place. It has no territorial government, no courts, and no show of sovereignty except a custom house, and generally one or more armed vessels in its waters.

But what kind of a country is it? And can it ever become the abode of a civilized people? On both these questions men differ in their reports. Sitka is in latitude $57^{\circ} 3'$, where the territory of Alaska is but a comparatively narrow strip between the Pacific ocean

and the British possessions. This latitude corresponds very nearly with that of Aberdeen in Scotland, and is about two degrees south of Stockholm in Sweden and St. Petersburg in Russia.

The western coast of Europe, including the British Islands, is kept warm by the Gulf stream of the Atlantic; so the western coast of America, in the high northern latitudes, is warmed by a still greater stream which sweeps up from the equatorial oceans, both Pacific and Indian, running some distance east of the Japanese islands, and breaks upon the coast of North America from Oregon all the way north to Behring's Straits, giving to that region a climate even warmer than that of western Europe in the same latitudes, and at the same time a very copious rainfall. The mean temperature at Sitka in the winter season corresponds, it is said, with that of Georgia; while the Summer temperature corresponds with that of Minnesota. So far, therefore, as frigidity is concerned there is nothing to prevent Alaska from being quite as habitable as the Scandinavian territories of Europe. There may be more rain than is desirable; but that is the only drawback so far as climate is concerned.

The natives seem to be of the same general stock as the Esquimaux and Greenlanders, and strongly resemble the aborigines of Siberia. There are different tribes, speaking different dialects. Like the northern tribes just mentioned they are inclined to be docile and teachable; but, like all savages, they are indolent, dull and superstitious; and what traces of religious feeling they have are shown more in the deprecation of the wrath of malignant beings than faith in good and benignant deities. They believe in the transmigration of souls; that, after remaining a long time in a separate state, the departed spirit will re-enter another human body and live another life; but in no ease do they ever enter the bodies of any of the lower animals. They prefer to burn their dead; for then, as they believe, the departed spirit will not suffer from cold. They seem to have no idea of a heaven or a hell.

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Infanticide is common; but, as in China, it is confined to female children. They sell their daughters, sometimes at a very early age, caring but little what use the purchaser may make of them. As among all savages, women are slaves and drudges. So miserable is female life that sometimes mothers take

their infant girls to the forest and put them to death, or leave them to perish, rather than have them grow up to the wretched condition they themselves are in.

Like people of all northern climates who have no moral sense to restrain them, these people indulge to excess in intoxicating drink when they can get it. A discharged soldier taught them to manufacture a vile liquor from molasses, by a rude process of distillation. They call it "hoocheemoo," a corruption of Kootsmoo, the name of one of their islands. It resembles the worst kind of whiskey in its effects—producing a species of madness and leading to furious quarrels.

They have a kind of prophets or medicine men, like the more southern tribes. These lead them in their wild and heathenish rites, some of which are to the last degree revolting, sometimes involving cannibalism. Yet in this respect they are not worse than were the people of the Sandwich Islands prior to the establishment of missions among them. In one respect they are superior to the Indians of our more southern territories—they are not nomadic in their habits, but have fixed homes. In the north their habitations are a kind of caves; in the more southern portions of the country they live in houses built above ground. They readily and gladly adopt European styles of dress when they can, and their docile natures incline them to adopt habits better than those to which they have been accustomed. Ignorance more profound can hardly be found in any tribe of the human race. Like that of Egypt, their darkness is such as can be felt, and they do feel it; while their wretchedness is such that they gladly escape from it. Hence their ascertained readiness to embrace the Gospel.

In the centuries to come, when the Gospel shall have lifted up these wretched people, as it lifted up the barbarians of western Europe centuries ago, one name will stand prominent in their annals as the earliest of their human benefactors. This is the name of Mrs. A. B. McFarland of Portland, Oregon, whose mission in that now inhospitable region is to rescue the native girls from lives of slavery or worse, and to teach them in a Home and school which she has established at Fort Wrangel, and to lead them to Jesus at whose feet Mary sat and learned. Her Home is full, and her success among her grateful and docile pupils is very encouraging. A brief extract from one of her letters will give a better idea of her work than would an abstract statement. She says:

"I have taken two more girls into the Home since I last wrote you. One is the daughter of a Tacon Selhawan, or medicine man. She is twelve years old and exceptionally pretty and bright. I saw her on the street, and knew that with her winning face she was not safe. My heart went out to her, and I concluded to try and make room for her in my little household. Being too unwell to go myself, Mr. Young [the Presbyterian missionary at Fort Wrangel] kindly consented to secure her for me. Taking Mrs. Dickenson, the interpreter, and the little girl, they went in a canoe to where her parents were staying. They had a long wa-wa (talk) before her parents would give her up. Finally they consented, and Mr. Young brought her back with him. I have named her Annie Graham. The other girl is only ten years old; but, young as she is, her mother had already sold her to a Chilcat Indian for his wife for ten blankets. She was keeping the girl until he brought the blankets. While waiting the mother was taken sick. An older sister, who does not live at home, hearing of it, brought the child to me. The little girl seems to be perfectly happy with me. She was in great terror of being taken up into the Chilcat country. I have named her Alice Kellogg."

Sabbath, August 3, 1879, will ever be a memorable day in the history of Alaska. The Presbyterian mission, which was commenced August 10, 1877, by the arrival at Fort Wrangel of Mrs. A. B. McFarland and Dr. Sheldon Jackson, had made such progress during the past two years that Rev. S. Hall Young, the missionary in charge, thought it expedient to form his Christian natives into a church. He had for months been instructing them in a special class as to the nature and duties of church membership. On that important occasion Dr. Henry Kendall of the Board of Home Missions, accompanied Dr. Sheldon Jackson to that

distant locality, together with some other ministers. On Saturday afternoon and the ensuing Sabbath the church was formally organized, and the natives baptized. Twenty-three members were received into the new organization, of whom eighteen were Indians, and all of the eighteen save one received Christian baptism. On the following Sabbath five more were received, four of whom were Indians. Among the six whites received were Mrs. McFarland and Mrs. Vanderbilt, from the Presbyterian church of Portland, Oregon; Mrs. Young, from a church in northern New York; Miss Dunbar, from Steubenville, Ohio; and Messrs. Regner and Chapman, two carpenters at work upon the church and home, upon profession of their faith.

This is the only Presbyterian and indeed the only Protestant organization in that vast territory. That, truly, was a memorable day for Alaska, nor was it a day of very small things. And when we remember where it was—at what is really and truly the end of the habitable globe, as the eastern coast of Asia is its beginning—the sublime language of the seventy-second Psalm darts exultingly into mind—"He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth," and we feel like exclaiming, "This day is this scripture fulfilled in our ears!"

I am glad that the Presbyterian Church has the honor of having built

the first light house for Christ on this "uttermost part of the earth," and that it was done even before our Government had established a territorial organization in that far off portion of our national domain. Let us hope that these "lower lights," so auspiciously kindled, will not be allowed to grow dim; and let us pray that the Holy Spirit, the great light from heaven, without which all lower lights are vain, will shine upon that land with ever-increasing brightness and life-giving power.

LET ALASKA LOOK UP.

When in 1867 Alaska became a part of the territory of the United States at a cost to our National treasury of \$7,200,000, there was a great outcry against such reckless squandering of the public moneys. It was declared that we had paid an enormous price for 580,107 square miles of icebergs, dirty troglodytes and polar bears. It was denounced as a foolish, useless and unavailable purchase,—a perpetual monument of "Seward's folly; on ice." Little more than three years later however, the interesting, elaborate and exhaustive book of Lieut. William H. Dall entitled "Alaska and its Resources," for the first time gave to the American public the means of forming a correct judgment in reference to the true value of this last addition to our already immense territory. The recent achievement of the brave Finlander, Nordenskjold, seems to us to open up afresh the question of the possible outcome of our Alaska purchase. Should it prove an established fact that a safe and practicable passage has at length been found by which communication can be kept up between Europe and Asia on the one side, and America on the other, the commerce carried on by this northeast. route must of necessity pass along by the shore of our newly acquired territory. The requirements of traffic will create not only deposits of merchandise at

either end of the voyage, but also enterpots of trade at suitable intermediate stages. The resources of our Alaska possessions must be evidently drawn upon to supply the medium of exchanges between our more favored Pacific shores on the south, and the far northern regions of Europe and Asia. Harbors of refuge, resort, repair, and revictualling would be in demand, where vessels passing into the novel experiences of Arctic navigation might find supplies of such stores, and of such peculiar appliances as are specially adapted for voyaging in those hyperborean regions. With the growth of commerce comes the influx of population. When Alaska came under the jurisdiction of the United States there were about 30,000 souls in the territory, of whom not more than 1,300 were entitled to be called civilized. The Aleuts, however, who comprise an important element in the aboriginal population, are found to be docile and capable of rapidly imbibing the ideas and of acquiring the habits of higher races. Under the Russian government they had taken some steps in civilization. It is a pity that our government has not felt called upon to prosecute the good work. There is no well-defined government there. There are no civilizing agencies of any considerable importance. There are no schools. With the increase of population, would follow schools, etc. Alaska is a far more promising country than was Maine or Massachusetts when first our puritan kindred set foot upon those inhospitable and forbidding shores. To denounce it as a cold country is to scandalize it with a partial lie. On the coast the thermometer has never been known to fall below zero. "Icebergs are unknown in Alaska, from Dixon's entrance to Behring's straits, and no polar bear ever came within a thousand miles of Sitka." There go two fictions at one blow! It is an immense store-house of commerce, fish

timber and fur. It is drained by a multitude of rivers of which the Yukon is sea like in its vast volume and wide expanse of waters. It appears to surprise eastern readers to learn that in this country, which is linked in popular thought with ice-cliffs and perpetual snow, the thermometer rises to 112° Fah., in the shade, and spirit thermometer often burst with heat. But not alone in its commercial aspects is Alaska likely to play a part in our future, but is for us the maritime key of the North Pacific. Before its purchase, it was tartly said that three iron-clads could blockade our western coast. Now, with naval stations along our Alaskan frontier we command the entire situation. Why may we not expect as the years go by to see a hardy race of pioneers seeking those northern regions where the finest alluvial soil may be found in the Yukon district, or settling in Aleutia, with the climate the exact counterpart of Scotland, or locating along the mild Sitkan coast. One difficulty heretofore has been unfrequency of communication with the rest of the world. But when fleets of Arctic sea craft skirt the coast of Alaska, victual from her grains and fisheries, gather in her peltries, refit with her stout timbers, and spread over her shores and far inward the joys of human fellowship and ready intercourse, we may come at length to feel proud of our Arctic possessions, the abode of a new generation of bold, hardy and progressive American citizens.—"Astorian."

—The Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, a Presbyterian missionary of large experience in the West, once visited Alaska, and while founding several missionary stations there gave special attention to the people and country for the purpose of writing a book. This volume will be published during the coming season as a 12mo, with 100 illustrations, from the house of Dodd, Mead & Co.

THURSDAY, MARCH 11, 1880.

ALASKA.

Provisions of the Bill Recommending
the Establishment of a Government.

WASHINGTON, March 5.—Senator Butler to-day reported a bill from the committee on Territories for the organization of the territory of Alaska and the establishment of a civil government therefor. The bill provides for the appointment of a governor, chief justice, surveyor general and secretary, by the president.

These officers, together with the collector of customs for Alaska are to constitute for the first years the operation of a government legislative council, and are empowered to provide legislation required to put the government into operation and to perfect the necessary details for working a territorial government. Their authority as a legislative council under the bill is to continue until otherwise provided by congress. The bill authorizes the executive council to divide the territory into counties and to provide for the registration of voters, all male citizens over 21 years of age, including Indians who speak the English language intelligently, and adopt civilized habits. Citizens of the United States by nativity or naturalization or by terms of the treaty with Russia and who have resided in the territory six months prior to any election shall be qualified to vote. The bill also provides for the election of a delegate on such day that the government may appoint. The judicial powers of the territory under the bill are to be vested in a supreme court and five inferior courts. Justices of inferior courts are to be appointed by the legislative council.

Since receiving the above we have been informed that Senator Butler has agreed that no vote shall be taken this session upon his bill cre-

ating a civil government for Alaska, but will ask authority for the subcommittee of the Senate on Territories to visit Alaska after the adjournment of Congress, and report next session. We congratulate our Alaska friends on the progress already made.

SITKA, ALASKA, Nov. 29, 1882.

MY DEAR MRS. POTTER:

If ever I write you, you say. If ever I do *not* write after receiving such tokens of loving thought as those two packages from Schenectady proved to be, I shall be not myself at any rate, and I am so glad of that writing paper. We thank you, and through you wish to thank all the good people who had part in the good deed. Would you truly like to hear how the bundles were opened? Well it was in Sitka instead of Chilcat, because we have had no way of getting home since our beautiful baby boy came in September, though we were not able to go, for before I was able to sit up our little two year old Carrie was taken with acute Bright's disease, from which it seemed that she could not recover, but God is very, very merciful to us, she is getting well, and on the day after the steamer left, when Mr. Austin opened his box, and brought to us our share of its contents, baby Fred lay asleep in his cradle, Carrie sat propped among her pillows, with her mamma close beside, while on the floor before us, Papa disclosed the treasures. The first thing which attracted my attention was, I believe, the blue and white coverlet. It looked so familiar and homelike, my own dear mother spun the yarn for and wove just such, long before she was my mother, and this is a fine specimen. I know its labor cost well enough to appreciate its worth, and it will be additionally valuable to us. I know we shall be besieged for it by the covetous Chilcats. Next came the nice white bed spread and sheets and pillow cases, the towels, the warm woolly blankets, &c., &c., all of which as they came to view brought new exclamations of delight. Last of all we looked at the little things for baby Carrie, and I do wish that you all could have seen her as they were handed to her. Her pleasure was an ecstasy. She must have them right on, and when I had put on her the little blue dress, it would have added much to our pleasure, if the good mother whose darling had first worn it, could have seen mine wear it then. She is called a beautiful child, and I think she is, with her long sunny curls, big blue eyes, and wonderful skin; and she looked so sweet in the perfectly fitting little dress. They are exactly the right size. Katch-keel-ah, our little Indian girl, was also thoroughly pleased with her

mitten, while even the little black urchin, who peeped in at the window had his share of the gladness. Let us all thank you again. We do not know how soon the way will be opened for our return home, but we hope that it may be before long. We are longing to be back at work with our own people. They do need us so.

Have you heard that we are to have a Home for children at Haines? It is to be built next summer, and I am going to tell you that we will need everything for it, from a piece of soap to curtains and carpet. From shoes to bonnets and capes. We are to have both boys and girls, and when time and strength will permit, I shall be glad to tell you more of our plans and of our work. But for this time I must close.

Gratefully and affectionately yours,

CARRIE M. WILLARD.

ALASKA.

WANTS OF HOONYAH MISSION AT BOYD.

In answer to inquiries made, Mr. Styles, the missionary, writes:

"We began our school last November, and since that time I have taught them from the blackboard. I have a large attendance, and the scholars are greatly interested, if one may judge by the way in which they try, and from regular attendance. What are needed the most are books and slates; of course, blackboard is the best for beginning; but a great many are far enough advanced for books—some spelling words of four and five letters already. I teach them per Harrison's system, which I find the most effective.

"I hope we can have books and slates before long, for if the children lose the interest they have now taken, it would be too bad. I am very much interested here, and I want to make something of these people. I give them lessons in everything possible. They are quite willing to try when I give them advice, and when they profit by it once, they do not hesitate asking for other ideas.

"I should like very much to start a sewing school, but as yet have no material. I hope before long to interest some one in our behalf. I have cut out coats and pants for some of the boys, but cannot do as well as if I had some kind of pattern.

"Another thing I hope we can get before long, and that is an organ. These people love music, and all have been to Sitka and heard the organ there. They ask me, every mail, when one is coming for our school. They love singing. I have taught them six hymns already. I hope we can get an organ before long; as my wife understands music, we could get along nicely. And yet another. If a sewing-machine could be donated by some one, I understand perfectly the Wheeler & Wilson, and I could teach them to sew."

ALASKA.

Its Natural Resources and Missionary Needs.

Addresses by Capt. Ebenezer Morgan and Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D.

The Ladies' Board of Missions held a meeting last week in the University Place chapel (Dr. Booth's), and were addressed in the interest of Home Missions upon the subject of "Alaska." Rev. Sheldon Jackson presided, and said that providence led him to meet in Washington some time since a retired Christian sea-captain who had spent many years with his ship in Alaska waters, and who had visited almost every port around the world. God had greatly blessed this Christian brother, Capt. Ebenezer Morgan, in his influence for Christ with men in different parts, and with his crew. At one time there was a revival on board his ship, in which he had the joy of seeing his entire crew savingly converted. A sympathizer and active coöperator with missions in different fields, his familiarity with Alaska, and his sense of the importance of that field of Home Missions, had induced him to kindly consent to be present this afternoon, and address the meeting with regard to that "Great Land" so little known.

"Alaska" is a corruption of the original name, meaning literally "Great Land." Its coast line describes a distance of once around the globe. Its territory equals one-fifth of the entire United States. Dr. Jackson pictured its striking natural configuration, its great river Yukon, its "great mountain of the world," Mt. St. Elias; noted the commercial importance of the one small island, that through its seal skin trade alone yields a revenue that pays the interest on the purchase money, and alluded to the time not far distant when we shall need for home use its valuable lumber. The extent and value of this lumber has from the time of Capt. Cook been a surprise to every naval and commercial expedition in those waters. The resources of its fisheries might be thought incredible if quoted. Two capitalists have instituted extensive salmon-canning facilities, and herring, halibut, and other fish abound. Its outcroppings of coal, its iron and copper mines, its silver and gold discovered near Sitka, causing great excitement among the miners, were alluded to.

But what as Christian men and women interests us chiefly is the population. Customs referred to do not necessarily pertain to all the tribes, but are true of a portion of them. The native population is estimated from 26,000 to 70,000. Those of the northern and central portion are of Esquimaux descent; those of the southern and island portion are of Indian descent. As regards condition, the people are worse off than they were under Russian rule, with the exception of those who have come under the influence of the commercial company in the seal trade, who have been furnished with Bibles in the Russian language, and with instruction.

Russia gave them rulers who, if sometimes despotic, were yet a benefit. Russia gave them the religion of the Greek Church, and schools and priests. The United States has given them whiskey. American soldiers taught them how to make it, and they found apt pupils. When Major-General Halleck was urged by the people to give them schools, as the Russians had done, he promised that measures should be taken to provide them. When Major-General Howard was importuned while in command, he said: "When I get back you shall have schools and teachers." Vincent Collyer made effort to send teachers and mission-

aries, but the American Church just seemed to sleep while 30,000, 40,000, 50,000 souls were perishing. Alaska to-day has neither courts, rulers, ministers, nor teachers. The country is full of the habitations of cruelty. Polygamy is common among the Kaviaks. Wives are often sisters; a man's own mother or daughter is among his wives; a Nasse chief had forty wives. Infanticide is common; mothers take their infants into the woods, stuff their little mouths with grass so they will not hear their cries, and leave them to die of hunger and exposure, or to be devoured by wild beasts. Those who are spared grow up to lives of slavery; when they get up to girlhood a mother sells her daughter for a few blankets. Among the Nehannes and Talcolins widow-burning is compelled. When allowed to stagger partially consumed from the pile, she must still frequently thrust her hand through the flames, and place it upon the heart of her husband, to show her continued devotion.

Cremation is practised in Southern Alaska among the Tuski and Orarian tribes. But women are not thought worthy of it, and are cast out to sea as food for the fishes. They are also all their days in bondage to a superstitious belief in evil spirits. These cruelties of heathenism are in the United States, under the American flag.

Just across the line are Wesleyan Methodist Missions of Canada in British Columbia, across the river from Alaska. Some four young men, wood-choppers, came there and were converted. When they returned they refused to chop wood on Sunday. Their employers, though nominally Christian men attempted coercion in vain. The following Sunday there was not a house there that would hold the multitude that came to hear these young men who would not break the Sabbath, sing hymns and tell Gospel truths. A man told me he saw old medicine men sit there and weep, cowed by the felt presence of God's Holy Spirit. One of these four young men seemed to have a gift for teaching.

"Claude," said his companions, "it is too bad for you to chop wood. You ought to tell the people these things all the time."

"I should not have anything to eat if I did not chop wood."

"We will chop harder and later and get enough for you to live on too," said they.

So Claude began to preach and teach. His support was salmon. Salmon for his breakfast, dinner, and supper, every day all the year. This was the salary of the first Protestant missionary to Alaska. Soon he had sixty scholars and an audience of from four to five hundred. God's Spirit was poured out. There were sixty converted, and hundreds gave up their devil-worship. A man wrote down to Major-General Howard, and he sent the appeal for more workers home, and it was published in the papers. But the call fell flat.

I could find but one Christian worker to go there and take up the labor, and that was a woman. Woman, "last at the cross and first at the sepulchre," is always readiest to help. Mrs. McFarland went there; and August 10th, 1877, I left her there the only English-speaking woman among a thousand Indians. No lady in all this land has done a more noble work. During that year she was judge, jury, physician, mother, minister, everything, to that people. When sick they sent to Fort Wrangle for Mrs. McFarland to prescribe.

Were any dead, they sent for her to perform the funeral service. Their disputes they brought to her to adjudicate. An old gray-haired chief came two hundred miles to her and said: "Major-General Halleck and Vincent Collyer promised us schools. We did not get them. We want to come into your school and have you teach us. You teach them from the other tribes. My people very dark-hearted, and my people die and go down, down!"

When the Spring came, those who had learned of her were like the primitive disciples that carried with them everywhere the good tidings. Camping on his way a man would tell "the story," and the listener would bring others to hear of "their Maker who so loved them that He sent His boy

down, down to take the bad out of their hearts." Their worship is fetish worship, like that of the Africans. One way their medicine men take to increase their power is to take in their mouths portions of half-decayed corpses. One man had taken the half-rotten finger of a corpse and held it between his teeth for several hours to "take the bad out of him," when he heard the story of "God's boy," and went forth like one from bondage telling and hallooing it to others in the words of Scripture.

The United States have not extended a court there. The people called a convention and asked Mrs. M'Farland to write a constitution. One old chief threatened her if she aided in establishing innovations. She wrote the constitution as requested; a police force was appointed, and order established.

Mrs. M'Farland's most promising pupils in her girls' school who have shown aptitude for study and have learned tidiness of dress and person, have been the very ones traders have most desired to purchase.

In an agony of apprehension Mrs. M'Farland began writing appeals to the Rocky Mountain Presbyterian for money to establish a Home in which she might protect and keep these girls. O how that woman watched the monthly steamer that brought the mail, trembling as she saw it coming down the strait, in anxiety to know if her call had met response. The money didn't come.

Two girls among her most promising scholars had been taken from her school. When she learned where they were, she could not be dissuaded from going to their rescue. She was pleaded with. "You can't do anything. They've been having their devil-dance. They are in no state for you to make them listen to you." Refused entrance, she persisted. What a sight met her gaze! Thirty to forty Indians engaged in their wild dance, and in their midst, stripped naked, bound hand and foot, were her two scholars, the fiends in their dance, one after another, pulling out pieces of the quivering flesh of those two girls.

That Christian woman stood there against all their opposition till she cowed them, and those girls were released to her. One of them, however, was recaptured and died the next morning.

Mrs. M'Farland found that a girl of fourteen, who had been in her school all the last year, was to be taken up the river and sold. She went to see the mother. The tide was too high to cross. Katy brought her mother out in a canoe; there seated on a rock in the Pacific Ocean, in a pouring rain, for an hour and a half, Mrs. M'Farland expostulated with the mother, and finally obtained her promise not to take Katy away. The next week the mother threatened the most terrible things if the girl would not get into the canoe, and was forcing her to do so, to be sold up the river, when the girl, exclaiming "You may kill me, but I won't go," escaped into the forest, and finally found her way to Mrs. M'Farland.

I received a letter to-day from Mrs. M'Farland. She says "I began in faith; I am going on in faith, but I am severely tried." She has received and is protecting four of those girls. They sleep on the bare floor. Mrs. M'Farland says she may be blamed for giving them refuge without any means of support. We believe that in time these girls, by the labor they would learn to do, the

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washing and sewing for the miners, and other work, would become self-supporting. Maintaining them, at the first would cost a larger sum than to maintain a girl in India or China, where everything is established. A girl's food, clothing, and tuition would cost not less than \$100 a year. To maintain a lady teacher to aid Mrs. McFarland, as pupils can be admitted, would cost \$500 a year. The lumber to build a permanent home would have to be carried up 1,500 miles to saw-mills, to be prepared for building purposes. Commodities have to be brought a long distance.

The mean annual temperature of Sitka is the same as the mean annual temperature of Georgia. This is in Winter. In Summer it is the same as that of Michigan. This climate of Southern Alaska, so nearly the same in Summer and Winter, is due to the Gulf Stream. Our need is therefore a plain but substantial building for the home. A Christian merchant rented for such use a building there, for which he paid rent until next October. As he cannot continue to rent it, we shall lose the use of it then, unless means are supplied. Whether we shall receive these girls that appeal for protection, is the question that meets us. I throw the answer in the name of Almighty God upon you to-day, my Christian sisters, and here and now ask whether the women of New York, as an act of gratitude to Him who has made their lot to differ, will take this work as theirs, will establish and build up this Mission Home for extending and carrying on this work?

Corresponding Bureau — OF THE — NATIONAL GREENBACK PRESS ASSOCIATION.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Feb. 2, 1880.
Congress.

ALASKA AND INDIANS.

A very interesting meeting occurred at the Headquarters of this, the National Greenback Press Association, on the evening of January 26th. The rooms were crowded with representative men and women, including large numbers of Senators and Members of Congress. The occasion was a reception given to Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., Missionary to Alaska, and Hon. A. B. Meacham, the renowned advocate of the Humane policy toward the Indians.

Able speeches were made by Dr. Jackson, on Alaska, Col. Meacham, on the true Indian policy; also, by Col. W. P. Adair, and Gen. Pleasant Porter, Delegates from the Cherokee and Creek Nations, respectively. These Indians are men of great ability and superior culture, and they were listened to with as much interest as were the distinguished White men who made the principal speeches of the evening. In giving an outline of the Indians' idea of social science, and political economy, Gen. Porter struck the key note of the doctrines of our party, and was greeted with a round of applause. Dr. Jackson's description of Alaska, of its size, being equal to all those states lying north of the Ohio, and east of the Mississippi rivers, with a coast line of 25,000 miles. Agricultural, mineral, timber and other physical resources on a grand scale, of its climate which altho' that of Greenland in the north, is exactly that of Georgia, at Sitka, the Capital, on the southern coast, was very interesting. His purpose, is to secure the passage of a bill organizing Alaska into a Territory, which should be done at once.

T. A. BLAND.

HOME MISSIONS.

You, as well as many of your readers, are no doubt aware of the fact that the Board of Home Missions commissioned the Rev. Eugene S. Willard to go as missionary to Alaska, and that accordingly he, together with his wife, established one year ago a mission among the Chilcats, two hundred miles north of Sitka. The latter place being the terminus of the line of California steamers, all freight, as well as mail matter, is there landed. A small vessel owned by a trading company is the only means of supply, except an occasional Indian canoe. This company also owns a store near the mission. When supplies are ordered, or sent by friends, they are often left behind, that their own interests (as is supposed) may be promoted by compelling those dependent upon them to purchase the necessaries of life at exorbitant prices.

Thus it will be seen that the missionaries are wholly at their mercy. For these reasons, as well as the fact that the missionary is compelled to visit the different villages, in some cases a distance of thirty miles, on foot, or expose himself to the perils incident to travel, from water and weather, in an open canoe. As these villages are frequently located on the coast or on rivers a call has been made for a small steamer, the cost of which, delivered at the mission, would not exceed \$600, \$100 of which are already pledged. As the missionary is a practical man a steamer could be managed at small cost, and not only afford a much safer and more comfortable mode of travel, but would also relieve him from the incredible impositions and exactions of those to whom they have heretofore been compelled to submit. It might be well to say there are no domestic animals in that country. Will not some lover, or lovers, of Home Mission work respond to the call and assist in procuring this much-needed means of transportation and travel?

Contributions may be sent to Dr. Sheldon Jackson, ~~Galesburg, Ill.~~ Also a report of amounts contributed to Mrs. Joseph S. White, Newcastle, Pa., who is engaged in raising the funds, in order that it may be known when sufficient amount is raised.

The First Protestant Church in Alaska. — We noted last week the organization of the first Protestant church in the Territory of Alaska. The history of the enterprise may be briefly told: On the 10th of August, 1877, the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., and Mrs. A. R. McHarland reached Fort Wrangell to commence Presbyterian missions in Alaska. After making the necessary arrangements for the mission Dr. Jackson returned to the States, leaving Mrs. McHarland in charge. In August 1878 the mission was reinforced by the arrival of the Rev. S. Hall Young. On the 3d of August, 1879, Mr. Young, taking advantage of a visit of the Rev. Henry Kendall, D.D., Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., and the Rev. A. L. Lindsley, D.D., proceeded to the final organization of a church. Twenty-three members were received, of whom eighteen were Indians. Among the latter were several chiefs of the Stickeen Nation.

ALASKA.

A Letter from Collector Ball.

To the Editor of *The National Republican*:

SIR: On the first page of your paper of March 10 is an article under the head of "A Little Game in Alaska," which I take to be semi-editorial, or at least a virtual indorsement by you of the statements and conclusions contained in it. I regret to see that you, too, have fallen into the style, common throughout the country, of treating with sneers and levity the claims of the "sparse population" of Alaska to protection in their lives and property, the want of which, doubtless kept up by this very style of treatment, is a mockery of the privileges of citizenship and a blot upon the Nation's honor. I am sure this would not be but for the absolute ignorance of the true con-

dition of Alaska everywhere prevailing. Will you allow me the opportunity to correct some of this misapprehension, as also the mistakes made by the writer of the article referred to in his very hasty judgment of the bill now before the Senate?

First in order is the error in saying that "fish and oil furnish almost the only diet" on the 2,000 miles of Alaska's coast. On the Aleutian islands cattle are raised easily and grain and many vegetables are grown, while down all the Southeastern coast the islands are by no means "sterile," but, in addition to the cattle and vegetables—raised there as easily and of as fine quality as anywhere in the world—the deer, grouse, ducks and other game furnish such "diet" as would delight an epicure, and furnish it in profusion all the year round. And while I cannot see that people should be denied the rights of humanity because they feed on "fish," let me say that, if fishes were the only diet of those people, they exist in their waters in such quantities and of such qualities, that, were that industry protected and fostered, they might make as fine a living out of it as the Newfoundlanders do out of theirs. Nor is this the only industry of Alaska that might prove of vast profit.

The writer truly states that at present Alaska is under the control of the Treasury Department, "its rulers forming its only laws," and adds that this is and will be "sufficient in the northern and western portions of the territory which is inhabited by semi-barbarian Alents." Now, reflect that these Treasury "laws" extend only to the customs, and are in no respect more full than the authority of the collectors of customs in other districts. They furnish no means for the collection of debts or the administration of estate; none for the preservation of the peace, or the restraining of violence, or the punishment of offenses against person or property—absolutely none—and yet those people are largely composed of persons who remained in the country under faith in the promise of our Government, due by every consideration of justice, and solemnly recorded in the treaty of cession. Are Treasury "laws" indeed "sufficient" to carry out this promise? Were all the rest true, I hold that as long as a single Russian-born subject who had accepted the promise of that treaty remained in Alaska, he would be entitled to the fullest execution of the terms of the compact. But it is not true that the Alents are semi-barbarous. They and the other Alaskan residents, except Indians, are a perfectly civilized people, and while they are not highly improved, owing to the want of educational facilities, from this same neglect of government, yet they are a sprightly race and abundantly capable, in at least five or six other villages besides Sitka and Wrangel, of furnishing "persons competent to act as jurymen and election officers."

Now as to the bill before the Senate for the establishment of a civil government: It seems

to the writer of the article that something should be "attempted" which would prove beneficial to all the people, and yet that this bill "is not adapted to that end, and contains absurd and extravagant propositions that cannot be reconciled to any sensible ideas of a republican government." He bases this opinion upon the fact that the legislative authority of the Territory is vested in a council to be composed of the Governor, Judge, Land Commissioner, Marshal and Collector of Customs, and he asserts that they are given autocratic powers. This judgment is due to a very hasty consideration of the bill and an entire misapprehension of its provisions, together with a want of knowledge of the reasons for the arrangements proposed.

These reasons, together with all the necessities and bearings of the case, were considered carefully and long by the sub-committee, and the result was the proposed bill, as the best possible solution of the difficult problem how to give the people of Alaska the government they are entitled to at the least possible expense. And the fact that the reasons for every provision of this bill were so plainly good and sufficient, when set forth to the Committee on Territories by the chairman of the sub-committee, that they and the bill were at once agreed to, constitutes the only fact that justifies the assertion that it "received no consideration" from the committee.

Now as to those reasons: It is impossible to give those people a government sufficient for their needs without courts of justice; hence they must have a judge, and a marshal and attorney follow, as necessary adjuncts, at a very small expense. Of course there must be an Executive, and there is present and urgent need of a surveyor and land commissioner, which offices are combined, and with them that of receiver, thereby saving great expense. In the same spirit the secretary is made *ex officio* treasurer and clerk of the legislative council. The council is as proposed for the same reason. But it is entirely incorrect to say that they have power to "do as they please." Their power is expressly limited to providing the necessary legislation for setting the machinery of the courts in motion, and districting the Territory into counties, and listing voters, and holding an election for a delegate. And they are required to report their action to the President and to Congress every session. As a further safeguard, no act is a law unless voted for and signed by three of them, one of which three shall be the Governor. The provision for the places of members to be taken, in their absence, by other of the officials, is to prevent the possibility of want of a quorum in some important crisis—not that the "inkases of this oligarchy may not cease to flow on the happy Alents," but that accident may not prevent the flow when necessary.

Lastly, the writer misconstrues the provision that "any of said officers or the Collector of Customs may visit any part of said Territory in the discharge of the duties of their offices, and may avail themselves of the means of transportation afforded by any United States vessel to make such visits." This provision was inserted simply to afford whatever facilities might be possible and proper to the officials to visit the remote corners of their Territory in the line of duty, and for the reason that the authority to leave Sitka is now denied under the law to the Collector (from which damage is known to have resulted through smuggling heretofore), and that there might be no doubt as to it hereafter. But surely no lawyer can be found who would construe the sentence quoted to grant any authority to press vessels into service, "whether under orders elsewhere from the Government of the United States," or "whether fitted or not for the cruise in view," and to subject the commanders of vessels to this "pocket edition of a govern-

ment." It conveys simply the authority to the commander of a vessel to take these officials where he may be going, under his proper orders, in the Territory, and does not provide for anything else, even for rations, and the officer who would act otherwise under it would justly forfeit his position.

These are briefly the reasons for this bill. And let me tell you, Mr. Editor, that they are just and fair, and that the poor, abused, misrepresented people of Alaska want this bill, and nothing less than this certainly. It seems rather a reflection on our country's credit that the pitiful question of the expense of a government should so long and still weigh in some quarters against the solemnly guaranteed rights of 8,000 civilized people, especially since the Territory pays an annual income of \$317,500 into the Treasury, and all taxes and licenses that might greatly add to it omitted. But the cry of economy "takes," and legislators generally recoil at its fearful sound. The present Congress is, however, assured that Alaska ought to have a civil government, and will, I trust, give her this, as the best possible now, and I know there are no people there who will not thank them for it, except the smugglers and Hoocheuco-makers.

What I here state as facts I know of my own personal knowledge, and am sure you will be glad to correct the misapprehension that might grow out of the article published March 11, 1880. Respectfully,

M. D. BALL,
Collector of Customs for Alaska.

Alaska Again.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 12, 1880.

To the Editor of The National Republican:

SIR: Collector Ball on Alaska this morning seems to be in ignorance of several matters of fact which are on file in the Treasury Department. He says that there are 8,000 civilized people in Alaska, and he has never seen anything of these people on that immense Territory save what he has seen at Sitka and Wrangel. There are less than 300 white people residents of Sitka and Wrangel, and these are the only civilized people that Collector Ball has ever seen in Alaska. Here is the population of Alaska down to October, 1879, taken from the accurate count of Captain George W. Bailey, who has visited every village in Alaska worthy of the name (Captain Bailey commanded the United States vessel R. M. Rush, and has been cruising throughout Alaska during the last three years; Collector Ball cannot gainsay the facts as given by Captain Bailey):

October, 1879: Whites in all Alaska.....	250
Creoles or half-breeds.....	2,000
Aleutes.....	2,500
Indians.....	4,300
Total.....	9,050

The creoles and half-breeds and Aleutes who are semi-civilized and civilized, with the exception of the 240 who live at Sitka, all live between 800 and 2,000 miles to the westward of Sitka. Ball has never been among them or he would not give them the foolish credit of calling for a "Governor," etc. They don't know anything about Mr. Ball's bill, which he defends, and they have no interest whatever in it.

Mr. Ball can find Captain Bailey's report in the Treasury Department and learn a great deal about Alaska from it.

And in conclusion, let it be remarked that Collector Ball attempts to give the impression that the "8,000 civilized people" of Alaska are paying into the public treasury an annual revenue of \$317,000. The truth is, Collector Ball and these "8,000 civilized people" have no more to do with the raising and payment of this revenue than has the man in the moon. This handsome sum of \$317,000 is annually paid into the Treasury of the United States by the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco for the sole privilege of taking fur seals,

according to law and contract, on the Payer Islands, Behring Sea, Alaska. Collector Ball has never been nearer than 1,300 miles to these seal islands, and has not the slightest official knowledge of their existence. The fact, however, is that the "8,000" people of whom the Collector speaks never have paid a cent into the Treasury of the United States in the form of taxes, and the customs receipts of Sitka, annually, will not net to the Government in the future, as they have not in the past, the cost of the stationery used for the Collector's monthly vouchers for salary, etc.; and furthermore, there is not a single industry of any kind on foot in Alaska to-day that can be selected as a basis for a tax of any description whatever.

ALASKA.

WE imagine that there are very few of our people who realize the extent of our national domain. We were not a little startled to see the assertion in the Philadelphia "Record," that the Englishman's proud boast that the sun never sets on the British Empire is just as true of the United States. Our country extends through 197 degrees of longitude, or 17 degrees more than half way round the globe. San Francisco, instead of being our westernmost point, is only midway between Eastport, Me., and the farthest of our Alaska Islands. Just read what that enthusiastic Presbyterian bishop, Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, says in his "Rocky Mountain Presbyterian," and feel your patriotism expand: "When the sun is giving its good-night kiss to our westernmost isle, on the confines of Behring's sea, it is already flooding the fields and forests of Maine with its morning light, and in the eastern part of that state is more than an hour high. At the very moment when the Aleutian fisherman, warned by the approaching shades of night, is pulling his canoe toward the shore, the woodchopper of Maine is beginning to make the forest echo with the stirring music of his axe."

THE FUTURE OF ALASKA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 14.—William G. Morris, Collector of Customs at Sitka, Alaska, has arrived here from the North. He says he is confident that the very rich mineral deposits of Alaska cannot fail to attract great attention in the near future. The lodes found at the base of the mountains, which can be traced up their sides, are being worked by surface diggers to great advantage. Last season a small force of men made over \$250,000. Little respect, however, is paid to the proprietary interests of others, and the diggings have been much interfered with. Considerable Pacific coast capital is finding its way into Alaska, and has already brought into prominence lines of mines as large as the whole Comstock lode. Mr. Morris believes that the mines would show the largest body of ore in sight in the world, and says that Eastern capitalists have already sent machinery for the purpose of developing the great mineral regions of Alaska.

As to the shelling of the village of Hoshino by Commander Merriman, Mr. Morris regarded it in every way justifiable. He said it only appeared cruel to persons actuated by sentimental ideas, who are wholly unacquainted with the Indian character. He predicts that Alaska is destined to occupy the front rank in American possessions, not only on account of the valuable fisheries, mines, and rich mineral deposits, but also for the great ship-building facilities. Unfortunately, Alaska is badly in need of a recognized authority for the enforcement of the laws. This necessity is growing more urgent every day. There would soon be an interminable conflict between antagonistic milling interests unless the Government established a system of laws, with authority to enforce them.

ALASKA.*

There is perhaps no section of our land concerning which we know so little as Alaska. There is no section of the land concerning which public sentiment is so much at fault as Alaska. There is no section of the land concerning which what we think we know is wrong to that extent as our supposed knowledge in regard to Alaska. This is not strange; it is the latest of our territorial possessions. It is the most distant of our possessions. There are fewer men, tourists and newspaper men, who have visited that country than perhaps any other section of our land or other lands, so it is not strange that we know so little and have such grave misapprehensions in regard to that country. The word Alaska is a corruption of the native Indian word, *Alashka*, which means a great continent or a great land. That is the designation which the native population give to their country, "the great land." And it is great in several senses. It is great territorially. Now, we are so oftentimes accustomed to see Alaska on the northwest corner of a map of the United States, upon a reduced scale of representation, that we have no conception of its immense extent. From the extreme east to the extreme west of the Alusian Islands it stretches in an air line twenty-two hundred miles, and from north to south fourteen hundred miles; but as figures give no true conception of the extent of a country, allow me to use one or two illustrations. The Island of Attu, the western island of the Alusian peninsula, or island attached to the Alusian peninsula, is as far west of San Francisco as the extreme eastern cape of Maine is from San Francisco. In other words, instead of Kansas, and Missouri and Nebraska being the centre of the United States east and west, San Francisco, upon the Pacific coast, is that center. This is according to Prof. Guyot of Princeton College. Or, if you were to trace a line around the islands, and up and down the bays and around the sea coast of Alaska, you would find, according to the measurements of the United States Coast Survey, that this twenty-five thousand miles, or that distance in a straight line would belt the globe. Or, take another illustration. Alaska is as large as all the New England States, with New York and Pennsylvania and New Jersey thrown in; and then, in order to increase its size you may add Ohio, and Indiana, and Illinois, and Michigan, and Kentucky, and Tennessee, and Virginia, and West Virginia, and yet you have not the number of square miles that is represented by your territory of Alaska. Or, in other words, Alaska is as large as all the rest of the United States east of the Mississippi river, and north of the Carolinas and Georgia. It is not only thus a great country in its area, but also in its natural phenomena. For instance, it is the great island region of the United States. In the southeastern corner of Alaska, along the coast of the Alexandrian Archipelago are eleven hundred islands that have been counted, besides numerous small islands that have not been counted. Indeed, that Archipelago stretches from Puget's sound on the south into central Southern Alaska on the north, a distance of a thousand miles. So that you may take an ocean steamer at Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, or at Port Townsend, and pass up the coast through the most magnificent scenery you have any conception of. I have traversed the Rocky Mountains and the Sierra Nevadas, and there is no such scenery as along that Pacific coast. You may pass a thousand miles northward in

an ocean steamer without ever getting out of the sea, being all the time in salt water, and when you go back you are almost within a stone's throw upon either side, of a continuous chain of islands which prevent the swell of the sea, and prevent sea sickness.

Indeed, the island area of the Alaska land would make a state larger than the great New England state of Maine. And it is also the great region of mountainous peaks; the highest peaks in the United States are in Alaska. You remember our celebrated peaks of Colorado, for instance Grey and Pike and Long, and Lincoln, are less than fifteen thousand feet high, and start at a base eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, that Mt. St. Elias, with its base laved by the waves of the Pacific Ocean, rises 19,500 feet and that is in a region where there is an elevation three thousand feet above tide water. Here you have a region of perpetual snow and ice. It is also the great volcanic region of our country. We think of the Mediterranean or the South Sea Islands or the Sandwich Islands, and of their volcanoes; whereas along the Alaska peninsula and the Alaskan islands are sixty-one volcanoes in active operation since the European occupation of that country, ten of which at last accounts were belching out their fire and smoke. It is also the great glacier region of our country, so that our students of science need not go to the Alps to find them. There are glaciers that break out and come down to the Steekin river, starting back between two mountains three thousand feet high, forty or sixty miles back in the country, according to the accounts of the Indians—and come to the side of the Steekin river, where they branch out five or six miles wide and from five to six or seven hundred feet thick of ice. Or, up on the sound, north of Port Wrangel at Prince Frederick's sound you find some reported to be twelve hundred feet thick where they break off and flow into the ocean, floating out into the sound.

It is also the great mineral spring region of our country, beside which Saratoga, Virginia sulphur springs or the springs of Arkansas are nowhere. On the island of Cariloy, for instance, there is one mineral spring eighteen miles in circumference, according to the United States Coast Survey, a great seething caldron of mineral waters, sufficient to heal the ailments of all humanity, so far as mineral waters can do it.

But it is not only in these natural phenomena that Alaska is great, but, as we materialistic people are always enquiring whether a thing will pay or not, we lose sight of this great phenomenon that causes the Christian heart to rise with increasing wonder and adoration to the magnificent infinite power of the Creator who threw up these mountains and volcanoes, and made that wonderful coast and that wonderful land. We turn from all these grand sights in nature to ask, "Does it pay?" What makes Alaska worth anything to this country? And we have oftentimes seen it in our papers, it has been so constantly and repeatedly drilled into the American mind that Alaska did not and does not pay, that we consider it a worthless possession, often spoken of as "Secretary Seward's folly" in the purchase, a great mass of ice and rocks and polar bears that are of no account to America, and no account to anything else or any other people. Herein we make the great mistake of this country. Secretary Seward knew what he was about when he made that purchase, and to the question that was put to him at a public reception, one time towards the close of his life, as to what he considered the greatest official act of his life, he, without hesitation, replied: "The purchase of Alaska;" and then added, after a moment's pause, "it will, perhaps, take two generations for the Ameri-

can people to appreciate that purchase." And the old statesman was right. It was the crowning glory of his official career to have added that northwestern territory to this land, giving us possession, not only of the Northern Pacific Ocean in an individual sense and a national sense, but giving us untold resources that will yet be utilized in the progress of the development of the resources of our land. It has not only got its resources, but it has paid a fair interest upon the purchase money from the very start. And the very year we paid Russia seven millions two hundred thousand dollars for Alaska, the United States turned around and rented two little islands,

one six by twelve miles and the other four by ten, for fifty-five thousand dollars a year for twenty years. These two little islands are represented upon this map which I have here, and there is where all the ladies' seal skin sacks originally start from. The Alaska Company have the monopoly of the seal skin trade of the entire world. All the seal skin sacks come from those two little islands. That Company pays the Treasury at Washington, annually, \$326,000, which is over four per cent. interest upon the seven million two hundred thousand dollars we paid for that country. So that Alaska, far from being a worthless possession, two little islands five hundred miles from the main land have paid over four per cent. interest on the purchase money from the very first year we owned them.

Then you have in the interior of the country, of which no account has been taken in the productive wealth of this land, the great fur trade, amounting to over a million dollars, every season. The costly furs of the Americans are taken from that section of the country and from the corresponding Asiatic section in Siberia. Then you have there the great fisheries of the land. Every naval expedition from the time Capt. Cook circumnavigated the globe, until the present, has not failed to report in their official documents a wonderful, almost incredible amount of fish every where visible in these waters. You have there the cod and the salmon. The great salmon interests of Columbia and Oregon are now rapidly being transferred to Alaska, and so large and well established a firm as Cutting & Co. have removed their salmon canneries to Sitka, Alaska. Upon the Columbia they pay upon an average fifty cents a salmon for canning. In Alaska it costs about a quarter of a cent for a salmon. If you were in a large business you could get four sixty pound salmon, two hundred and forty pounds, for a cent.

Then you have the halibut fishing, and the herring fishing, and the oil fisheries—I am not telling fish stories to-day, but you will find it upon the public documents at Washington, that fish have been found so full of oil, that when dry, you can light one end and they will burn like a tallow candle.

Then you have the cod fisheries. You eastern people remember that it was not long since we paid five million to Great Britain on an arbitration, concerning the fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland. But they have only to go to the Alaska banks and they can get all the cod that it is possible for them to utilize. Indeed, three firms, employing seventeen or eighteen vessels, from San Francisco, put up three thousand tons of cod fish from the banks of Alaska last season, and New England will wake up sometime to find that San Francisco is the great cod market of the world.

Then you have there the great reserve lumber interests of the United States. It is simply a question of a few years when these great forests of Canada, of Maine, of Michigan, of Wisconsin, of Minnesota, will be denuded of their timber, and when that day comes of lumber famine in the eastern portion of the United States, as well as the western, our lumbermen need only to go to Alaska where they will find thou-

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sands of miles of the densest lumber country that you ever placed your eyes upon, great trees, so thick and dense that it is almost impossible to penetrate far into the interior along the wooded belt. They have the pine, the hemlock and the yellow cedar utterly unutilized as yet, unless it is the cedar, which, by the way, is sent to China and there manufactured into boxes and re-shipped back here as Chinese camphor boxes for preserving ladies' furs from moths; after all it is nothing but the original Alaska cedar re-baptized and named in China.

Then you have the great mineral interests. Everywhere along that coast coal crops out. In many sections iron ore abounds. Now, we know that coal and iron made Western Pennsylvania and Ohio the great centers for those articles, and who shall say that in the coming future there shall not a dozen great Pennsylvanias spring up along that vast coast of Alaska in the development of its iron and coal interest, and

you here in Western New York and Pennsylvania are greatly interested in your oil wells, and yet petroleum is found floating on many lakes in Alaska, and in various sections there are indications of it, so that when your oil wells cease to flow you can go to Alaska for a fresh supply.

They also have copper there in such abundance that one river is called Copper river. You have many other mineral interests, the gold and the silver, in this section of the country. We have been so taken up with our Arizona, and Colorado, and Nevada, and California gold mines, that we have lost sight of the fact that gold and silver mines abound from Cape Horn through the entire backbone of this continent up to the Alaska Peninsula on the north. We find mines in Peru, Central America, Old Mexico, different portions of the United States, Oregon, British Columbia, and why should that mineral deposit cease when you come to the edge of Alaska? It does not cease. Right on the edge of Alaska for the last seven years there have been from two to three thousand English miners washing out in the aggregate a million dollars worth of gold each season. Then they have just opened up their quartz mines in the region of Sitka, in Alaska, and a steamer brought down some fifty-five thousand dollars worth of gold bricks, the first run of the stamp mill that has been erected in Sitka for the reduction of gold ores of that region. But, perhaps it has come to your mind already, and it is often asked of me, what is the use of all that coal and iron, and oil, and these fisheries, and that gold and silver, in a country so rigorous that no white man can live in it. Here again we are at fault. Of course a country extending from Maine to the Mississippi river, and from Michigan and the lakes upon the north, down to Tennessee, has several different kinds of climate, and that is true of Alaska. Along the Arctic ocean above the Arctic circle on the north, is just such a climate as we, in our ignorance, ascribe to the whole of Alaska. And when we want to describe a great degree of cold we say "it is as cold as Greenland," and that is the way you think of Alaska. That is true of Northern Alaska. That is true, possibly, of a portion of Central Alaska. Indeed, upon the wonderful Yucon river and in the natural phenomena of that country—I forgot to tell you of that, of one of the great rivers of the world. That black strip on the map, that runs across Alaska, represents the Yucon river, navigable for light draught steamers for a distance of fifteen hundred miles. Its average width for the first thousand miles is from three to five miles. In some places near its mouth it is so wide that standing upon one bank you cannot see across. A thousand miles from its mouth, in the region of Port Yucon it is twenty miles from bank to bank across. A river very much like the St. Lawrence, in the region of the Thousand Islands, covered with hills

in various sections to a very great extent. Upon that river the thermometer will sometimes sink to sixty or seventy degrees below zero, but in summer it rises to a hundred or a hundred and ten above zero, in the short summer under a constant sun, for there is one day in the summer when the sun does not set, and one day in the winter when it does not rise. In the hot summer, with the continual sunshine, there is a very rank vegetation grows throughout Central Alaska, but while that is true of Central and Northern Alaska, that great southern coast extending for thousands of miles east and west in the ramifications of its bays, has a climate not only not as cold as Greenland, but not as cold as Chautauqua in winter.

That is based not upon hearsay, not upon guess work, but upon accurate observations taken by the Russian government for forty-five consecutive years at Sitka, Alaska. Those observations recently tabulated by the United States Coast Survey, and published last winter as a government document, show that the mean annual winter temperature of Southern Alaska, for forty-five winters past, has been that of Kentucky and West Virginia, and there is no one here who will say that Kentucky and West Virginia are such rigorous climates that

this year 1880 in Alaska over slaves, and those slaves are women. And that slavery in their estimation does not terminate with death, but extends, as far as they have any conception of it, throughout the endless ages of eternity. A prominent chief is dying; what do they do but send out and murder three, or four, or six, or twelve female slaves, as the case may be, that as they have waited upon him in this life so they shall wait upon him in the life that is to come.

Many of the ancient houses, perhaps in the back portion of that country to-day, are built upon the bones of murdered slave women. The four great corner post holes are dug; a woman slave is murdered and thrown into each hole, and then the great posts that sustain their big houses are placed upon them; and thus through all their institutions. A man makes a great feast for his friends and he will sometimes murder several slave women to show his wealth, that he can afford thus to throw away his property, and yet have plenty left to serve him. That is the condition of the women in that one section of that one portion of your country.

There is not a road in Alaska to-day; there is not a wagon there; you can scarcely say there is a horse there; there are two or three in one of the little islands. The only way to get along the coast is the canoe system of navigation, and in the interior it is a long trail.

One of the Episcopal missionaries who found his way in a tour across the head waters of the Yukon, said that one of the saddest sights he witnessed was after preaching two or three weeks, and having an influence upon the people, one afternoon at a conference meeting, some fourteen or fifteen women came and confessed that they had killed all their female children. They came with tears, and in penitence, which was too late, for they had killed them, thinking they had performed the highest act of love, and that practice is prevalent to-day, especially in the interior. Then, in the northwest section, a modified form of widow-burning is practiced, and in the same section the killing of the old and incurable sick is prevalent. When they have a woman who cannot work any longer they kill her, or they will kill their parents with their religious rites. Sometimes, it is said, an old father, or an old mother, will ask a son to perform his filial duty and knock them in the head when they are too old to be of any service to their family any longer, and leave their bodies to rot or to be consumed by the foxes or the wolves. An old man dies and the funeral pile is made, because cremation is their way of

disposing of them; his wife is compelled to lie down beside his dead body, or, if he has several wives, they kneel down on the funeral pile with their heads upon the dead body, and then, amid the beating of gongs and drums, the fire is lighted, and they are compelled to remain there until they are almost suffocated, the hair burned from their heads, and the clothing from their persons; then they are allowed to withdraw, but occasionally they stand their torture and put their hands through the flames upon the place where the heart of the dead husband was, as an act of continued fidelity and loyalty until the body is utterly consumed. Now, with woman thus disposed of, by her own father and brothers, sold by her own mother, and with such a life before her, is it any wonder that many of them commit suicide? But we would have said when this country came under the stars and stripes some eleven years ago, that will all be changed. The United States will do something for this people. But we find, alas! that Alaska to-day, in 1880, is worse off under the stars and stripes than she was under the double headed eagle of Russia, worse in this liberty loving country than under despotic Russian rule. Russia gave that country government and law. The United States withholds from that country all law and all government. There is no government to-day in Alaska. We have our national, state and territorial government, but Alaska has none of these. It is simply a possession. There is no court of law whatever in Alaska. There is nothing to prevent anybody from going into a store in Alaska and taking hold of the proprietor and walking him out of his store; he cannot find redress in any court. There is no court there. Last summer, while on my last visit there, a man murdered his wife in a drunken spree, and then he put a rope around her neck and tied her to the end of the canoe, and towed her fifteen or twenty miles and brought her into the village and had an ostentatious funeral. Didn't the police go after him? Where was the sheriff, that that man was not arrested? There are no policemen there, no sheriff; nobody had the right to arrest him. He had broken no law of the land, for there was no law there to break, and when he was questioned on the subject, "Why," says he, "you buy your dog and you can kill him if you want to. I bought my wife, and I can kill her if I choose." And there was nobody to say no to it. Nobody had any right to interfere. There is no law in all that land. Russia gave that country a government and a law, and we have denied it government and law. Russia gave that country schools along the Alaska peninsula, common schools. They had academies and theological schools of the Greek church, but of course when the Russian government turned it over to the United States those teachers were withdrawn, those schools ceased, and the great common school system of our land has not been extended to them. Russia gave that country a religion, at least a portion of it, the Greek church. They had their bishop there. They had their corps of forty or fifty priests and their various orders of Russian priesthood. They were withdrawn, and the United States sent none. We would have said, certainly these great Christian organizations of the United States will vie with one another to send the Gospel into that distant section of their own land. But, alas, year after year rolled around, and there was scarcely a movement in this land. Where was our Methodist itinerant that pushed across these woods of Ohio and these plains of Indiana and Illinois, that have stood side by side with the Presbyterian missionary as they have pressed hard up and over the Rocky Mountains? Where were the Methodist itinerants, the earnest Baptist, the diligent Presbyterian? They were found wanting. Oh, is it any wonder that the long-suffering

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forbearance of God, that waited on this American church in its different denominations ten long years to see if there was not some movement for those perishing thousands of Alaska, is it any wonder that when God saw them coming down by hundreds to death, and no arm outstretched, no eye moistening for them, no heart burning among all these millions of Christians, is it any wonder that even God's forbearance ceased, and that He would show this American church that He did not need them to do mission work? We sometimes think we place God under obligations by our prayer and our contributions for missionary effort. You remember, when the Pharisees claimed that the promises must be fulfilled through them, Christ said he could take the very cobble stones of their streets and raise up another seed to Abraham, and just so God taught us a lesson.

Great Britain cares for her children. You cannot find two or three Hudson Bay employes in that country, with an Indian tribe around them, where the British missionary has not been for years. Away up there above the Arctic Circle, above the mouth of the Mackenzie, or the head waters of the Yukon, for fifteen or sixteen years, missionaries have been proclaiming the riches of Christ. Some full blooded boys, converted in the mission of Canada on the British side, went to Alaska one time to cut wood, and when the Sabbath came they refused to work. They had a contract to furnish so much wood. Very much to the disgust of the American employer who threatened to put them in the guard house if they did not work, they refused to do so. The strange occurrence that those poor Indians would not work on Sunday attracted the attention of the people, and the next Sunday there were not seats enough in that house to hold the people who came to hear them, and the people sat down upon the floor with their elbows upon their knees, and their heads buried in their hands, and tears running down their cheeks; they could not understand a word that was said, but it recalled the memories of the past when they knelt at their mother's knee; and there were those old hardened medicine men, believers in witchcraft, who stood subdued and humbled by a power they could not appreciate. They didn't know what it was, but God's spirit was there. They went on during the summer, and when their contract was ended, as they were about to return home, one of them said, "Now, Phillip, it is too bad to leave those people without anybody to preach to them. You ought to stay here and preach." Phillip said, "I would be glad to do it, but I have to work; I haven't any money, and I don't know that anybody will pay me for preaching here. I have got to have something to do." And those four Indians agreed that three of them would work harder, and pool their earnings and divide with Phillip, if he would stay and preach. So the Gospel was established independent of and unbeknown to the great Christian denominations of this land. Phillip opened a school, and he had sixty or seventy adult scholars during the first winter. He knew nothing about arithmetic, nor geography, nor grammar. He had learned to read a little in the English Testament, and to sing English hymns; and, better than all, that Christ was his precious Saviour. He had preaching on the Sabbath three different times to audiences of three or four hundred, and God's spirit was poured out, and hundreds gave up their devil dances and witchcraft belief, and scores of them came out on the side of the Lord Jesus Christ. Well, they would say, when these tidings come to those great missionary churches of the United States, there will be no lack of people willing to go to Alaska. Why, they will vie with each other as to which shall catch the first steamer and get up there first. And that was

published in the Presbyterian papers, and in the secular papers, in a score of papers in this country, and yet month after month rolled around, and so far as I know, nobody offered to go to Alaska. At last I found in the fall of 1877, when I went up there to look after this movement, that the only one I could find, among all the millions of our American Christendom, was a widow woman in Oregon, who was ready to go to Alaska and carry the Gospel to the people, and on the 10th of August of that year I left Mrs. A. R. Macfarland, the only representative of American Christendom in that great country, and it was six months before any one else went to Alaska, and eleven months before any missionary went to this field, and she stood there during those eleven months as queen. She took charge of the school, with Phillip as an assistant, she took charge of the church, and if anybody wanted to be married they came to her, or if they wanted to bury anyone they came to her to know whether they should cremate them according to the national style or bury them according to the American style. Husbands and wives, alienated by jealousy, were brought together by that woman, and when miners, coming down there one winter, made the place so riotous that they concluded they must have some law, they called a constitutional convention up and down the coast, and elected Mrs. Macfarland as chairman of the first Constitutional Convention, to establish constitutional law in the northwest possessions of this country, what our Congress had so utterly neglected. Thus she went on, and her fame spread along that coast; great chiefs came down, left their families and their tribes, and asked permission to enter her school as a b c scholars, and one of them, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, said, "You come down and teach them all about Christ. Nobody come to tell my people about Jesus Christ. My people very dark heart; by and by all my people die, then they go down, down," and the poor man broke down in his grief. Yes, they go out into utter darkness because the Christian people of this country have so utterly neglected men in that land. If

I had time I could tell many similar incidents. Last summer a man forty-five years of age, who had never seen a white man, came to the coast and attended church and Sabbath-school for six weeks, and when he returned he took the lady teacher by the hand, and while the tears rolled down his cheeks he said, "I want you to pray for me; pray for my people, pray your God that he will send a teacher quick to my people." A leader of the barbarous, cannibal tribes, of a distant section of that state, said to me, "You send an American teacher to us, and we will stop our devil dances and our witchcraft, and I will command the people, and they will all keep your Sunday and come to church. I will command my people and they will send all their children to school." He says, "We cannot stop all our practices through an interpreter until you send somebody to explain your way, and then I will command my people and my tribe will do just as you say." Another Indian came from the interior, and in stepping up to the counter of the store, said to the merchant—he did not ask for tobacco, or molasses, or coal—but the first question he asked was "Who was Jesus Christ?" and then went on to state that he had heard some of the Indians telling of a strange man who came down out of the skies and took the bad out of people, and he wanted to know about him. Again and again he had fasted days and days to get the bad out of himself, and he had taken his furs and laid them at the feet of the medicine men to get the bad out of him. Again and again he had held dead men's bones in his mouth to get the bad out of him, and now he had heard of a wonderful boy who just took the bad out of men,

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and he wanted to know more about the Lord Jesus Christ.

The great difficulty we have had in our school work is the sale of our girls, and we have had to establish a home to save them from the cruelty of their own parents and witchcraft. Sometimes teachers, calling the roll, will find pupils gone. One day two adult ladies were gone, and upon inquiry she found they had been taken from their home and taken down to the beach and held under the waves until they were nearly strangled, then drawn across the sands of the beach until their clothes were nearly torn off of them, then taken to a native house, bound hand and foot, and thirty or forty infuriated medicine men wrought to the highest state of fanaticism by their incantations, were dancing around the girls, pinching out the quivering flesh, and torturing them to the last extremity. And this brave woman, with no missionary to stand by her, dismissed the school and said she must go and relieve those women. Her interpreter, a noble Christian Indian woman, threw her arms around her neck and burst into tears, and said, "You must not go; you cannot help them. They will kill you if you go." But on she started, she met some of the Christian Indian chiefs, men who, upon the 14th of January last, showed their bravery by giving their lives in a fight with the heathen tribe that had come down to punish them for breaking up the distilleries and liquor traffic; but such was the power of witchcraft over them, they quailed, and instead of saying, "Wait a moment and we will tear that house down, but we will deliver those women;" they only added their entreaties to those of the interpreter. But she went, and before the guards knew what she was doing she had forced her way between them, and what a sight for a Christian woman, to see those women being torn to pieces, piecemeal, in this Christian land! She demanded that those women be set free, and they laughed her to scorn. But she kept her position there until she had compelled the release of those women, although one was recaptured the next night and before morning was a corpse. But in spite of all this the work is going on, and a Christian woman of the United States has built a home that is sheltering twenty-five of those girls, and training up the teachers and mothers of that land.

We have a school there; a lady went last fall to another field, and the third day after opening the school she had a hundred Indian children, and now the parents want to come to school, but she said, "I cannot attend to you; you must stay out." And since then we have built two other schools in that section of the land.

The people there are ready to receive the Gospel by hundreds if you are ready to carry the Gospel to them.

THE MONUMENT

DR. JACKSON ON ALASKA.

Twelve years ago Secretary of State Seward negotiated a treaty with Russia by which Alaska was acquired at a cost of \$7,200,000.

Its great distance from the states, its barbarous population, and its supposed rigorous climate have combined to maintain the general ignorance among our people of a country possessing a great many natural attractions for the man of science or the man of business, not less than for those whose benevolence and Christian spirit would prompt them to carry the Gospel to the natives.

Pursuant to announcement in the last number of the MENTOR, Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., delivered an address on this *terra incognita* at the church last Sabbath.

Dr. Jackson is Superintendent of Presbyterian missions in Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and New Mexico. Though small physically he is a man of iron constitution, having powers of endurance equalled by few, and intellectually is the peer of any of his brethren.

The Doctor has only recently returned from a two months' visit to Alaska and his heart was full of his subject. He indulged in no flowers of rhetoric, his gesticulations were neither many nor striking. His voice scarcely changed from the even tenor of its ways except as occasionally it grew husky with evident emotion. Yet there was a simple directness of style, a fluency of expression, and an evident personal absorption in his subject, which, combined with its novelty and freshness in the minds of his hearers that held them spell-bound almost, for about two hours.

He said: "Alaska is derived from a word meaning 'A great land,' and truly it is worthy of the name.

"Some idea of its vastness may be obtained by a few comparisons. It is as large as all that part of the United States lying east of the Mississippi and north of Georgia. Its coast line, according to the measurements of the U. S. Coast Survey, is 25,000 miles long. The western extremity of Alaska is as far west of San Francisco as Maine is east of that point. Its great river Yukon is seventy miles wide at its mouth and is navigable for 1500 miles. Its great mountain, Mt. St. Elias, is the highest peak in America, rising 19,500 feet above the level of the ocean, which

makes its apparent height nearly three times that of Pike's Peak, whose base is 7000 feet above the level of the sea, and whose summit rises only a little over 7000 feet above this.

"The glaciers of the Alps sink into insignificance when compared with those of Alaska, the latter being in some places 1000 feet thick and of vast extent.

"One of the wonders of Alaska is a spring, eighteen miles in circumference, whose waters possess great medicinal virtues. It is a wonderful region of islands, there being 1100 comprised in its limits. The royalty paid to the government on seal skins taken every year on a couple of small rocky islands in the northwest amounts to enough to pay four and one-half per cent. interest on the purchase money of the whole territory.

"The finest furs of commerce are found in northern Alaska, and form a great source of profit to our traders.

"The lumber interests of Alaska are simply immense, though as yet almost entirely undeveloped. The coast is covered with dense forests of pine, cedar, spruce and fir, the trees straight and clear, rendering it possible to cut plank of almost any length and three to four feet broad. Canoes sixty seventy feet long, four feet across and three to four feet deep, dug out of a single log, are found among the natives. Two saw mills are now in operation, and others will rapidly follow as soon as the country is settled up with Americans.

"Fish, both fresh and salt water, are very abundant. Two firms in San Francisco put up \$200,000 worth of Alaska cod last season. Salmon, herring, halibut and other fish are found in large quantities.

"Coal is abundant almost everywhere. Iron, copper, gold and silver mines have been discovered, and bid fair to become of national importance.

"The climate, which is generally considered to be similar to that of Greenland, has been shown by the recorded observations of forty years at Sitka, to be as mild in the winter as that of Georgia. The gulf stream is the cause of this extraordinary fact. The weather is very wet, and fogs are quite prevalent. Nearly all kinds of vegetables therein and small fruits are abundant and of good quality. These observations however only apply of course to the coast, as the interior of the country has a genuine Arctic climate.

"The U. S. government has neglected to establish any government over this

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vast country, and it is to-day worse off than it was under Russian rule. Among perhaps the 30,000 inhabitants (some say 75,000) there is not even a justice of the peace, and the only law known is the law of force. It is expected that congress will take some action this coming winter to establish a territorial government, that an end may be put to the present lawless state of things.

"The Greek church had partially christianized the natives in some parts of the territory, but the great mass remain heathens. The origin of the present movement to spread the gospel and all its civilizing influences among these benighted ones is something as follows:

"Several years ago four young Alaskans were converted at a mission in British Columbia. On their return to Fort Wrangle they hired out to chop wood. When Sunday came they refused to work, for which they were threatened by a U. S. quartermaster with confinement in the guard house! They commenced to hold meetings, and one of them, Philip by name, developed such a talent for public speaking that the other three pooled their earnings and supported Philip out of their own labor.

"Philip died and a soldier who, had been religiously brought up, and was moved by the efforts of the heathen after a better life, wrote to Gen. How-

ard, asking that something might be done to help them. This letter was passed through several hands, until it came to Dr. Jackson who caused it to be widely published. Much interest was awakened, but no action taken until two years ago last summer, when Dr. Jackson sailed for Alaska, accompanied by Mrs. McFarland, a devoted Christian lady whose husband, now deceased, had been a missionary. They established the first mission station in that vast land, and Mrs. McFarland was left alone among the barbarians. She started a school, and while undergoing untold hardships and dangers, the recital of which would make a book more thrilling than any work of fiction, was quite successful in her efforts.

Last summer, Dr. Jackson, accompanied by quite a party, made another tour to Alaska, and steps have been taken to establish several other mission stations.

Infanticide is quite common among the natives. It is a common thing for mothers to sell their daughters to the American traders, whose wickedness is

one of the principal obstacles to the success of missionary work. Human sacrifices are offered to propitiate their evil deities, the good ones not needing any special attention, because they would not harm them any way! At the death of a chief the throats of perhaps a score of his wives are cut that he may have suitable attendants in the spirit world. These and many other instances of the cruelty and degradation of the natives were related by the Doctor.

At the close of the address some one proposed that a collection be taken up for Mrs McFarland's school. The hat was passed around, and quite a liberal sum made up.

Surely the Christian people of the United States should see to it that heathenism should be speedily overthrown in our own borders.

AFFAIRS IN ALASKA.

SPECIAL AGENT WILLIAM GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
ON THE SITUATION AND NEEDS OF OUR LATEST
ACQUISITION—WHY BRITISH PROTECTION WAS
EXTENDED TO AMERICAN CITIZENS—A TERRI-
TORY PRACTICALLY ABANDONED.

OFFICE OF SPECIAL AGENT TREASURY DEPARTMENT, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 21, 1879. }

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

I observe in your paper of the 19th some well directed remarks touching the petition which has been sent by the citizens of Sitka to the commander of Her Majesty's ship Osprey, at Esquimaux, British Columbia, asking protection from a threatened Indian massacre at that place. Affairs must certainly have been very alarming for such a request to have been preferred, but when the fact is known that we have not a single vessel of the navy north of Mare Island Navy Yard, near San Francisco, and such cutters as are on the Pacific coast at the disposition of the Secretary of the Treasury are either lying at their respective stations, where the custom houses are located, or absent on their cruising grounds, it is not at all to be wondered that white American citizens in danger of being murdered by savage tribes should ask the red cross of King George for protection when our own beloved Stars and Stripes are floating 2,000 miles away.

THE WHITES AND THE INDIANS.

The people of British Columbia, Puget Sound and Alaska are near neighbors and homogeneous and upon terms of intimacy in business relations and social life. They have intermarried and visit each other frequently. The coast of British Columbia extends to the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude and joins Alaska, being separated by what is known as the Portland Canal. This whole Northwest English coast is inhabited by savage Indians, who are kept in due state of subjection and obedience by the occasional presence of an English gunboat. The captain of a British man-of-war has supreme authority, and the chastisement these tribes have hitherto met with from the British gunboats has produced a most salutary effect in the preservation of the peace. It is not at all unnatural to suppose that in view of the reported disturbances at Sitka the English commander should deem it incumbent upon himself at once to proceed to the scene and ascertain if the trouble would extend to the tribes in British territory.

The Alaska Indians and those in British Columbia are in constant communication with each other, and once let the ball open and there is no telling where it will stop. It is a well known fact that Sitting

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Bull, seconded by Joseph, the Nez Percé chief, before the massacre of Custer sent runners and emissaries among the Indians of British Columbia to endeavor to incite them to deeds of blood, and a great deal of uneasiness was felt at the time, but owing to the far superior policy of Indian control as exercised by the British government they dared not attempt a revolt.

ACTION OF THE BRITISH COMMANDER.

To my mind this action of the commander of the Osprey is well timed and shows what fraternal feeling should exist between the two nations speaking the same language, united by the same ties of blood and brotherhood, governed by the same principles of common law, reading the same literature, embracing the same religion and worshipping the same God. We who live far away from Eastern civilization on the distant Northwest coast are proud that our near neighbors, living as they do in juxtaposition to us and in perfect amity and accord, should so readily show a desire to extend such aid to our citizens as would prevent what the whole civilized and Christian world stands aghast at—an Indian massacre.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

This brings me to the question of who is responsible for this trouble. The California press are much excited upon this subject, and in unmeasured terms denounce the administration for the present state of affairs. This is no new thing to me. In my report to the Secretary of the Treasury of an inspection of Alaska Territory, made by his order last year, and now in the hands of the Public Printer by order of the Senate, the whole subject is reviewed and the responsibility is there located. As that report will not be published for some days I think it incumbent upon me to offer to the public, through the columns of your widespread journal, some reasons for, as you say, "Britain Protecting America."

The executive branch of the government must be held blameless, and the responsibility shifted to the lawmaking power at the other end of the avenue. Upon the abandonment by the War Department of Alaska Territory and withdrawal of the troops in June, 1877, the sole government and control of the Territory was virtually turned over to the Secretary of the Treasury, inasmuch as he had custom houses and customs officers there. This and nothing more. This officer has been most unjustly blamed for not affording such protection as the requirements of the Territory demand.

The error committed in withdrawing the troops—and this General McDowell now sees—was in taking them away before Congress had legislated some form of government for the protection of the people and appropriated means to build a suitable gunboat to patrol the coast.

RULED BY A DEPARTMENT.

The condition of affairs in that region is without comparison or parallel in the history of nations. The Secretary of the Treasury is charged with the collection of the revenue, and the vessels of the revenue marine are by law directed to be used in the performance of certain duties in that connection. There is no law, written or unwritten, which devolves upon him the government of the entire Territory. It is different with the War Department. That can use troops to repress or prevent an outbreak in many instances where there is no warrant of law for the Secretary of the Treasury to interfere. For nearly two years there has absolutely been no government of any kind whatever in Alaska, and although Congress has been repeatedly petitioned by its citizens and aid asked, it has turned a deaf ear, and neglected to legislate in any manner or form whatsoever for this section of our national domain.

The Secretary of the Treasury has on the Pacific coast but a limited number of revenue steamers, none of which are fitted for extended cruises in Alaskan waters. This he called attention to in his annual report to Congress. A bill introduced by Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, is now pending in the Senate to remedy this defect, and appropriating \$175,000 for the construction of a proper vessel. Unless this and other needful legislation is had for that remote land, no one can foreshadow what may take place, and we shall again be compelled to call upon Britain to protect America.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN PROTECTION.

It is the proud boast of an English subject that no matter in what corner of the earth he may pitch his tent he is assured of the protection of his flag. How different with the American Republic. The converse of the proposition is the fact, and right here at our own doors we have an integral part of this Republic, embracing one-sixth the area of the whole United States, rich in minerals, timber, fish and furs, wholly neglected by the law making branch of the government.

The revenue cutter Woleott has been ordered to Sitka. She is small and ill adapted for the service. She can take about coal enough from British Columbia to steam to Sitka and back, and should there be any trouble in other portions of the Territory she would be unable to extend aid. Secretary Sherman is anxious and willing to do everything in his power

for Alaska, but in the absence of any law for his action and no money to do anything with, he is not chargeable for the present existing unfortunate state of affairs in the Territory.

Your obedient servant,

WILLIAM GOUVERNEUR MORRIS,
Special Agent of Customs.

EXPLANATION OF THE REAL CAUSES OF THE TROUBLES—IS ALASKA WORTHLESS?

[From the San Francisco Chronicle, Feb. 13.]

Unless the news of a threatened Indian outbreak at Sitka, as telegraphed from Victoria, is grossly exaggerated, the situation of the small colony of American citizens at Sitka is extremely critical. Details of the murder of Brown, the proprietor of the Warm Springs, a sanitarium eighteen miles from Sitka, were brought here by passengers in the January steamer. The Warm Springs were improved and cared for by the Russian authorities at Sitka, and were a favorite place of resort during the later years of the Russian occupation. On the transfer of the territory the United States military authorities took charge of the Springs and buildings and kept them in tolerable repair until the troops were withdrawn from Sitka, when the place was abandoned and was shortly afterward occupied by Brown. They were occasionally visited by invalids from Sitka and Wrangel, who paid Brown for their lodgings and the use of the waters. Adjoining the Springs was a small Indian village, principally inhabited by dissolute Indians from Sitka. Late in December or early in January Brown was robbed and murdered by some of his Indian neighbors. The murderers went to Sitka to dispose of their ill gotten plunder and were there arrested by Anahootz, the chief of one branch of the Sitka tribe, and handed over to Colonel Ball, Collector of Customs for Alaska. Colonel Ball kept them in custody until the arrival of the mail steamer California at Sitka, when they were placed on board the steamer to be taken to Portland and thence transferred to the United States authorities. It is the opinion of Major Berry, ex-Collector of Alaska, and of other gentlemen who have lived in Sitka and Wrangel for several years and who are now in this city, that the families of the Sitkas who are connected with the accused murderers outnumber the few families who acknowledge the control and authority of Anahootz, and that they have demanded the accused men and threatened the resident whites and their few Indian allies with summary vengeance for refusing to release the two men. Major Berry considers the situation critical and alarming, and fears that the sending away of the men may be made the pretext for a general massacre of the whites and the few friendly Indians. At this season the Indian hunters and fishermen are all at home idle, and the Sitka village can turn out from twelve hundred to fourteen hundred fighting men. Opposed to them are not more than one hundred to one hundred and fifty whites and friendly Indians. Many of the houses in Sitka are built of heavy logs, and, protected by brave men, they might stand a siege of several

days against rifle shots, but unhappily they have no supply of water within their walls, their daily supply of that indispensable article being brought from a small river half a mile away from the town. The cannon which were formerly mounted in the blockhouse and water batteries are all within reach of the Indians, and may be easily mounted on improvised carriages and dragged to within short and murderous range of any building in which the whites may take refuge. The presence of a powerful gunboat, with her guns trained upon the Indian town, which is built along the strand, would soon restore reason and moderation to the Sitka savages, and a few well delivered volleys would teach them a lesson which would keep them in order for half a dozen years. Louis Schloss, of the Alaska Commercial Company, having been interrogated in regard to the troubles, said that he thought they were of very little consequence. As far as their trade was concerned they were of no more consequence than a riot in Mazatlan. They were confined to one corner of a very extensive territory and did not affect at all the peace of the rest of it. The Fur Company had twenty stations on the islands of the region and on the mainland, and they never had had any trouble whatever with the Indians. There had been one murder by a Youcon Indian on the Konshkoquin River, and the murderer was now confined at Alaska. This place is not near Sitka. The hostile Indians are the Koloshes, who are in and about Sitka, and who number about five thousand souls. The white population at Sitka does not number over twenty-

five persons, and there is no reason why they should be there at all. There is not more trade than would decently support one trader. They might as well pull up stakes and move at once to some more peaceful locality. Alaska is worth nothing, except for the furs and fisheries. The danger to the white settlers was exaggerated for the sake of getting troops sent to Sitka, and the steamboat company had something to do with the reports. Such stories preceded the monthly arrival of every Alaska steamer in San Francisco. The steamer company was largely responsible for the trouble, for a large part of their freight to the Territory was molasses, which was made into rum and sold to the natives. An experience of ten years had shown him that the native tribes were generally peaceful, still the whites had a right to the protection of the government, no matter how few they were, as long as they were good citizens.

Lecture on Alaska.

A large audience, considering the season of the year, assembled in the Presbyterian church on Friday evening, to listen to Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., lecture upon Alaska. The speaker addressed his audience without notes, in a free conversational style, which was very interesting to the hearers. Having traveled extensively in the country which he described, he was able to speak from personal observation, and presented many facts which took most of his audience by surprise. Indeed, few of them were prepared to hear that Alaska possesses a coast line of some 25,000 miles; that it extends 2,200 miles from East to West; that its westmost point is as far West of Olympia as the State of Maine is East, that it contains the highest mountain and one of the largest, if not the largest, rivers in the Western States—the Yanton river being 70 miles wide across the five mouths of its delta. Above the delta, it is in places 20 miles wide, and is navigable for 1,500 miles. The remarkable mildness of the climate and productiveness of the soil were referred to in suitable terms, as well as the almost unlimited wealth of the Alaska fur and seal fisheries, forests, iron, coal, copper and gold mines. The lecturer stated that two islands alone return an annual revenue to the United States equal to four per cent. upon the purchase money.

The different races of the inhabitants, their modes of living, and stages of uncivilization, were described, and the total and criminal

neglect of the United States to furnish any kind of Government or education to the inhabitants, was suitably condemned.

The lecturer concluded his address with a history of the efforts of the Presbyterian church, the only denomination in our country which has made any attempt to Christianize and educate our most northwestern fellow citizens. Dr. Jackson is a smooth and easy speaker. He held his audience almost spell-bound with his array of new and startling facts, and he will most assuredly do a good work if he succeeds in opening the eyes of our people to the immense value of that vast and almost unknown territory which has recently become a portion of our extensive country.

The Daily Oregonian.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 30, 1879.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D. D., in his recent trip to Alaska took a canoe voyage of 250 miles along the coast in order to visit some of the mission stations.

Arctic Whalers Wrecked in the Ice.

The whaling fleet in the Arctic has experienced further disaster. The bark *Legal Tender* arrived from the Arctic seas last night, bringing the intelligence of the loss of the American bark *Florence* and Hawaiian brig *W. A. Allen*. Both vessels were stove by the ice off Point Barrow. The bark *Sea Breeze* was left by the *Legal Tender* in a badly leaking condition. The first named two vessels will probably be total wrecks. The crews of both vessels were saved. All other vessels had gone to the eastward, and in no case had any report been received. The *Florence* was stove in by running into an iceberg. She was owned by T. W. and L. W. Williams of this city, and was valued at about \$15,000. She was uninsured. The *W. H. Allen* was owned in Honolulu, and sailed under the Hawaiian flag. Whether she was insured or not is unknown here.

The *Florence* has had an eventful career. She was one of two of the whaling fleet caught in the ice pack in the Arctic in 1876 which managed to escape destruction, the bark *Three Brothers* being the other. The *Florence* brought the news of the disaster and 190 of the shipwrecked crews to this port, reaching here on the 21st of October in that year. The *Three Brothers* conveyed the news and about 200 of the shipwrecked to Honolulu, two of the wrecked whalers sailing under the Hawaiian flag. About sixty men belonging to the crews of the wrecked vessels preferred standing by the ice-bound ships through the winter rather than risk their lives on the two crowded barks that remained free, and finally worked clear of the ice pack. Many of these perished. Twelve vessels belonging to the whaling fleet of 1876, all heavily laden with whale oil, bone and ivory were engulfed in the frozen field of the Arctic that winter.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

FRIDAY, *July 7, 1882.*

The House met at eleven o'clock a. m. Prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. F. D. POWER.

The Journal of yesterday's proceedings was read and approved.

Mr. HILL. I offer the amendment which I send to the desk.
The Clerk read as follows:

After line 691 insert the following:
That the sum of \$50,000 be, and is hereby, appropriated, to be expended by the Commissioner of Education, under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, for the use of schools at such points in Alaska as may be designated by the Commissioner of Education.

Mr. HISCOCK. I make the point of order upon that amendment. This is certainly new legislation. It properly belongs to the Committee on Territories or the Committee on Indian Affairs. There is no law organizing schools there under which this amendment would be in order.

Mr. HILL. Will the gentleman reserve for a few moments the point of order?

Mr. HISCOCK. Yes, sir.

Mr. HILL. Mr. Chairman, the President, on the 15th of February last, transmitted to Congress a communication from the Secretary of the Interior recommending an appropriation of \$50,000 for education in Alaska; and also the report and recommendation of the same amount by Commissioner Eaton, of the Bureau of Education, which I submit to the House and shall incorporate them with my remarks.

The papers referred to by Mr. HILL are as follows:

To the Senate and House of Representatives:

I transmit herewith, for the consideration of Congress, a letter from the Secretary of the Interior, inclosing a letter from the Commissioner of Education, in which the recommendation is made that an appropriation of \$50,000 be made for the purpose of education in Alaska.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, *February 15, 1882.*

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
Washington, February 8, 1882.

SIR: I have the honor to transmit herewith, for your consideration, a letter from the Commissioner of Education, in which he recommends that an appropriation of \$50,000 be made for the establishment and maintenance of schools in Alaska.

I concur in the recommendation that the appropriation be made.

Very respectfully,

S. J. KIRKWOOD,
Secretary.

The PRESIDENT.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, BUREAU OF EDUCATION,
Washington, February 4, 1882.

SIR: My attention is called to the provisions of the law determining the purpose and duties of this office, which provides that it shall "collect statistics and facts showing the condition and progress of education in the several States and Territories, and to diffuse such information respecting the organization and management of schools and school systems and methods of teaching as shall aid the people of the United States in the establishment and maintenance of efficient school systems and otherwise promote the cause of education throughout the country;" and it is affirmed that I have not yet made any specific recommendation with re-

gard to education in Alaska. I cannot claim to be ignorant of the fact that there is no law either for the protection of life or property or for the establishment of schools in that Territory, nor would I be among those who are indifferent to facts reflecting so unfavorably upon us as a people. I have sought diligently to gather all information in regard to the education of the children of Alaskans, as will be seen by reference to the several reports of this office. Prior to the purchase of Alaska the Russian Government had schools in portions of that country. When it was transferred to the United States those schools were generally discontinued, and the entire Territory, with few exceptions, has been left without any means of education. From the census of 1880 we learn that there are about 30,000 people in Alaska, and of these it is believed there are about 10,000 children or young people who ought to have some school privileges.

With regard to this people, it may be observed—

1. That they are docile, peaceful, and have here and there some knowledge of useful industries; are apt in the mechanical arts, and anxious for instruction.

2. They are a self-supporting people, needing no annuities, clothing, or rations from the Government, but do need teachers that they cannot procure for themselves. These teachers should instruct them, not only in letters, but in the arts of civilized life and the duties of American citizenship.

3. If given an opportunity for this kind of instruction for a few years they would, it is believed, make good progress in throwing off tribal relations and in preparation to become an integral portion of the American people, thus contributing to the common wealth and prosperity of the country.

4. It is well known that civilization in approaching an untutored people may be their destruction by sending its vices before its virtues. It is equally well known that various weeds spring up spontaneously where useful plants must be cultivated, and that not neglect but painstaking care is necessary to the improvement of the human mind.

The people of Alaska having received some measure of aid from the Russian Government have expected the same from the United States. The natives, already to a limited extent demoralized by the introduction of intemperance and disease, it is thought would, by the introduction of schools, be prepared better to resist these evils and stand a far better chance to be a permanent and prosperous race.

5. The development of the fishing interests, the discovery of gold, and the increase of commerce in that region are now calling public attention to it, and the time seems to have arrived when school privileges should be immediately pro-

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vided. In 1870 Congress appropriated \$50,000 for educational purposes in Alaska, which, on account of difficulties of administration at that time, was not expended there. This amount could now be expended there, I am sure, with most satisfactory results.

In accordance, therefore, with these considerations, and in order not to come short of any duty required of me by law, I have the honor to recommend that Congress be requested to appropriate \$50,000 for the establishment and maintenance of schools for instruction in letters and industry, at such points in Alaska as shall be designated by the honorable Secretary of the Interior.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN EATON,
Commissioner.

The honorable SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

Mr. HILL. There is in Alaska a population of 30,000; about 10,000 children and young people growing up, willing to attend school and only glad when they can have the opportunity to be educated. I believe the best way for us in this country to get along with this class of people, such as we have in Alaska, is to educate them, and to train them properly and in the right direction.

The school-houses are there, in many parts of the Territory, the buildings in which these children can be received and educated, but they have not the teachers. What they want is the spelling book, the reader, and such other books as are necessary, and the teacher to give them instructions in the English branches of study, which, as they grow up will help to make good citizens of them.

I am aware that there is no Territorial organization in Alaska, as there ought to be, by which these people can be protected. But I believe this will be a step in the direction of giving a Territorial organization there. As the population increases the demands for a government will increase.

We appropriate money for the seal fisheries and for the Army to keep up the military posts. Why not give them schools and a good system of education, and also an organized government to regulate their own affairs? This matter has been brought to my attention during the past winter, urging action on the part of Congress, and this Congress ought not to adjourn until they have taken action and given the people of Alaska a Territorial form of Government, and it would seem to be a very poor policy not to do something to educate the children and the youths that are growing up there, and who will by and by become citizens of this country. If we are to expect good from them instead of evil we should make provision for their education.

The English language is taught in all the schools in Alaska that are open at the present time, and sustained by private enterprise. There is a population of fully 20,000 without any educational advantages whatever. We have seen it stated that—

Among a few of the native tribes of the United States there is no wish for schools, and it is with great difficulty that the children can be persuaded to attend. But not so in Southeastern Alaska. Wherever a school has been opened it has been filled at once with children eager to learn.

I believe in education, and whenever there is a desire and willingness on the part of the people poor and destitute of means to educate themselves, to improve the opportunities afforded them to learn, effort should be made to aid them. The cause of humanity, the cause of Christianity, and the cause of civilization demand it. These people have been handed over to us by the Russian Government when the Territory came into the possession of the United States; and it is the duty of this Government to educate them—the only true way to civilize and make good citizens of them. It is better than the sword and the rifle, and money appropriated for this purpose will do far more good than establishing military posts at great expense to the Government as is done at the present time.

This subject has excited of late a good deal of attention.

In 1867 Alaska with its inhabitants became a part of the United States. The schools sustained by the fur company, representing the Russian Government, were disbanded. It was reasonable, however, to suppose that 30,000 people would be much better off and have better schools under American than Russian rule. It was but reasonable to expect that the United States, that bases its continued existence upon the intelligence of its citizens and glories in its common-school system, would replace the disbanded Russian schools with those of a higher grade and improved methods; that a people who, through their State systems, practically furnish a free education to all, and through their General Government appropriate thousands of dollars annually for Indian education and civilization, would not neglect to extend school privileges to the natives of their latest acquired territory; for, whatever may have been the views held as to the expediency of the purchase, all will admit that, having acquired, the Government is bound to care for it.

But these reasonable and just expectations have not been realized. The Government, with two exceptions, has done nothing.

Major-General O. O. Howard, who was in command of that military division in 1869, said:

As the military authority is now held responsible for Indian affairs in Alaska, I have thought it best to make a full statement of my observations with the hope that speedy legislation may be had to give to our Indians there, as well as others,

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already said to be in advance of others in point of intelligence, certainly as good opportunities in the way of government and instruction as those have in contiguous British territory.

Commander L. A. Beardslee to the honorable Secretary of the Navy. Senate Executive Document No. 105, Forty-sixth Congress, second session, page 12:

It is my judgment that we will best serve American interests by so teaching and cultivating this race as to win their confidence and get them to recognize us as their friends whom it is their interest to serve.

William H. Dall, esq., Smithsonian Institution, in a letter with reference to a government for Alaska, says:

Ten per cent. of the revenue of the United States from the Territory for the year preceding the current year should be applied to free schools under the Bureau of Education, by the superintendent of public instruction, at the most populous centers, and the commanders of cruisers should be authorized to enlist into the Navy native Alaskans when they might show themselves suitable for the duties required.

Ex-President Hayes, in his last message to Congress, December 1, 1880, says:

The problem is to supply the Territory for a population so scattered and so peculiar in its origin and condition. The natives are reported to be tractable and self-supporting, and if properly instructed doubtless would advance rapidly in civilization, and a new factor of prosperity would be added to the national life. I therefore recommend the requisite legislation upon this subject.

President Arthur, December 6, 1881, says, in his message to Congress:

I regret to state that the people of Alaska have reason to complain that they are as yet unprovided with any form of government by which life or property can be protected. While the extent of its population does not justify the application of the costly machinery of Territorial administration, there is immediate necessity for constituting such a form of government as will promote the education of the people and secure the administration of justice.

Our late lamented President, Garfield, was deeply interested in this subject of educating the people of Alaska, and presented to the House of Representatives on the 2d of February, 1880, the following memorial:

A memorial to the honorable Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled.

Whereas the United States is responsible for the proper care and government of Alaska, the native inhabitants of which and creoles of mixed blood are docile, peaceful, partially civilized, apt in the mechanical arts, and anxious for instruction; and

Whereas it is believed to be the wise policy as well as duty of the Government to adopt prompt measures for their education, with a view to their admission to the rights of citizenship; and

Whereas it is both cheaper and more humane to give them educational facilities now than to fight them hereafter at a largely increased cost; and

Whereas they are a self-supporting people, needing no annuities, clothing, or rations from the Government, but do need teachers, which they cannot procure for themselves; and

Whereas the Government receives an annual revenue from Alaska of \$317,500, and only returns to that country in the form of salaries of United States officers, pay of monthly mail steamer, support of steam revenue cutter, &c., the sum of about \$65,000, leaving a net revenue of over \$250,000: Therefore,

We, the undersigned, citizens of the United States, do hereby memorialize your honorable body to appropriate from the revenue of Alaska in the Treasury the sum of \$50,000, or so much thereof as may be necessary, to be expended by the Commissioner of Education, under the direction of the honorable Secretary of the Interior, for the establishment under competent teachers of schools for the instruction of the native population and creoles of Alaska in the English language, the common branches of an English education, the principles of a republican government, and such industrial pursuits as may seem best adapted to their circumstances.

We find also a letter from the late Senator Burnside showing the interest he manifested in the cause of education in Alaska. Writing to a friend, he says:

SENATE CHAMBER, Washington, March 16, 1880.

DEAR SIR: Will you kindly send me any pamphlets or circular you may have published touching the condition of affairs in Alaska. I am interested in having a system of education established there.

Very truly, yours,

A. E. BURNSIDE,
United States Senator.

These people have a claim on the United States Government, and the action already taken by the Government is certainly of such a

For the New York Observer.
A MISSIONARY BAND.

Having read in the *Observer* of the 4th inst. an account of the organization of the first Protestant church in Alaska, at Fort Wrangel, and in the following week another letter giving a further account of the religious condition of the people, and of the steps that have led to the organization of this church, I cannot refrain from telling you of a singular coincidence occurring here.

At the very time of these proceedings in Alaska, the "Home Mission Band of the Berkeley Springs Presbyterian church" was organized here by a member of the New York avenue church, Washington City, who became deeply interested in Home missions through Drs. Kendall and Jackson, when they presented Alaska and other missions of our country to a very large meeting held in said church last spring. This organization, I think, is worthy of mention, as it may induce others "to go and do likewise."

After the Sunday school lesson of July 27th, upon "Faith, Hope, and Charity," an appeal was made to the scholars by their earnest and faithful superintendent to put their charity in practice by doing something for others, as so much had been done for them by others. It resulted in ten of the scholars remaining to express their willingness to work for the Master; and the following Thursday, July 31st, a meeting was held at the church, Rev. Mr. Compton pastor, preparatory to an organization, and I never saw a more beautiful spirit exhibited or more earnest workers for the cause of Home missions than these young girls. Being myself greatly interested in Mr. McFarland's work, I succeeded in interesting their young hearts; and at the August meeting these girls pledged themselves to raise \$30—a large sum for them—for the education of a girl in her school at Alaska!!

With willing hearts and hands they entered into the work, and on the 21st of August held a sale of their own handiwork, together with refreshments, generously donated, in the large grove attached to the hotel—realizing more than their most sanguine expectations. They sent by their superintendent, September 2d, to Mrs. E. M. Boyd, Treasurer of the Executive Committee of Home Missions, New York, thirty dollars, to be forwarded

to Mrs. A. R. McFarland. They are so delighted with their success, they seem inspired to undertake greater things, and are happy in continuing to do all they can for Alaska. Being as happy myself in their great success, I am, &c.,

D. W. M.

BERKELEY SPRINGS, MORGAN CO., W. VA., }
September 15, 1879.

I give, devise and bequeath unto "THE BOARD OF HOME MISSIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA," the sum of..... Dollars, to be expended for the appropriate objects of said Corporation.

CINCINNATI, O., SEPTEMBER, 1879.

A TRIP TO ALASKA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

As you approach Port Townsend, Washington Territory, one of the most prominent buildings on the bluff is the hospital. Recently among its inmates was a seaman named Lopez. He was the sole survivor of the shipwrecked vessel E. J. McKinnon. Drifting helplessly in the Pacific Ocean for days, he and his comrades had nothing to drink but the salt water of the ocean. One after another died from exposure. As one of them was dying, Lopez said: "George, do you think you are going to God?" On receiving an affirmative reply, Lopez added, with all the intensity of despair: "When you get where God is, tell him to send us some water." The dying man promised that he would do so, and shortly died. Soon after there was a copious shower, and Lopez was enabled to hold out until rescued upon the twenty-second day.

Our visit at Port Townsend was rendered the more pleasant by the kindly attentions of Col. Briggs and Dr. Minor. Col. and Mrs. Briggs are warm friends of our Alaska Mission.

Leaving Port Townsend at 3 o'clock A. M., we were at 6 entering the beautiful, land-locked harbor of Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. Victoria has grown since our previous visit; and the new houses in process of erection give substantial evidence that it is still growing. While the steamer was discharging and taking on freight, we were enjoying the charming drives for which the place is famous. Pleasant calls were had from Rev. John Reid, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church and a member of Puget Sound Presbytery, and Rev. S. McGregor, of the Established Church of Scotland.

At 8 o'clock P. M. the whistle blew "all

aboard," the ropes were thrown off, and we were slowly dropping down the harbor. Passing out into Puget Sound, and turning eastward and northward, we entered upon a series of channels and straits, which make up the wonderful "inland passage" to Alaska.

But few Americans realize that the largest ocean ships can travel from Puget Sound northward in salt waters for over 1,000 miles without ever getting out to sea, and only in crossing two or three small sounds feel the ocean swells, the entire voyage being but little different from river navigation. But such is the case. Passing eastward from the harbor of Victoria, and then northward, you sail for 35 miles through Haro Strait, Swanson Channel, and Active Pass into the Strait of Georgia. Fifty miles to the eastward, across the strait, is Burrard Inlet, one of the prominent points spoken of for the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. To the south of the inlet are the four mouths of the great Fraser River. At the head of the delta formed by these mouths is New Westminster, the second place in importance in the Province.

Northward 107 miles, through the Strait of Georgia, at Cape Mudge, the steamer passes into Discovery Passage. Northward through Discovery, and northwest through Johnstone and Broughton Straits, 107 miles brings to Fort Rupert, one of the great semi-military trading-posts of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company. Discovery, Johnstone and Broughton have a width of from one to two miles, and are walled in with abrupt mountains from 4,000 to 8,000 feet high, and in places no bottom has been found at 300 fathoms.

From Fort Rupert, 30 miles through Shadwell Passage brings to Queen Charlotte's Sound, where for 31 miles the swell of the great Pacific is more or less felt. On the northward Queen Charlotte is followed by Fitzhugh Sound. Forty miles through the sound, and the steamer follows Fisher and Seaforth Channels westward 28 miles. Then, turning northward, Tolmie Channel is followed to Point Kingcome, 79 miles; through McKay Reach and Grenville Channel, 56 miles; across Chatham Sound, 42 miles; across Dixon Sound (the dividing waters between Alaska and British Columbia) and up Clarence Strait, 200 miles.

From Olympia, at the head of Puget Sound, to the Tacon Country in Alaska, is an inland ocean voyage of over 1,000

miles, amid scenery unsurpassed. In many places the channel was less than half a mile wide, and nearly the whole distance the mountains rise from the waters' edge 1,000 to 8,000 feet, and covered with dense forests far up into the snow

that crowns their summits. The track of the avalanche was frequently seen; and beautiful cascades, born of glaciers, were in many places pouring down the mountain-sides; while far up amid the sharp peaks shone in the sun the glistening snow or blue glacier.

Presbyterianism.

The Presbyterian Churches of British Columbia, with the exception of Rev. John Reid's in Victoria, are in connection with the Established Church of Scotland. There are five ministers in the Presbytery, for whose support the Old Kirk pays \$5,000 yearly. It also grants \$250 to the building fund of each new church erected.

The wealthiest and largest church in the Presbytery is St. Andrew's, at Victoria, of which Rev. S. McGregor is pastor. It is the steady growth of years under the efficient ministrations of its present pastor. Its influence for good is felt throughout the whole Province.

At New Westminster, Rev. Robt. Jamieson has been for fifteen years the acceptable minister of St. Andrew's. Mr. Jamieson, in addition to his duties at New Westminster, has done much work of exploration. This is now being largely done by Rev. A. Dunn, at Langley, twenty miles above New Westminster, on Fraser River. Mr. Dunn has five preaching stations, and is accomplishing much toward supplying the spiritual destitutions of that section.

In the beautiful valley of the Nicolai River, one of the tributaries of the Fraser, is another of the Home Mission stations of British Columbia; Rev. George Murray, the minister, having several preaching stations, some of which are 100 miles apart.

Across the Strait of Georgia, westward from the Fraser River, is Nanaimo, another Home Mission station; and a few miles to the north, on the east side of Vancouver, is still another station, called Comox.

And the regions beyond, with their increasing population, are earnestly asking for ministers. And if there is any class of people that more need the comforts of the gospel, it is the frontier settlers.

The Presbytery has not yet commenced any work among the native population on this coast, although the work is under con-

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sideration. But off to the eastward, across the great mountains, upon the Saskatchewan River, that, 1,700 miles away, empties into Hudson Bay, the Presbyterian Church of Canada has its five missionaries among the Indians.

ALASKA.

BY REV. SHELDON JACKSON, D.D.

It was a beautiful Sabbath afternoon in July that we crossed Dixon's Inlet and were again in American waters. The cold, drizzling rain that had accompanied us much of the way from Victoria ceased. The storm clouds that had robbed us of much grand scenery broke away, and the sun lighted up a panorama of water and snow, of mountain and gorge that cannot be described. Between us and the main-land are innumerable islands of all sizes—some mere points of rock above the water. Beautiful vistas are constantly opening among these along islands as we pass them. Some of the channels connect with fords, or long narrow arms of the sea, many of which run far inland, and a few pierce to the Cascade mountains. On every side the trees are mirrored in the water's edge. On the main-land the mountains rise to an elevation of 5000 to 7000 feet. From the main range the rugged mountain spurs run in a westerly and southerly direction to the sea. Deep, gloomy sea inlets run up between these giant spurs, and the overflow of far inland lakes pours over mountain precipices. Avalanches have cut broad streets from mountain tops to the water's edge. Through rifts and gorges on the elevated bank, as we sailed hundreds of

miles along its western coast, are seen mountains far inland—some domed, others peaked, with gulches here and there filled with snow and glaciers. No picture could convey, no words express the beauty of the scene. It is a constant feast to the eye and heart. In years to come when its beauty and enjoyment are better known, a trip from Puget Sound to Alaska will be a popular one for tourists. The sun set at nine o'clock and twelve minutes amid purple and gold. And as twilight lasted all night, we did not wait until dark to go to bed. The announcement that we were approaching Ft. Wrangell turned us out of our berths at four o'clock next morning. It was not before sunrise, however.

Reaching the deck we were steaming past a lonely cemetery where a flag of red, white and black, kept signal over a few graves. Half an hour afterwards we were at anchor in Etolin harbor abreast of Fort Wrangell. This village of one hundred houses is on the northwestern side of Wrangell Island, a few miles below the mouth of Stickine River.

Owing to the extensive gold mines at Cassiar on the head waters of the Stickine and Deese Rivers it has become the chief business centre of Alaska. The Cassiar mines are employing this season about 2000 men, which creates considerable trade. For this trade Wrangell is at the end of ocean and commencement of river navigation. Two ocean vessels run between Portland and Wrangell, and Victoria and Wrangell, and two small river steamers run on the Stickine River between Wrangell and the mines. The Island of Wrangell and mouth of the Stickine River were first visited by the American ship *Atahualpa*, of Boston, in 1802, three years before Lewis and Clark descended the Columbia. The permanent population is about one hundred whites and Russians, and five hundred Indians. Besides these there is a large Winter population of miners, and a floating Indian population of from 500 to 700 more, sometimes being from 2000 to 3000 Indians in the place. It is on the great highway of Indians to and from the mines, also to their hunting and fishing. This makes it a central point for the establishment of a mission to the Indians, as parties from several large tribes are almost always in the village. As the steamer expected to sail again about noon for Sitka, Dr. Kendall had a busy time with Rev. Mr. Young, Mrs. McFarland and the carpenter concerning the erection of the building for church and industrial school. The site of the mission buildings overlooks the bay, the Islands and the village. On the southern sweep of the shore of the bay, stands a portion of the Indian village with its dwellings, its graves, and emblems of heathenism. The beach is lined with their large canoes, from twenty to thirty feet long, made out of one solid log of cedar or cypress. Some of the largest of these canoes are from sixty to seventy-five feet long, and eight to ten feet wide, and will carry one hundred people. Along the beach just above high tide are their houses. These are from twenty-five to forty feet square, without a window, the only openings being a small door for entrance, and a hole in the roof for the escape of the smoke. The door is three or four feet above the ground level, and opens on the inside upon a broad platform, which extends around the four sides. This platform contained their rolls of blankets, bedding and other stores. Some of the houses had a second platform inside the first, and a few steps lower. Then a few more steps down brings to the inside square on the ground floor which is also planked, with the exception of about four feet square in the centre, where the fire is built on the ground. Some few had a small inside room looking as if it was a portion of the cabin of a wrecked vessel.

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The walls and frequently roofs are made of cypress plank, from two to five feet wide, and two to three inches thick. These planks are made by first splitting the trees into great planks, then smoothing down the planks with a small adze. In front of their leading houses, and at their burial places are sometimes immense timbers covered with carvings.

These are the genealogical records of the family. The child usually takes the *totem* of the mother. For instance at the bottom of a post may be the carving of a whale, over that a fox, a porpoise, and an eagle, —signifying that the great-grandfather of the occupant of the house on his mother's side belonged to the whale family, the grandfather to the fox family, the father to the porpoise, and he himself to the eagle family. These standards are from two to five feet in diameter and often over sixty feet in height, and sometimes cost from \$1000 to \$2000. Formerly the entrance to the house was a hole through this standard, but latterly they are commencing to have regular doors hung on hinges. Among the Stickines these badge trees or totems are usually off to one side of the door. Scattered between the houses and the higher land back of them, are a number of boxes about five feet by two in size, raised on four posts, a few feet from the ground. Also small frame houses like an old fashioned smoke house four feet square. These are the graves of the chiefs and shamans (sorcerers). One of them was surmounted by a wooden figure of a whale, ten feet long, which was presented to me by Moses Louie. Another had a figure of an immense frog. Others had the genealogy of the dead painted upon them. At eleven A. M., we were off for Sitka. Towards evening the steamer rounded a cape, ran up a small inlet into the very heart of the mountains. Landed for lumber at Kuzan. The place consisted of a house, a saw mill and a few Indian huts. The next morning we were steaming past Mount Edgecombe now an extinct volcano but emitting fire and smoke as late as 1796. And at nine o'clock were in the beautiful bay of Sitka.

A CANOE VOYAGE OFF THE COAST OF ALASKA.

BY SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

Twelve stalwart Indians leaned forward in their seats—twelve paddles dashed into the water and we were off on a canoe voyage of six days in the North Pacific ocean.

I had long wanted to make a personal visit to the missions of the Methodist and Church of England churches at Ft. Simpson and Mellakotlah and inspect their plans and methods of labor. These missions have been in operation twenty years, and sufficient time (an important element in mission work) has elapsed to test the efficiency of their methods. Besides, these missions were the forerunner of our own work in

Alaska. As our American steamer would not call at those points there was no other way than to make the trip in a canoe.

While looking around a large canoe came in from the Chilcat country loaded with furs and en route to Ft. Simpson. A portion of the crew were christian Indians from Ft. Simpson, so there was no difficulty in arranging for a passage. Besides the six christian Indians, were twelve wild Chilcat savages headed by their medicine chief or schaman. Our canoe was about thirty-five feet long, five feet across and three feet deep. I had a comfortable seat allotted me in the centre of the canoe with my provisions and blankets within easy reach. The day wore on with the monotonous dip of the paddles. Rounding a cape, for a short distance, they were able to hoist two sails and have their assistance for a short distance.

Late in the afternoon we passed a deserted village of the Stickines. A number of the ancient crest poles were standing surrounded by grotesque images and containing the bones and ashes of former inhabitants. Many had fallen and were rotting amidst the dense growth of underbrush and ferns. Many of the corner posts were still standing surmounted by immense beams, some of them from three to four feet through, and from forty to sixty feet long. Without an inhabitant, only the coarse croak of the raven broke in upon the stillness and desolation of the scene.

The Indians resting upon their paddles gazed intently upon the ruins as we floated by with the tide. What thoughts were passing through their minds I had no means of knowing. Perhaps the savage Chilcats looked upon the scene with superstitious dread and awe. While to the christian Tsimpseans it brought joy and gratitude as they realized how light and hope had come to them in place of the heathen darkness of the past.

If those ruins had a voice to rehearse the scenes that had passed before them, the whole world would stand aghast and horrified at the cruelties which it was possible for human nature to gloat over.

When those great corner posts were placed in position, a slave was murdered and placed under each. When the houses were completed and occupied, scores of slaves were butchered to show the power and wealth of the owner, whose slaves were so plenty that he could afford to kill some, and still have plenty left. Founded and dedicated with human sacrifices—who can conceive of the aggregate of human woe and suffering in those habitations of cruelty year after year at their wild drunken orgies—their cannibal feasts—their torture of witches—their fiendish carousals around the burning dead—the long despairing wails of lost souls as they passed out into eternal darkness. They have passed away to judgment and their village is in ruins. But other villages still exist on their coast, where these same scenes of cruelty and blood are perpetrated from year to year. When will the christian church awake to their responsibility and send the light into all this benighted land.

About 6 p. m. the canoe was run upon the beach and an hour spent in supper—which to the Indians consisted of tea and salmon.

Frequently the would break out into one of their national airs to encourage the rowers. This would challenge the christian Indians who would follow with a number of the precious hymns of Bliss and Sankey. One evening after singing a great number of these, the Chilcat Sehaman inquired, who was this Jesus that they had been singing about. Then the Tsimpsan Indians gladly preached Jesus unto him.

These christian Indians carry their religion with them wherever they go. They were now returning from a voyage of a thousand miles along the coast. They had been absent for weeks. But under no circumstances would they travel upon the Sabbath. Upon one occasion they were nearly out of food and their heathen companions urged them to continue the trip.

They said we are hungry and you are no friends of ours if you will not go where we can get something to eat. But they would not sail upon the Sabbath.

One of them afterwards said in a meeting of his own people that his heart was often sad upon the trip, that he did not know more of the

language of the people they were visiting in order to be able to tell them more about Jesus.

I was myself much interested in my Chilcat companions, and when at Ft. Simpson an interpreter could be had, they came and held a council with me. The two chiefs, who were present, declaring their wish to give up their old ways and have their people learn the new way, which was better. They said they were all ready and waiting to give up their heathen practices, as soon as a teacher would come, and earnestly inquired how soon a teacher would come.

This whole coast has been leavened by God's spirit to desire the gospel. The Indians think the whites have some great secret about the future state of the soul, which they wish to learn. They are in a condition of expectancy, which would cause them to warmly welcome christian teachers. But if this season is permitted by the church to pass away unimproved, who can say that it will not be followed by greater hardness of heart and more determined heathenism.

Embarking at 7 they paddled until 10 p. m., when finding an opening in the rock-bound coast we put ashore, spread our blankets upon the sand and were soon sound asleep. At 3 a. m. we were roused from sleep and soon under way without any breakfast. During the morning, passing the mouth of a shallow mountain stream we anchored to a big rock, while the Indians wading up the stream with poles and paddles in a few minutes clubbed to death some thirty salmon averaging about twenty-five pounds weight. These were thrown into the canoe. At noon they stopped for their first meal that day. Fires were made under shelter of a great rock. The fish were cleaned and hung upon sticks and were soon broiling before the fire.

After dinner and a short nap we were again on our way. Finding no suitable landing place, the Indians paddled on until two o'clock in the morning, when running ashore, we spread our blankets as best we could

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under the shelter of the rocks and projecting roots from the pouring rain.

At 6 a. m., rising from uncomfortable sleep, we embarked and paddled until 9 a. m. when reaching the cabin of a white man at Tongas Narrows, we went ashore for breakfast. In an hour we were again under way, the Indians working hard at the paddles until the middle of the afternoon, when we ran ashore upon a rocky point for a short rest and sleep.

In an hour and a half we were again under way. Towards evening we passed Cape Fox, and continued on toiling all night in rowing. When the waves were the highest and the sea the roughest, the stroke of the paddles kept time with the measured song of the leader—who kept time with the roll of the waves—mounting each wave with two strokes of the paddle, then a momentary rest gathering strength for the next billow. It was a long tedious night, that in the rain and fog and darkness we tossed in a frail canoe, upon the waters, but daylight found us at

FORT TONGAS.

This is an Indian village and an abandoned military post. From the water there seems to be a whole forest of crest or totem poles. Many of these were from 60 to 76 feet high and carved from top to bottom with a succession of figures representing the bear, eagle, wolf, frog and other mythical creatures. The military post was established in 1867 and abandoned in 1877, the buildings still remaining. The chief Kimeoe was absent at Ft. Rupert, but has repeatedly asked for a missionary for his people.

The wind had been against us from the beginning. It had rained each day, and the storm had continued to increase in violence. Some of the Indians, being so exhausted by the labors of the past night that they fell asleep at their work, it was thought best to go ashore and get some rest, which we did—lying out in the rain until the blankets were saturated and the water was making channels down my back and running into my boots. We waited here two hours, when, seeing no signs of a lull in the storm, we re-embarked, determined if possible to make Ft. Simpson. Getting

out from the shelter of the islands into , we found the wind in our favor. Hoisting both sails, we drove through the waves at a slashing rate. Sometimes driving into them, until the water ran over the sides into the canoe.

Cold, wet and weary that afternoon we ran into the harbor at Ft. Simpson, and shortly after received a warm welcome at the mission station of the Methodist church of Canada.

A CANOE VOYAGE OFF THE COAST OF ALASKA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Missions of the Methodist Church of Canada.

BY SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

Missions to the Indians on the northwest coast of America has called out three remarkable men: Rev. Innocentius Venianienoff, of the Greek church, who commencing as an humble priest in Alaska, was made bishop and then primate of the Greek church of all Russia. Mr. Wm. Duncan of the Church Missionary society of London, who has built up the model Indian village of Metakatta. And Rev. Thomas Crosby, missionary of the Methodist church of Canada, at Fort Simpson, on the edge of Alaska. On the 28th day of February, 1862, a local preacher in the Methodist church, he left Canada for Indian work in British Columbia.

In the spring of 1863 he commenced teaching an Indian mission school at Nanaimo. In six months he so far secured a knowledge of the language that he could preach in it. In 1867 became a candidate for ordination and took a circuit extending up and down the coast among the Indians for one hundred and eighty miles, and up the Fraser river to Yale. In 1869 his first field was visited by an extensive revival and hundreds among the Flathead Indians were brought to Christ. His great success attracted the attention of his denomination so that when a picked man was wanted to go to the tribes in the distant north he was selected. His work at Ft. Simpson and on the Nasse has been spoken of in a previous letter. But not content with that, he is reaching out a helping

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hand to the perishing tribes in every direction. He reached out to the Stickines at Fort Wrangell—visited them. Sent his young men to them and carried on the work until the arrival of Mrs. McArland and myself in 1877. For a time he had an Indian school also at Fort Tingas, on the American side. At Port Essington on the Skeena river, unable to secure an English missionary, he has placed an intelligent Indian woman in charge of the Sabbath services.

Indeed, the Methodist's are utilizing their native converts very largely and with great success. Again, up the river one hundred and eighty miles at the Forks of the Skeena, another station has been established and Native Catechist sent there. At Kit-a-mart one hundred and fifty miles south of Ft. Simpson a beginning has also been made, and a small church 28x30 feet erected by the Indians. The lumber for this church was taken one hundred and fifty miles in canoes. The earnest desire of these Indians for light and the exposures and hardships they are willing to undergo in order to secure buildings for school and church is something wonderful.

The most noted medicine man of this place was Bella Bella Peter. He had been the leader of a secret religious society of man eaters, who exhume dead bodies, bite and pretend to eat them. He was among the first to come to Christ. Bringing out all the implements of his sorcery, he burned them in the presence of his people. For a long time his life was in danger, his old associates fearing he would expose the secrets of their craft, and deprive them of their gains and power over the people. But counting not his life dear, Peter continues to earnestly proclaim the truth as it is in Jesus in season and out of season.

The people at Kit-a-mart belong to the Bella Bella tribe. And arrangements are made to station a Methodist minister at Bella Bella to visit all the villages of that people. At Bella Bella a little chapel has already been erected. Bella Bella Jim, one of the head chiefs of the nation, was a great gambler and drunkard. Being over to New Westminster he was invited to attend church. But

he declined, saying he was not a church Indian. Again and again he was invited until at length he concluded to go. He was so well pleased that he continued to attend. He concluded to give up gambling and drinking and after a while saw himself a sinner and went to Jesus for salvation. After attending for a time the Indian church at New Westminster and Victoria he returned home. He had long been intending to erect a new house and make a great feast for all the neighboring tribes, that he might show his wealth and get great renown. But now all his plans were changed and he concluded to build a church house that Jesus might get the renown. Thus was the Bella Bella chapel built. The church finished, he took his wife and child in a canoe and paddled two hundred miles to Ft. Simpson to beg that a minister might be sent to occupy the new house and teach him and his people about Jesus. He remained two months at Ft. Simpson under instruction in the new way.

The Hydahs from Queen Charlotte's Island have also again and again sought assistance and pleaded for a missionary. Hyhah George, in the line of royal decent and heir apparent to the head chief of his people, one night lay upon his bed of skins musing on the past. He remembered the ambition of his father and uncles for great renown among their people, but they had passed away. He thought of the desire of his sisters for wealth and display to secure which they had gone into sin, which laid them in early graves. His proud family one after another had passed away until only he and a younger brother remained. The inherited wealth of generations had descended to him, and he was about to be made the chief of a powerful tribe. But as he remembered how only evil had come to his family, he determined to renounce the old ways of his people and try the christian way. He and his people had often asked that a missionary might be sent to them, but none had come. He would wait no longer—he would arise and go where the missionary was. When he announced his purpose to his people, they were in a

rage. They were afraid that the wealth of his family would be lost to the tribe and they determined to prevent the carrying out of his resolution by force. He replied, "if it is my property you want, take it, but as for me I am going where the christians are." And the young man gave up his chieftainship, distributed much of his wealth, and taking his brother in the canoe with him came to Mr. Crosby for religious instruction. Thus the tribes and tongues and people come to Mr. Crosby for the gospel. And his canoe voyages to visit them cover thousands of miles. I have dwelt more at length on these missions to show both the eagerness of the people for the gospel and what can be accomplished. For what the Wesleyan Methodist's and Church of England can do for the natives in British Columbia can be done by the Presbyterian church in Alaska. They are the same people with the same customs, practices and heathenism.

After a delightful Sabbath spent with Mr. Crosby and his Indians, I continued my canoe voyage down the coast to visit the celebrated mission of the Church Missionary society at Metlakatla.

A CANOE VOYAGE OFF THE COAST OF ALASKA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Missions of Church Missionary Society.

BY SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

On the 2nd of May, 1669, Charles the II granted a charter to his cousin Prince Rupert conveying the exclusive right to form settlements and carry on trade in northern North America. This was the commencement of the famous Hudson Bay company, whose hardy adventurous employes penetrated and made known to geographical science almost every portion of the great northland.

Among the most enterprising of these pioneers was Alex. MacKenzie. In 1793 he had pressed forward to the head water of Peace river. Crossed the summit of the Rocky Mountains and stood upon the shores of the north Pacific Ocean. In 1806 Simon Fraser had crossed the mountains and established a post of the Hudson

Bay company on the Pacific side. And about 1821 Ft. Rupert on Vancouver's Island and Ft. Simpson on the borders of Alaska were established. The establishment of these posts called the attention of British christians to the condition of the Indian tribes which number in British Columbia over 28,000. These belong to several nations with distinct languages. These again sub-divided into many tribes speaking different dialects.

It was not however until 1856 that an effort was made for the establishment of a mission. In that year Captain (now Admiral) Prevost, of the Royal navy, being ordered to visit that coast, offered a free passage to any missionary whom the Church Missionary Society would send out. In response to this offer Mr. William Duncan was sent out, arriving at Fort Simpson on the 1st of October, 1857. Upon his arrival, he says: "I found located here nine tribes of Tsimpshean Indians numbering by count, 2,300 souls. To attempt to describe their condition would be but to produce a dark and revolting picture of human depravity. The dark mantle of degrading superstition enveloped them all, and their savage spirits swayed by pride jealousy and revenge were ever hurrying them on to deeds of blood. Their history was little else then a chapter of crime and misery. But worse was to come. The following year the discovery of gold brought in a rush of miners. Fire water now began its reign of terror, and debauchery its work of desolation. On every hand were raving drunkards and groaning victims. The medicine man's rattle and the voice of wailing seldom ceased. There was no law, and there literally seemed no hope." But sustained by the Divine Arm Mr. Duncan set himself resolutely to work. Unforeseen difficulties met him at every turn. But he persevered. At length the gospel leaven began to work. One after another began to listen and forsake their heathen practices until quite a body of converts gathered around him. As the number increased he felt the necessity of separating the christian from the heathen element. Consequently in May, 1862,

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having selected a suitable location for a new settlement a few miles down the coast he removed the mission premises and was followed by fifty faithful souls to the new place, which they called

METLAKAHTLA.

The new settlement has now grown to 1,000 people, forming the healthiest and strongest settlement on the coast. "Rules have been laid down for the regulation of the community, to which all residents are obliged to conform, and the use of spiritous liquors strictly prohibited. All are required to keep the Sabbath, attend church and send their children to school. Industrious habits are diligently encouraged and the people educated as farmers, blacksmiths, carpenters, merchants, &c. They live in well built cottages and have a church capable of seating 1,000 persons. Average winter attendance 600 to 800. They have also a school building that will accommodate seven hundred pupils. Besides these, they have carpenter and blacksmith shops, storehouse, sawmill, etc., all owned and managed by the Indians; while all around the bay are well cultivated gardens and potato patches. The main street of the village along the beach is lighted with street lamps. Five hundred and seventy-nine adults have been baptized at this mission; four hundred and ten infant baptisms—two hundred and forty-three deaths among the christian portion of the people; one hundred and thirty-seven christian marriages independent of those who were found married according to their tribal customs. A large number of Catechiemens are under instruction as candidates for church membership.

The population of 1,000 is divided into ten companies or wards, each having its elder to look after its religious services, its chief as leader in social gatherings and one or two constables. The village has a brass band of twenty-four instruments, a public reading room and public guest house for the lodging of strange Indians, fifty two one story dwelling houses are in process of erection this season. The present mission force is Mr. Wm. Duncan, Supt., Rev. W. H. Collinson and wife and David, native assistant.

Our visit to this mission was very enjoyable. It was also our privilege to meet at the mission Admiral Prevost of the Royal navy—one of the earliest and firmest friends of the mission. These Indians are a happy, industrious, prosperous community of former savages and cannibals, saved by the grace of God. This is the oldest and most successful Indian mission in this section.

KINCOLITTE.

In 1864 a new mission was established at Kincolitte for the five tribes of Tsimpsheans on the Nasse river by Rev. R. A. Doolan. He was succeeded by Rev. Robert Tomlinson, M. D. who remained until this spring. Mr. Tomlinson leaving to establish a new mission. The village is now in charge of Mr. Henry Schutt, teacher. This mission was established upon the same plan as Metlakahtla and numbers about one hundred and fifty people. About forty miles above Kincolitte on the Nasse river a new mission has been established at Kitahdamaksh, and placed in charge of Arthur, a Nishkah Indian catechist. A school house has been erected and a good school started.

**A CANOE VOYAGE OFF THE
COAST OF ALASKA AND
BRITISH COLUMBIA.**

Missions of Church Missionary Society.

BY SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

MASSETT.

On November 1st, 1876, Rev. W. H. Collison, of Metlakatla, established a mission at Massett on Queen Charlotte's Island among the Hydahs. These are the most daring and blood thirsty tribe on the Pacific coast, and, in days past, have not hesitated to attack and capture European ships. We had previously visited them in July. A large Indian dance house was secured and fitted up for a mission. A morning school for women and children and an evening one for men was opened. Feeling the same pressure that Mrs. McFarland did at Ft. Wrangell he opened a home for girls. During the past season the average attendance at the morning school was about fifty.

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At the Sabbath services the attendance was from three hundred to four hundred. The work has been greatly prospered. Thirty Catechismen are under instruction as candidates for church membership, among whom are four principal chiefs. One of the chiefs, Cow-hoe, is under special instruction for a teacher.

Last spring the work at Metlakatla requiring Mr. Collison's presence, he returned with his excellent wife to that station. And the Rev. Geo. Sneath was sent out from England to take his place at Massett. Mr. Sneath was originally sent out to the Central African mission, but his health failed and he was transferred to the northwest coast. Before leaving Mr. Collison writes from Massett.

"One of the principal chiefs died a short time since. I visited him during his illness, and held service in his house weekly for the five weeks preceding his death. On the morning of the day on which he died I visited him, and found him surrounded by the men of his tribe and the principal medicine man, who kept up his incantations and charms to the last. He was sitting up, and appeared glad to see me, and, in answer to my inquiries, he informed me that he was very low indeed and his heart weak. I directed him to withdraw his mind from everything, and look only to Jesus, who alone could help him. He thanked me again and again whilst I instructed him; and when I asked him if he would like me to pray with him, he replied that he would very much. I then called upon all to kneel, and, with bowed head, he followed my petitions earnestly. He informed me that, had he been spared, he would have been one of the first in the way of God; but I endeavored to show him that even then he might be so by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

"His death was announced by the firing of several cannon which they have in the village. On my entering the house, the scene which presented itself was indescribable—shrieking, dancing, tearing and burning their hair in the fire; whilst the father of the deceased, who had just been pulled out of the fire, rushed to it again and threw himself upon it. He was with difficulty removed, and

I directed two men to hold him whilst I endeavored to calm the tumult.

"I was very much shocked to find that a young man—a slave—had been accused by the medicine-men as having bewitched the chief and induced his sickness. In consequence of this he had been stripped, and bound hands and feet in an old out-house, and thus kept for some days without food. I only learned this about one hour before the death of the chief, and it was well I heard it even then, as I learned that they had determined to shoot him, and a man had been told of who had his gun ready for the purpose. I lost no time in calling the chiefs and the friends of the deceased, and showed them the wickedness and sinfulness of such proceedings, and how, by their thus acting, they had probably kept up a feeling of revenge in the mind of their friend who had just expired. They accepted my advice, and had him unbound, and he came to the Mission house to have his wounds dressed. His wrists were swollen to an immense size, and his back, from hip to shoulder, lacerated and burned to the bone by torches of pitch pine. He was deeply grateful to me for having saved him.

"The dead chief was laid out, and all those of his crest came from the opposite village, bringing a large quantity of swans-down, which they scattered over and around the corpse. At my suggestion, they departed from the usual custom of dressing and painting the dead, and, instead of placing the corpse in a sitting posture, they consented to place it on the back. The remains were decently interred, and I gave an address and prayed; thus their custom of placing the dead in hollowed poles, carved and erected near the house, has been broken through, and since this occurred many of the remains which were thus placed have been buried.

"Dancing, which was carried on every night without intermission during our first winter on the islands has been greatly checked. Several, including two of the chiefs, have given it up entirely. The medicine-men have informed them that those who give up dancing will die soon. They are well aware that the aband-

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onment of this practice will weaken their influence, and hence their opposition.

"The manufacture of 'fire water' has not been carried on in the vicinity of the mission, nor has any case of drunkenness come under my notice from that source, though I believe they continue to make it, and drink it in limited quantities at an encampment some fifteen miles away from the mission station.

"Gambling, to which a large number of the young men are addicted, has been partially checked, and several have given it up and received papers from me signifying their determination to abandon it, to which they have signed their names."

FORT RUPERT.

Some three or four years ago the head chief of the Indians upon the northern end of Vancouver Island visited Metlakantla, and asked for a teacher, saying that "a rope had been thrown out from Metlakantla, which was encircling and drawing together all the Indian tribes into one common brotherhood."

In response to his earnest entreaty it was at length arranged that Rev. A. J. Hall should go and establish a mission among them. This he did opening a school on April 1st, 1878. The tribe number about 3,500, a strong and intelligent race, given to deadly feuds, cannibal feasts, slave catching expeditions and infanticide.

The Roman Catholics have had no less than twelve priests among these people at different times, but all have left without accomplishing anything.

Mr. Hall has an attendance of forty to sixty at the day school, and frequently audiences of a hundred upon the Sabbath.

In a late letter, he says: "The medicine men still exercise much power. A few days since I went to see a sick woman. I entered the house and heard strange noises. A medicine 'woman,' with her back turned to me, was blowing very scientifically on the breast of the sick woman, and occasionally making a peculiar howl. I watched the practitioner unobserved, and when she turned round and saw me she gave me a grin of recognition and then continued her blowing. For this she was paid two blankets (12s.). A

famous doctor was recently sent for from a neighboring village. I heard him blowing in the same way, and for his visit he received thirty blankets. These people are divided into "clans," and each clan imitates an animal when dancing. The children follow their fathers and grandfathers in the same dance year by year. One party, when they perform, are hung up with hooks in a triangular frame, one hook being stuck into the back, and two more into the legs, and suspended in this way they are carried through the village. Another clan have large fish-hooks put into their flesh, to which lines are attached. The victim struggles to get away, and those who hold the lines haul him back; eventually his flesh is torn, and he escapes. By suffering in this way they keep up the dignity of their ancestors, and are renowned for their bravery."

KISH-PI-YOUX.

During Mr. Tomlinson's residence, at Kincolette, he was accustomed to make an annual visit to the Indians in the Kish-pi-youx valley, on the upper Skeena. Upon the recommendation of Bishop Bompas Mr. Tomlinson removed there last April and opened up a mission farm, from which he hopes to reach several tribes. Having long treated their sick at the mission hospital at Kincolette, he is said to have acquired great influence over them.

The church Missionary Society are so much encouraged by the progress of the missions on the North Pacific coast, that they have erected them into a bishopric, called Caledonia and appointed Rev. W. P. ... as bishop. For the more efficient working of his field he has appealed to his

church for funds to purchase a small mission steamer, towards the purchase of which he has secured \$2,500.

What has been done by English christians among the natives of British Columbia can be done by the Board of Home Missions for the natives of Alaska.

A CANOE VOYAGE OFF THE COAST OF ALASKA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Missions of the Methodist Church of Canada in Northwest America.

BY SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

There are few chapters in missionary history more wonderful than those which record the work of the Methodist church of Canada among the Indians of British Columbia.

In 1862 there was in Victoria a full blooded Indian woman, the daughter of a great chief, and a chieftainess in her own right. When a child, she was at stated times taken up a great river in a canoe and taught to worship a large mountain peak. Her mother's god was a fish. Desiring to learn something of the white man's God, she commenced attending religious services in Victoria, and followed it up for seven years without finding light or comfort. About 1868 a great medicine man named "Amos," that in his incantations had torn in pieces with his teeth and eaten dead bodies, commenced attending the Methodist church and prayer meeting. This called the attention of the church to the condition of the Indian population and a Sabbath school was started for their benefit. The second Sabbath, no Indian was present at the school. Upon visiting their camp, they were found making a medicine man with all the accompanying cruelties. But the school persevered in. Amos was one of the first converts, and became a class leader. About this time Mrs. Dix found her way to the school and to Christ. A revival commenced among the Indians during which meetings were kept up for nine weeks, and numbers were brought into the church.

With her own conversion Mrs. Dix became anxious for the conversion of her daughter-in-law and son, who was chief of a tribe several hundred miles up the coast. She would spend whole nights in prayer, that God would bring him to Victoria under the revival influences. She asked her friends, white and Indian, to join her in this petition. During the meetings that son, that had not been home for years, landed from the steamer at Victoria, after a canoe

load of whisky. He was prevailed on to attend church with his wife and mother. All the depravity of his nature rose up against what he had heard and saw. He was angry at his mother, himself and everybody. Still more earnest prayer was then made for him and prayer prevailed. Both he and his wife were brought to Christ. With the fire kindled in their own hearts, they hastened back to their own people, near the Alaska line bearing the glad tidings of great joy. As of old, Parthians and Medes and dwellers in Asia and strangers at Rome and others, carried back to their own people the fire and tidings of the pentacostal season, so these Indians carried the power of the gospel with them to their homes at the Skeena, the Nasse, the Tastazel-laroka and other places too numerous to mention.

Alfred, the chief, commenced at once to hold meetings among his own people at Ft. Simpson. In connection with his wife, he opened a day school which was soon attended by over two hundred pupils. Letter after letter was sent to Victoria urging the appointment of a missionary, but during the long delay the meetings were carried on by the people themselves and the aid of the Holy Spirit. So that when Rev. Thomas Crosby reached Ft. Simpson, in 1874, he found a glorious work of grace in progress, and not a single family that had not already renounced paganism and were impatiently awaiting his arrival to be taught more perfectly in the new way.

It is proper to say that this preparatory work was partly due to the leaven of Mr. Duncan's labors for the church missionary society and partly to the revival at Victoria.

With enthusiasm Mr. and Mrs. Crosby set themselves to the work, and by God's blessing a village of christian Indians has grown up around them. Their beautiful new church is gothic in style, 50x80 feet in size, with buttresses and a tower 140 feet high.

During the finishing of the church an unusual storm unroofed it and for a time the whole church was in danger of being destroyed. As the first portion of the roof came down with a crash, an old Indian ran to one of the stores and securing a coil

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of rope ran back to the church out of breath. Younger and stronger men mounted the swaying building and fastened the rope to the gable end. Others tightened the rope and fastened the other end to a large stump. Then kneeling down around the stump in the beating storm they uncovered their heads and one prayed that the Lord would have pity upon them and spare His house; saying, "Lord you have taken the roof off your house, that is enough. Now Lord don't do any more." The walls of the building being firmly lashed with ropes to neighboring rocks and stumps, the people repaired to the school house. A chief arose and called out that it was not a time for long speeches, but action. Instantly twenty or thirty men left the house and the missionary was alarmed lest they were offended—others followed them, but soon they commenced returning with rolls of blankets (the currency of this region) on their shoulders and laid them in front of the teacher's desk, as their offering to the Lord. The fire was kindled and amid tears and laughter blankets, coats, shirts, shawls, guns, finger and ear rings, bracelets, furs, and indeed almost everything that could be turned into money, was laid upon the table of offering, to the amount of \$400, a striking commentary on the constraining love of Christ in their hearts.

Schools of various kinds have been successfully established. The day school in winter numbers about one hundred and twenty. The Sunday school is divided into three parts. Before morning service Bible-classes, when the previous Sunday lesson is taken up, read and discussed. Afternoon, the children are taken to the school house, where lessons suitable to their understanding are given by Mrs. Crosby and Miss Knott. Mr. Crosby has the adults under his care at the same time in the church.

Thus the whole church is reached and a whole tribe are moving steadily forward to a higher civilization. Under the influence of christianity the Indians are abandoning their large houses, which are the common abode of several families, and building separate houses for each family. During the past two years sixty such dwellings have been erected and the

old houses are fast disappearing with other remnants of their old civilization.

Under the leadership of Mr. Crosby, the Indians have an annual industrial fair, at which small premiums are given for the best specimens of carving in wood or silver, model of dwellings and canoes, best vegetables, best kept garden, window sash, paneled doors, cured salmon, etc.

During the winter of '77 and '78 a revival came with great power among them. One evening a great crowd came and asked to be admitted to the church. As Rev. Mr. Crosby was absent, his able and efficient assistant Miss C. S. Knott went into the church with them. The whole assembly seemed moved to strong crying and tears and excited confessions of sin. After a lengthy meeting she dismissed them and closed the church, but they refused to go home. They gathered in groups in the church yard although it was raining almost incessantly. They scarcely eat or slept, neglected themselves and their children. The whole place was one of weeping. These strong manifestations lasted three days and nights, when they calmed down Mr. Crosby returning, meetings were held for a number of weeks until large numbers were brought into the church. Many flocked in from the neighboring tribes and finding Jesus returned to their own people to spread the story of salvation.

NAAS RIVER.

As at Fort Simpson, so on the Naas river the converted natives from Fort Simpson carried the messages of salvation into the regions beyond in advance of the white missionary. And upon the shores of the Naas where for ages had been heard the rattle and wild howling of incantations of medicine men was heard for the first time the song of redeeming love. In response to the earnest entreaties of the Naas Indians Rev. Alfred E. Greene, in company with Rev. Thos. Crosby, reached the Lower Naas Indian village August 9th, 1877, and met a very warm welcome. Guns were fired, flags hoisted on trees and poles and the population turned out en masse, and many rejoiced that "the day was breaking on the Naas peo-

ple after a long dark night."

One old chief as he leaned upon his staff, said: "I am getting old, my body is getting weaker every day, I am obliged to have three legs to walk with now, (referring to his staff), this tells me I shall soon die, I don't know what hour I shall be called away, I want to hear about the Great God and I want my children to be taught to read the Good Book, I want them to go in the new way, we are tired of the old fashion."

Another said, "My heart got very warm last night when I heard God's Word. I heard a little last spring. I was down the river and saw Mr. Crosby and I took just a little of the good medicine and my heart felt well, but after the missionary went away I had trouble and my heart got all mixed up. I did bad and my heart got very sick, so I say to myself when the good medicine comes again I will take more of it. Last night I took more of it now my eyes open and everything look beautiful." Then as he pointed up the river, he added: "There are ten tribes of people living up there missionary; we give them all to you. Go and see them, they all want to know the Great Spirit." They then presented them the following touching address:

"We, the chiefs and people of the Naas, welcome you from our hearts on your safe arrival here, to begin in earnest the mission work you promised us last spring when you visited us. We have seen the mission carried on about fifteen miles from us at the mouth of the river for many years, but cannot see much good it has done among our poor people; but as you say you do not come here to trade with us, but only to teach us, we think it will be very different under your instruction, and we tell you that we will do what we can to assist you in the good work. Our past life has been bad, very, very bad. We have been so long left in our darkness that we fear you will not be able to do much for our old people, but for our young we have great hopes. We wish from our hearts to have our young men, woman, and children taught to read and write, so that they may understand the duties they owe to their Creator and to one another. You will find great difficulties in the way of such

work—but great changes cannot be expected in one day. We must not be discouraged by a little trouble, and we tell you again that we will all help you as much as we can. We believe this work to be of God, we have prayed as you told us, and now we think that God has heard our prayer and has sent you to us, and it seems to us like the day breaking in upon our darkness, and we think that before long the Great Sun will shine upon us and give us more light. We hope to see the white men that settle among us set us a good example. As they have had the light so long, they know what is right and what is wrong, we hope they will assist us to do good, that we may become better and better every day by following their example. We again welcome you from our hearts, and hope that the mission here will be like a great rock never to be moved or washed away, and in order to this we will pray to the Great Spirit that His blessings may rest upon this mission and upon us all."

Messrs. Crosby and Green commenced a series of meetings extending over five days. Three services were held each day. Soon the house was filled with the cries of Indians under conviction of sin. These services were continued for weeks by Mr. Green. God's spirit was present with a power that shook the heathenism of that section to its foundation. Desperate and depraved sorcerers bowed at the foot of the cross and were made new creatures in Christ Jesus.

An instance of which is thus given by the missionary: "A chief, of considerable influence, who has been bitter against any missionary coming here, came to me to tell how miserable he had been for two weeks; he said, 'God had troubled his heart because he was so wicked, and he was determined he would not be a christian, but he had no rest day or night and he was angry with everybody; he got so bad that his wife could not live with him any longer;' then he said when we talked to him in his house, he saw it was all sin that made this trouble, and something told him to leave his sins and become a christian, but then he thought of his blankets that he Potlatched last year, and as he gave away all he had next year he would

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commence to serve God and receive it back, so that he thought he would not get a new heart till he got his property back. But, said he, 'my heart got so sick I could neither eat or work or sleep, I was nearly dead, then I think of God, and Sunday, while in the house, as I hear God's word, I say I will give my heart, blankets, and all to God, and the same moment all my trouble went away—my heart became so happy sometimes I think I am not the same man.' He went and told his wife, they became reconciled, and as he told his experience in the crowded class-meeting many wept for joy." As the result of these meetings a class of seventy-five was at once formed. A small residence was erected for the missionary and a school house and chapel 30x40 feet in size. Getting started in the lower village another mission was established in the upper one twenty-five miles distant.

Presbyterian Banner.

The Oldest Religious Newspaper.

JAMES ALLISON, ROBT. PATTERSON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PITTSBURGH, - - - - WEDNESDAY, MAY 19, 1880.

ABOUT ALASKA.

It is certainly about time the civil government and the Presbyterian Church should know something about Alaska as there is a fair prospect that it will soon involve both in no small outlay. It is proposed in Congress to provide for Alaska a government, including a governor, a secretary, a treasurer, a chief justice, associate judges, a district attorney, a marshal, a delegate to Congress and a legislative council, and in all respects to put it on the footing of a first-class Territory, with the promise, perhaps, of an early admission as a full-grown State to the Union, there to count for as much in the Senate as New York.

Letters sent to the Senate by the Secretary of the Navy throw some light on the character of Alaska and its people. Commander L. A. BEARDSLEE of the United States Ship *Jamestown* writes: "The whites of Sitka may be divided into three classes, namely, a very few respectable people, worth saving; a larger number of Russians and half-breeds,

poor, miserable, lazy, poverty-stricken creatures, whom it would not be worth while to take much trouble about were it not for our pledge to Russia; and a few unprincipled white men, mostly discharged soldiers (or deserters), who make what little money they can by any scheme, however nefarious. Belonging to all three of the classes are certain 'naturalized American' merchants, mostly Jews, who sell liquor to Indians and our sailors, and at the same time that they thus incite danger and incapacitate their protectors call loudest for 'protection.' Of those who signed the 'petition to the President,' two at least, are of this class, and others I suspect."

The Indians, to say the least, are no better. According to Commander BEARDSLEE the Indians, though some of them "dress up on Sunday," devote their energies chiefly to the manufacture and consumption of "hoo-tche-noo," a vigorous tippie of the neighborhood, of which the drunk-making effectiveness is sufficiently indicated by the Commander when he says that two or three drinks of it "will transform a sober man into a murderer."

Yet these Indians are not so degraded as to be willing to admit Chinese labor. In this respect they have proved themselves equal to KEARNEY and his sand lot followers, although unlike them they are willing to work well and at moderate rates. Commander BEARDSLEE says:

"The largest 'family' is the Klochwatone (warriors), whose leader is ANNAHOOTZ, a man of about sixty years, brave, faithful, and always a good friend to the whites, except upon one occasion when the proprietors of the cannery, at Old Sitka, attempted to introduce Chinese labor; then it is said old ANNAHOOTZ showed his teeth."

The late Captain BAILEY, of the United States Revenue Marine, reported his observations to the Secretary of the Treasury. As to whether Alaska can "give support to a large population," he says that "it is folly to talk of such a thing north and west of Sitka." The following extracts will discourage persons who have been inclined to regard Mr. SEWARD's acquisition as a "garden of the world":

"There are, no doubt, people who, satisfied with a mere existence and willing to live upon the productions of the water and beaches and what vegetables they could raise in this inhospitable clime, might eke out a more comfortable existence than they now do. Such might consider Alaska a paradise. . . . The surplus population of our large cities can find better homes than can be found in Alaska in some of our Western States and Territories, where a milder and more fruitful climate is to be found."

"There are, no doubt, parts of the Territory where a sawmill could be located with profit, should a demand be made for lumber

in its immediate vicinity, but not until then, or when the almost inexhaustible supply of timber found in our other possessions on this coast—Washington Territory, Oregon and California—gives out, will there be found profit in exporting the lumber to be obtained from the comparatively small and knotty growths which are produced upon the rugged steepes of Alaska."

"I am forced to the same conclusion as that of the Russians, that coal could be procured elsewhere and transported to Alaska, in case it were required, much cheaper than to mine the present inferior article."

"Alaska's principal wealth, as developed, is in its furs and fish, which will always be in demand; and the perpetuation of these industries is to the interest of every one outside of as well as those living in the Territory. Its wealth in other products is not yet developed, and it is exceedingly doubtful if it ever will be."

A gentleman from this city who has visited Alaska gives substantially the same report. Congress is guilty of doing many unwise things, but we can hardly believe that it will do such a silly thing as to authorize a Territorial Government for Alaska; nor will the Presbyterian Church, notwithstanding the letters and book of Dr. SHELDON JACKSON, be persuaded that is a promising field for missionary labor. For the Board of Home Missions to undertake it at all was a great mistake, and it will be the height of folly to expend large sums there such as would be justifiable in a new part of our country having a fertile soil or a mild climate or valuable mines. In this movement as well as in others, Dr. SHELDON JACKSON's zeal has led his judgment captive.

A LETTER FROM ALASKA.

Yesterday at eight P. M. we left Victoria, and have been lying "here and hereabouts" for the last eight hours to our regret, as we shall pass very fine scenery to-night. We regret this less though, as the weather is decidedly rainy, and thus the fine views would be obscured.

We have had showers and clouds today, which have not availed to depress our spirits, although they have prevented our full enjoyment of the scene.

SATURDAY.—This morning the scenery was attractive and the water smooth for some hours, as it was all day yesterday. High broken hills on Vancouver Island, generally covered with evergreens and occasionally snow-capped, were on our left, and on our right, lower formations of a similar nature. In the middle of the forenoon we left the head of Vancouver Island, passed through

Johnson's Straits and entered upon Queen Charlotte's Sound, where for thirty miles our western boundary was the open sea. This caused a heavy swell that sent the more cautious or less balanced of us to our couches to read or meditate until we should again reach quiet water, which we did at two P. M., when we entered Fitzhugh's Sound. Here the scenery continues to be charmingly diversified by numerous small islands and inlets, and we have no more trouble from the motion of the vessel than we should have on an inland lake. Our party continues to be cheerful, although a little toned down by the taste of "the rolling sea."

SUNDAY.—Yesterday's daylight was closed by further experience of the open sea in Milbank's Sound. The night was rainy and to day is like unto it. The large number of religious people on board probably has a tendency to cast a Sabbath air over the scene. At all events it is quiet, from whatever cause it may be.

EVENING.—The scenery has been very fine, but our happiness somewhat broken in upon by a few more miles of open sea. We have had no public worship, principally because of the small capacity of the cabin.

MONDAY.—This morning at a little after four we drew up to the harbor of Fort Wrangel. After we were tied to the wharf, three gentlemen climbed a steep ladder and disappeared into the town, and after the tide had risen sufficiently a few of us ladies mounted the less appalling steps, the others to take a walk and I to find my friends. * * * At half past ten o'clock the whistle blew, and accompanied by our friends, with whom we had a joyful reunion, we went down to the wharf. We are now on the way to Sitka, where we shall see all that there is to be seen, and returning, stop at Wrangel, charter a steamboat and go down to Fort Simpson, Metlakatla, up the Stickeen river, and probably to some other points of interest. The sun set at ten minutes past nine, and I think the twilights met together. I believe that I could have read from the deck after ten o'clock. The shortest night of the year with us

is said to be no night at all here. Our voyage has been, on the whole, delightful, and the scenery is unquestionably grand beyond any of so great extent, amounting to hundreds of miles in succession.

One of our fellow-passengers, a lady who has traveled in all the most interesting parts of the world, says she has seen nothing to equal it. I should add that she has spent five or six years in travelling, and that she has recently been to Yosemite.

EVENING.—We are stopping for an hour or two at a sawmill, on an island adjacent to Prince of Wales' Island. There are two or three white men here and a few dozen Indians. Into one of the huts of the latter several of us penetrated. There we found one or two men, several women, and a few little children. The women had blackened faces and reddened lips. One of these wore several silver bracelets, a silver nose-ring, silver earrings, and silver finger-rings. At half past eight we left the sawmill (the settlement (?) is called Checan). Our voyage out into the ocean was even more gorgeous than into this magnificent land-locked bay. The deep, smooth waters were the same, but the glorious sunset and the grand extended area enlightened by it cannot be described. The soft glow of radiance seemed to blend with the brilliancy of coloring upon the sky, and we thought of heaven's gateway as we said :

" God hath made this world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare,
Must Paradise be found! "

This evening the sun set at twenty minutes past nine. The Captain says there was no time throughout last night when he could not read without artificial light, but we think his eyes must possess unusual power. Now we come to the open sea, which will last until we reach Sitka, and a recumbent posture will be preferable.

TUESDAY.—We were "rocked in the cradle of the deep" last night, which I do not admire; but safe and sound despite previous shakiness of head and uneasiness of the "Department of the Interior," we reached the harbor of Sitka

at nine o'clock this morning. It is more extended than the bay on which Fort Wrangell is situated. Both are beautiful and grand; but Sitka itself, despite the air of decay, is a picturesque town, which cannot even by any poetic license be said of Wrangell, its only respectable homes being encircled by Indian houses of abject wretchedness and uncleanness. Since reaching Sitka we have called on the Greek priest and his wife, and we found them very pleasantly situated in a spacious house, well furnished and cheerful. Col. Ball's family we also met in their home, and seeing them we do not wonder that in the society of Mrs. B. and their interesting children the Colonel feels no sensation of loneliness, although his location is so isolated. He is a courteous and genial, as well as a highly cultivated gentleman. I have written in the journal form so as to give you some idea of our movements. I shall have this mailed at Sitka to-morrow, before we begin our return voyage to Fort Wrangell. I mail it here because we are at the end of our journey, and because I want the *youngest Government official* to stamp and dispatch it. She is Miss Sallie Ball, the Colonel's second daughter, aged twelve years.

Near Wrangell again, Thursday.—We have had a most enjoyable time in the far-off but beautiful locality we have just left. Wrangell is in a beautiful locality also, but for itself, it is an unclean mud-hole. But the little circle in the old military enclosure is a complete and very happy and united community. From Wrangell we expect to take the steamer "Cassiar" (chartering it) and proceed on our tour of exploration. We may, perhaps, go much farther north than we have done—to the Chilkat region—but if so, it will be on inland waters, and not exposed to the sea, as we were, to our dissatisfaction, for eight or ten hours last night.

Yesterday we all visited the man-of-war "Jamestown," lying at Sitka, (for the protection of that place) by invitation. A steam launch conveyed us to and from the vessel. The ship was in holiday attire, and was a model of neatness, and in all its appointments is

an object of great interest. The commanding officer, Captain Beardslee, a perfect gentleman, has the real interests of the Territory at heart, and is exerting himself to the utmost for the benefit of the inhabitants of all nationalities. Now we are nearing Wrangell, and I must close.

As some of the party have concluded to return to Portland, it is possible that our exploring expedition will fail.

Nanaimo, July, 1879.

THE MEETING OF SYNODICAL DELEGATES.

At the private meeting of the representatives of the Synods, the following officers were elected for the coming year to act as

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

President—Mrs. Ashbel Green.

Vice-Presidents—Mesdames J. B. Dunn, S. F. Scovel, George L. Little, W. F. Lee, C. J. McClung, J. W. Allen, Thos. M. Sinclair, W. M. Ferry, Jesse L. Williams, Frank Potter, L. Merrill Miller, Richard Folsom, James Cameron and Wm. Dorris.

Corresponding Secretaries—Mrs. F. E. H. Haines, Mrs. C. H. Langdon and Miss R. B. Hunter.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. S. B. Brownell.

Treasurer—Mrs. M. E. Boyd.

THE UNION MEETING OF THE AFTERNOON.

After devotional services for a half hour, Mrs. Graham opened the public meeting by reading from the Scriptures, and Mrs. Haines offered prayer.

Mrs. Graham acted as presiding officer and Miss H. Quigley, of Louisville, Ky., as temporary secretary.

Reports were read from the Ladies' Board of Missions, New York City; the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society, of Brooklyn, and the Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of the Southwest.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., again addressed the ladies, urging them to hear Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, in the evening, and then speaking of work in the West and in Alaska. He especially illustrated the fact that the Indian tribes can be readily civilized and Christianized.

Mrs. Green, the President, exhibited a pair of embroidered shoes such as worn by Chinese women, which Mrs. Williams presented to be sold for the Alaska Mission, and would sell them to the highest bidder.

We desire to thank the editors of our church papers for the good help given to our Executive Committee, and also the pastors and other kind friends who have so efficiently aided in arrangements for our conventions and other meetings.

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Our thanks are specially due, also, to Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., who, in his deep interest for the work, gives us a part of the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*, as the "organ" of our Executive Committee. We believe much good to the whole cause of Home Missions would attend its increased circulation.

We acknowledge with special appreciation, also, the uniform courtesy and respect with which our questions and suggestions have been received by yourselves, the members of the Board of Home Missions, to whom we now present, according to direction, this our annual report, made brief, not through want of material, but in order not to take up more of your time than necessary.

Our "books" are open to your inspection.

In behalf of the Executive Committee.

F. E. H. HAINES, Secretary.

Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., the first Presbyterian minister ever to visit Alaska in the interest of missions, was then introduced. After a brief allusion to the great size of Alaska, Dr. Jackson spoke of the general condition of the Indians as one of great degradation. The women are despised and oppressed. Female infanticide is common among some of the tribes. Polygamy is common. Widows are sometimes burned to death on the funeral pyres of their husbands. Witchcraft is practiced, and religion resolves itself into devil-worship. All the Alaska Indians are held in abject fear by the "shamans," the conjurers, or medicine-men.

On the 10th of August, 1877, he reached Fort Wrangell, Alaska, with Mrs. McFarland, and commenced Presbyterian Missions in Alaska. Mrs. McFarland was placed in charge of the mission. At the time she was the only Christian white woman in Wrangell; for seven months she was the only Protestant missionary in Alaska, and it was five months longer before any one came to her assistance at Fort Wrangell. During that time all the perplexities, religious, physical and moral, of the native population were brought to her for solution, and her arbitration was universally accepted. If any were sick, they came to her as a physician; if any died, she was called upon to take charge of the funeral. If husbands and wives became separated, she was the peacemaker to settle their difficulties. In questions of property she was judge, lawyer and jury. When the Christian Indians called a constitutional convention, she was elected chairman. She was called upon to interfere in cases of witchcraft. There are few instances of greater Christian heroism than hers. She is now at the head of the McFarland Industrial Home at Fort Wrangell, which aims to save the Indian girls from a horrible fate, and train them for future usefulness.

Rev. S. Hal Young, Mrs. Young, Miss Dunbar, Dr. Corlies and wife are now assisting her at Fort Wrangell. Rev. G. W. Lyons and wife, and Miss Austin, are commissioned for Sitka, and Rev. F. S. Blaney for Chilcat.

The meeting was closed with the doxology, and benediction by Rev. Mr. McNice.

ALASKA.**Its Natural Resources and Missionary Needs.**

Addresses by Capt. Ebenezer Morgan and Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D.

The Ladies' Board of Missions held a meeting last week in the University Place chapel (Dr. Booth's), and were addressed in the interest of Home Missions upon the subject of "Alaska." Rev. Sheldon Jackson presided, and said that providence led him to meet in Washington some time since a retired Christian sea-captain who had spent many years with his ship in Alaska waters, and who had visited almost every port around the world. God had greatly blessed this Christian brother, Capt. Ebenezer Morgan, in his influence for Christ with men in different parts, and with his crew. At one time there was a revival on board his ship, in which he had the joy of seeing his entire crew savingly converted. A sympathizer and active coöperator with missions in different fields, his familiarity with Alaska, and his sense of the importance of that field of Home Missions, had induced him to kindly consent to be present this afternoon, and address the meeting with regard to that "Great Land" so little known.

"Alaska" is a corruption of the original name, meaning literally "Great Land." Its coast line describes a distance of once around the globe. Its territory equals one-fifth of the entire United States. Dr. Jackson pictured its striking natural configuration, its great river Yukon, its "great mountain of the world," Mt. St. Elias; noted the commercial importance of the one small island, that through its seal skin trade alone yields a revenue that pays the interest on the purchase money, and alluded to the time not far distant when we shall need for home use its valuable lumber. The extent and value of this lumber has from the time of Capt. Cook been a surprise to every naval and commercial expedition in those waters. The resources of its fisheries might be thought incredible if quoted. Two capitalists have instituted extensive salmon-canning facilities, and herring, halibut, and other fish abound. Its outcroppings of coal, its iron and copper mines, its silver and gold discovered near Sitka, causing great excitement among the miners, were alluded to.

But what as Christian men and women interests us chiefly is the population. Customs referred to do not necessarily pertain to all the tribes, but are true of a portion of them. The native population is estimated from 26,000 to 70,000. Those of the northern and central portion are of Esquimaux descent; those of the southern and island portion are of Indian descent. As regards condition, the people are worse off than they were under Russian rule, with the exception of those who have come under the influence of the commercial company in the seal trade, who have been furnished with Bibles in the Russian language, and with instruction.

Russia gave them rulers who, if sometimes despotic, were yet a benefit. Russia gave them the religion of the Greek Church, and schools and priests. The United States has given them whiskey. American soldiers taught them how to make it, and they found apt pupils. When Major-General Halleck was urged by the people to give them

schools, as the Russians had done, he promised that measures should be taken to provide them. When Major-General Howard was importuned while in command, he said: "When I get back you shall have schools and teachers." Vincent Collyer made effort to send teachers and missionaries, but the American Church just seemed to sleep while 30,000, 40,000, 50,000 souls were perishing. Alaska to-day has neither courts, rulers, ministers, nor teachers. The country is full of the habitations of cruelty. Polygamy is common among the Kaviaks. Wives are often sisters; a man's own mother or daughter is among his wives; a Nasse chief had forty wives. Infanticide is common; mothers take their infants into the woods, stuff their little mouths with grass so they will not hear their cries, and leave them to die of hunger and exposure, or to be devoured by wild beasts. Those who are spared grow up to lives of slavery; when they get up to girlhood a mother sells her daughter for a few blankets. Among the Nehannes and Talcilins widow-burning is compelled. When allowed to stagger partially consumed from the pile, she must still frequently thrust her hand through the flames, and place it upon the heart of her husband, to show her continued devotion.

Cremation is practised in Southern Alaska among the Tuski and Orarian tribes. But women are not thought worthy of it, and are cast out to sea as food for the fishes. They are also all their days in bondage to a superstitious belief in evil spirits. These cruelties of heathenism are in the United States, under the American flag.

Just across the line are Wesleyan Methodist Missions of Canada in British Columbia, across the river from Alaska. Some four young men, wood-choppers, came there and were converted. When they returned they refused to chop wood on Sunday. Their employers, though nominally Christian men attempted coercion in vain. The following Sunday there was not a house there that would hold the multitude that came to hear these young men who would not break the Sabbath, sing hymns and tell Gospel truths. A man told me he saw old medicine men sit there and weep, cowed by the felt presence of God's Holy Spirit. One of these four young men seemed to have a gift for teaching.

"Claude," said his companions, "it is too bad for you to chop wood. You ought to tell the people these things all the time."

"I should not have anything to eat if I did not chop wood."

"We will chop harder and later and get enough for you to live on too," said they.

So Claude began to preach and teach. His support was salmon. Salmon for his breakfast, dinner, and supper, every day all the year. This was the salary of the first Protestant missionary to Alaska. Soon he had sixty scholars and an audience of from four to five hundred. God's Spirit was poured out. There were sixty converted, and hundreds gave up their devil-worship. A man wrote down to Major-General Howard, and he sent the appeal for more workers home, and it was published in the papers. But the call fell flat.

I could find but one Christian worker to go there and take up the labor, and that was a woman. Woman, "last at the cross and first at the sepulchre," is always readiest to help. Mrs. McFarland went there; and August 10th, 1877, I left her there the only English-speaking woman among a

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thousand Indians. No lady in all this land has done a more noble work. During that year she was judge, jury, physician, mother, minister, everything, to that people. When sick they sent to Fort Wrangle for Mrs. McFarland to prescribe. Were any dead, they sent for her to perform the funeral service. Their disputes they brought to her to adjudicate. An old gray-haired chief came two hundred miles to her and said: "Major-General Halleck and Vincent Collyer promised us schools. We did not get them. We want to come into your school and have you teach us. You teach them from the other tribes. My people very dark-hearted, and my people die and go down, down!"

When the Spring came, those who had learned of her were like the primitive disciples that carried with them everywhere the good tidings. Camping on his way a man would tell "the story," and the listener would bring others to hear of "their Maker who so loved them that He sent His boy

down, down to take the bad out of their hearts." Their worship is fetish worship, like that of the Africans. One way their medicine men take to increase their power is to take in their mouths portions of half-decayed corpses. One man had taken the half-rotten finger of a corpse and held it between his teeth for several hours to "take the bad out of him," when he heard the story of "God's boy," and went forth like one from bondage telling and hallooing it to others in the words of Scripture.

The United States have not extended a court there. The people called a convention and asked Mrs. McFarland to write a constitution. One old chief threatened her if she aided in establishing innovations. She wrote the constitution as requested; a police force was appointed, and order established.

Mrs. McFarland's most promising pupils in her girls' school who have shown aptitude for study and have learned tidiness of dress and person, have been the very ones traders have most desired to purchase.

In an agony of apprehension Mrs. McFarland began writing appeals to the Rocky Mountain Presbyterian for money to establish a Home in which she might protect and keep these girls. O how that woman watched the monthly steamer that brought the mail, trembling as she saw it coming down the strait, in anxiety to know if her call had met response. The money didn't come.

Two girls among her most promising scholars had been taken from her school. When she learned where they were, she could not be dissuaded from going to their rescue. She was pleaded with. "You can't do anything. They've been having their devil-dance. They are in no state for you to make them listen to you." Refused entrance, she persisted. What a sight met her gaze! Thirty to forty Indians engaged in their wild dance, and in their midst, stripped naked, bound hand and foot, were her two scholars, the fiends in their dance, one after another, pulling out pieces of the quivering flesh of those two girls.

That Christian woman stood there against all their opposition till she cowed them, and those girls were released to her. One of them, however, was recaptured and died the next morning.

Mrs. McFarland found that a girl of fourteen, who had been in her school all the last year, was to be taken up the river and sold. She went to see the mother. The tide was too high to cross. Katy brought her mother out in a canoe; there seated on a rock in the Pacific Ocean, in a pouring rain, for an hour and a half, Mrs. McFarland expostulated with the mother, and finally obtained her promise not to take Katy away. The next week the mother threatened the most terrible things if the girl would not get into the canoe, and was forcing her to do so, to be sold up the river, when the girl, exclaiming "You may kill me, but I won't go," escaped into the forest, and finally found her way to Mrs. McFarland.

I received a letter to-day from Mrs. McFarland. She says "I began in faith; I am going on in faith, but I am severely tried." She has received and is protecting four of those girls. They sleep on the bare floor. Mrs. McFarland says she may

be blamed for giving them refuge without any means of support. We believe that in time these girls, by the labor they would learn to do, the washing and sewing for the miners, and other work, would become self-supporting. Maintaining them, at the first would cost a larger sum than to maintain a girl in India or China, where everything is established. A girl's food, clothing, and tuition would cost not less than \$100 a year. To maintain a lady teacher to aid Mrs. McFarland, as pupils can be admitted, would cost \$500 a year. The lumber to build a permanent home would have to be carried up 1,500 miles to saw-mills, to be prepared for building purposes. Commodities have to be brought a long distance.

The mean annual temperature of Sitka is the same as the mean annual temperature of Georgia. This is in Winter. In Summer it is the same as that of Michigan. This climate of Southern Alaska, so nearly the same in Summer and Winter, is due to the Gulf Stream. Our need is therefore a plain but substantial building for the home. A Christian merchant rented for such use a building there, for which he paid rent until next October. As he cannot continue to rent it, we shall lose the use of it then, unless means are supplied. Whether we shall receive these girls that appeal for protection, is the question that meets us. I throw the answer in the name of Almighty God upon you to-day, my Christian sisters, and here and now ask whether the women of New York, as an act of gratitude to Him who has made their lot to differ, will take this work as theirs, will establish and build up this Mission Home for extending and carrying on this work?

Capt. Morgan's Remarks.

Capt. Ebenezer Morgan, with much warmth and earnestness of manner, said: "My dear sisters in the Lord, I can say in relation to the matters my brother speaks of, that I know of but one mistake he makes. He does not say enough. He has not told you one-half the degradation of those Northern Indians, and I do not know where the suffering comes heavier than on the women who are slaves and beasts of burden. He should say more. Without knowledge we cannot have feeling. These people are *there*. With the knowledge it is impossible not to feel 'I must help them.' I have been there. I have seen and heard these things. For forty years, ever since I was converted, I have been in mission work. It has become so engrossing that I have no time left to play, no time to rest, no time to do anything that I would naturally do. And if you take hold of this work it will bring you in a revenue of glory. There is no question about it. These bands and tribes will not come by twos and threes. They will come *en masse*. These people will tell one another. As fast as the knowledge of their degradation comes to you, the responsibility is laid upon you. Ten, eleven years ago in March, I was talking with General Jefferson C. Davis about the Indians. He thought there was no doing them any good, they had become so disgusted with broken promises and were so beyond all influence. I told him the Lord's truth could reach them. 'O,' said he, 'if the Lord himself takes hold of them, that is another thing.'

I went on, and went to Alaska and found a mixture of Russians and Esquimaux and Indians. They would go to the service in the house of God and then go to their cups and be drunk in less than two hours. One thing, I would say, is certain: the Lord has honored you in lifting you up and giving you this work to do for these northern tribes of our Northern Indians. These pictures our brother has given are not strong enough. You would blush that the human family could be brought so low.

Now, my dear sisters in the Lord, wonderful work is being done in all the countries. I had a telegram come to me asking me to give \$25,000 to

that wonderful work among the Telegoos. I prayed about it and telegraphed back "Put me down for half that amount." The same day came another telegram wanting \$1,000 for the Freedmen, and I telegraphed "Put me down \$1,000." Then came from another quarter another, and another. I speak of these things in all humility. If these things had never come, I should never have had the pleasure of being a co-worker with my God. In future full intelligence will come to you of the Esquimaux and of the border tribes of Alaska. I have seen and heard these things. And were I at liberty, were I not so trammelled with other mission work and with business or worldly matters, I know of no work I would more heartily give myself to than this.

Before the meeting adjourned, Dr. Jackson announced that \$1,000 had been sent in to Mrs. Graham, President of the Ladies' Board, for the "Home" at Fort Wrangell.

NORTH-WEST POSSESSIONS

THE CLIMATE, SOIL, AND PRODUCTS OF ALASKA.

TALK WITH COMMANDER BEARDSLEE OF THE SHIP JAMESTOWN—POPULAR MISTAKES CORRECTED—VEGETABLES WHICH ARE RAISED THERE—SEALS AND THE REVENUE FROM THEM.

Commander L. H. Beardslee, of the United States sloop of war Jamestown, who was stationed in the Territory of Alaska from June, 1879, to September last, is paying a short visit to this City. He gives some interesting facts connected with the most northern of our possessions, and in an interview with a Times reporter the other day said:

"The interest shown by the people generally in Alaska and the ignorance concerning it are in an inverse ratio. The idea is generally entertained that it is a cold, barren region, unfit for the habitation of white people. This is very nearly true of North-west Alaska, which has been thoroughly described by Capt. Hooper, of the Corwin, but South-east Alaska, where all our settlements and interests are located, is to all intents and purposes a different country. It lies between the Arctic and North Temperate zones, and the climate is mild and uniform. The average temperature for the year, as shown by the thermometer, is 43°, ranging from 35° below zero in Winter to 60° in Summer. Excluding last Winter, which was an exceptionally cold season all over the Pacific coast, there has not been over a foot of snow on the level at the points where the villages are located for the last 48 years, and this snow has never lasted more than a week at a time. In the neighborhood of Sitka, and also on the terminal moraines of glaciers along Chatham Straits, there are many thousands of acres of land which can be cultivated to advantage. The timothy grass and wild barley grow on these lands now, reaching to a height of 5 or 6 feet, and are so dense that it makes a thicket which it is difficult to penetrate in some places. The Hoonah Indians of Cross Sound, the Kootznooks on Admiralty Island, and those in the neighborhood of Sitka, cultivate potatoes, cabbages, turnips, and cresses, but with no very remarkable success. They are perfectly ignorant of agricultural methods, and sow their potatoes broadcast, as they would grain, leaving them until Fall without the least cultivation. The result is the 'small watery walnuts,' as Mr. Elliott has dubbed them. The foreigners, however, have, by means of drainage and proper cultivation, succeeded for some years past in raising, in the vicinity of Sitka and Fort Wrangell, good crops of excellent Peach-blow and Early Rose potatoes; cabbages weighing from 15 to 18 pounds; lettuce, beets, turnips; cauliflower weighing from five to eight

pounds, and a few other vegetables. These crops are reproduced annually from seed produced from the same ground the year before. They are in all respects as good as any vegetable raised on the American continent."

Commander Beardslee showed the reporter a specimen of the Early Rose potato produced in Alaska. It is about four inches long, two inches wide, and nearly oval in form. It was one of two-thirds of a basketful taken from a single hill at Fort Wrangell on the 13th of September, and some of them, Commander Beardslee said, were of double its size. "The mountains," he continued, "which skirt the coast of Sitka are covered with a dense growth of evergreen timber, such as larch, spruce, hemlock, pine, and yellow cedars. Within five miles of Sitka are acres of spruce and hemlock, from which logs 4 feet in thickness can be cut, and which will furnish from 4,000 to 5,000 feet of lumber to each tree. This timber I consider one of the great resources of Alaska in the future. The time must eventually come when the mills on Puget Sound, which are turning out lumber at the rate of 1,000,000 feet a day, will exhaust the supply from the forests of Oregon and Washington Territory, and then this great Alaskan resource is coming into play. The fishing resources of the Territory are almost inexhaustible. There are banks within a mile or two from the shore, covered with from five to ten fathoms of water, where the only delay in catching halibut and codfish is the time necessarily consumed in hauling them from the water into the boat. The fishing-grounds extend away up north into the icebergs. The cod are principally caught in the Gulf of Alaska, where the water is comparatively warm, while the halibut must be sought in the colder water of the ocean. Another of the great resources of Alaska is the fur trade. One animal alone, the fur seals, nearly all of which are killed at the Pribiloff Islands, off the mouth of Behring Straits, pays to the Government \$200,000 annually. The commission is \$2 on each skin, and the number allowed to be killed is limited to 100,000 annually. Only the young bulls are killed, and this number has no diminishing effect on the stock from year to year. The supply is practically inexhaustible."

"What are the mineral resources of the Territory?" asked the reporter. "That is as yet a problem. A great number of ledges of auriferous quartz have been found, which have yielded valuable assays, but nobody can know how deep they go or how much there is of them until somebody is willing to risk \$100,000 to thoroughly develop one of the ledges. Veins of silver have been found in certain granite hills, specimens of the ore of which have been assayed in San Francisco and found to yield from 200 to 250 ounces to the ton. All we know of the mines, however, is from the surface, and I would not advise anybody to go to Alaska to locate a gold or silver mine until capital has been used there to discover how deep the ledges extend."

With regard to the inhabitants of Alaska, Commander Beardslee says that in May last there were 453 white men at Sitka and about 200 at Fort Wrangell. There are also about 6,000 communicants of the Greek Church, descendants of the Russians who went to Alaska 140 years ago and intermarried with the natives of the Aleutian Islands. They call themselves white, and have striven hard to get the Indian blood out of their veins by intermarrying only among themselves or with pure whites. These people are made citizens of the United States by the treaty which ceded Alaska to us. The coast Indians of Alaska, who are principally Chilcats and Chilkoots, peremptorily refused, up to a year ago, to allow white men to penetrate to the interior, and it was considered dangerous to undertake such an expedition. During the last year, however, the chiefs have gained confidence in the white man, and they now recognize that it is for their interest to work with them. Schools have been started among the Indians, both by missionaries and by private persons, and they have met with unexpected success. A band of pioneers, at the invitation of the chiefs of the Chilcats, went into their country last June to prospect, and news is received from Sitka by the November steamer to San Francisco that they were treated well by the Indians, and all returned safely. The Indians obtain their living by fishing, and selling what they do not require for themselves to the whites at the settlements. "They are not," said Commander Beardslee, "at all like the Indians of our Plains. They have many good qualities which our Indians have not, and lack many bad ones which characterize the Plains Indians. They are industrious, treat their women well, and take good care of their children. The women have quite a high position and influence in the household. They are skillful workers in silver, and make bracelets, which are quite nicely engraved. They carve from wood very good imitations of birds, seals, bears, and other animals with which they are acquainted. They are good carpenters, and build

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their houses from logs, which they hew out from cedar and spruce trees, and which they dress quite smoothly. In every respect they are superior to the Indians of our Plains."

"The Department has three steam vessels of the revenue marine on this coast—the *Corwin*, *Rush* and *Wolcott*. The two former are stanch sea-going vessels, and are available for short cruises in Alaskan waters. But neither of them is adapted for a lengthened cruise. They do not carry sufficient coal. The quarters for officers and men are too crowded. The batteries are not large enough, and they do not carry a sufficient complement of men and officers. A steam-launch is imperatively essential for inland navigation; these vessels have none. They are both fine steamers of their class, and suitable for the service for which they were built, but utterly unfit for protracted cruises in the waters of Alaska. The *Wolcott* was built for navigating the inland waters of Puget Sound, and as far as this duty is concerned is a success. I have been in her to Alaska, and never want another such trip. She is utterly unsuited for this service, and, in my opinion, if she is made to do Alaskan duty, some dreadful disaster will happen to her. The Secretary, in his recent annual report to Congress, has recommended the construction of a suitable steamer for the Alaska work, and I observe that on the 11th instant Senator Mitchell of Oregon introduced a bill appropriating the sum of \$175,000 for this purpose. This is a measure which should receive the united support of all the Pacific Coast delegations, for without such material aid nothing can be accomplished. Every man, woman and child on this coast is directly interested in the passage of the bill. You ask me my opinion about the transfer to my department. I will frankly tell you. There was nothing else left for the Administration to do. The reign of the military in Alaska was exceedingly hurtful to the natives. Whenever the troops were garrisoned they served admirably well as a local police, akin somewhat to the British constabulary; but as far as protecting the coast and its inhabitants was concerned, the troops might as well have been encamped upon the top of Mount Hood. They could not move a half mile outside their posts. They had no water transportation, and were literally 'boated up' in their quarters. Aside from this, the example set by the soldiery to the natives was frightful. They copied all the vices and debauchery of the whites, no doubt thinking it a proof of an advanced and superior civilization. The soldiers led the females into licentious excesses, and stupefied the males with hoochenoo, and taught them the secret of its manufacture."

AN EVIL DRINK.

"What is hoochenoo?"
"It ever there is a massacre in Alaska, my opinion is that it will be directly ascribed to hoochenoo. This is a vile, soul-destroying compound made of flour, sugar, molasses and potatoes, all fermented and run through a common still made of coal-oil cans. It is a most villainous mixture, producing insanity and death. The soldiers taught the Indians how to make it. There is no disputing this fact, and it is one of the worst legacies left by the troops. It must be remembered that only the commerce and navigation laws and Indian intercourse Act have been extended over Alaska, consequently it is not unlawful to distill this poison. The internal revenue laws have no force in this Territory, or any other law that I know of, save those enumerated. If the customs officers interfere to prevent the manufacture of hoochenoo, it must be purely on their own responsibility. If they order the manufacture stopped, they have no power to carry such order into effect; and if they assume such authority and become embroiled with the natives, the Department would probably be compelled to disavow the Act, and if they were sued for damages in the United States District Court of Oregon, Judge Deady would instruct the jury to acquit them, and bring in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff. Secretary Sherman has recommended to Congress the passage of a law prohibiting the importation of molasses into Alaska. If the country is to be locked up and hermetically sealed as heretofore, this is a step in the right direction; but would it not be better to legislate some proper form

of government for these people, so that it cannot be said that in one-fifth of the whole territory of the United States—which area is actually embraced by Alaska—in this period of the free and enlightened nineteenth century, a portion of its citizens are denied the use of molasses because, forsooth, savage tribes see fit to distill it into poison, and the Government cannot or will not prevent it?"

PREVENTING LEGISLATION.

"What reason do you think exists, if any, why this state of affairs continues?"

"I am free to say I do not know, and if I did, should be very careful, in the absence of positive proof, to make accusation. There does seem to me, however, to be some secret occult influence at work all the time to prevent any legislation for the better protection of Alaska whenever the same is attempted."

"Have you read what Henry W. Elliott says about Alaska?"

"I have read everything he has ever written, to my knowledge."

"What is your opinion of him and his statements?"

"He is the enemy and natural foe of Alaska. He can discover nothing that is valuable in the Territory beyond a fur seal, and although he married into the Aleutian tribe, he persistently decries the country and belittles it on every occasion."

A Monograph of the Pribylov Group; or, The Seal Islands of Alaska. By Henry W. Elliott. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1881. Pp. 171. With 29 plates, 2 maps, and 12 sketch maps.

THIS is the second of the series of monographs published, or to be published, by the Census Bureau. Mr. Elliott, as a special agent of the Treasury Department, spent more than two years upon the Seal Islands, in 1872-3-4. He tells us that in former times the range of the fur-seal was very greatly extended. It was found in great numbers at many localities in the Antarctic, South Atlantic and South Pacific oceans; but, being unprotected, it became the prey of the sealing fleets of all nations. As the result of the indiscriminate slaughter which ensued immediately upon their discovery, they were almost exterminated in the Southern hemisphere, and to-day, of the vast rookeries which once existed, there remains only a small one at Cape Corrientes, owned and protected by the Argentine Republic, and a few individuals scattered about along the coast, or upon rocky, uninhabited islets. The fur-seal in the North Pacific, on the other hand, has been found in large numbers in only two localities, the Pribylov and the Commander Islands. The latter are of much less importance than the former, the number of fur-seal taken there annually being less than one-half that taken on the Pribylov Islands, while they are probably worked much more nearly up to their maximum capacity.

The Pribylov islands (St. Paul and St. George) are mere islets in the heart of Behring Sea. For six months of the year they are surrounded by ice, and during the other six months are enveloped in dense fog. They are the breeding-grounds of hosts of seals, which congregate here in dense bodies along the shore, landing in June and remaining until August and September. Their total number upon the two islands is estimated by Mr. Elliott at 4,700,000. The first to arrive upon the islands are the mature males, who at once take up their positions upon the shore, to receive the females as they come. The seals are polygamous, each male having as large a harem as he can obtain by fair or foul means.

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The natural result is that the younger and weaker males are forced to remain bachelors, and, through fear of the older ones, keep aloof from the rookeries, and are found in droves or herds of thousands scattered along the shore. The adult male seal measures six and a half to seven and a quarter feet in extreme length, and, when in good flesh, weighs 400 to 600 pounds. The female is very much smaller, measuring only four to four and a half feet, and weighing only about one-sixth as much. The pups, when first born, weigh only three to four pounds, and measure twelve to fourteen inches in length.

The Alaska Commercial Company has, by lease, the monopoly of this amphibious stock-yard, under certain restrictions, the principal of which is that no female or pup seals shall be killed, except for food, and that the killing shall be restricted to 100,000 of the young males, or "bachelor seals," annually upon the two islands. These conditions are obviously to the advantage of the company; but Mr. Elliott makes a suspiciously labored argument to prove that the contract has been fulfilled in this respect, and almost casts doubt on his own estimate of the total number of seals on the islands by attempting to show that an annual product of 100,000 skins can be maintained without injury to the stock. That self-interest is not a guarantee against killing the goose that lays the golden egg, our lumber devastation abundantly demonstrates. The killing of the seals is done in June and July, for later than the latter month the skins are not in prime condition. It is conducted in this wise: A body of "bachelors" is surrounded by a dozen natives, who cut off their retreat to the sea, and then gently drive them inland to the killing ground, which is convenient to the village. Arrived there, the seals are killed by blows from clubs, with which their skulls are crushed. The skins are at once taken off and prepared for shipment.

Besides the fur seal, Mr. Elliot treats of the sea-lion and the walrus, and briefly of the feathered tribes which inhabit these islands in the summer. The volume is fully illustrated by maps and sketches made by the author. Of the latter, it is fair to say that while the figures of animals are admirably drawn, the artist has only a shadowy idea of perspective.

Alaska Superstition.

A dispatch from Alaska says: The sealing season has not actually commenced. Last year, when there was an unprecedentedly large catch, the Indian seers prophesied that there would be a failure, for this astonishing reason: A native woman had been brought to bed with twins, and the superstitions of the tribe, observed from time immemorial, led them to believe that if one of them did not die the seals would not come to the coast any more; so the parents carried the babes into the brush and commenced a course of incantation and starvation. In the midst of the rites Father Necelai of the Catholic mission, repaired to the spot and induced the parents to return to the village and provide for the nourishment of the little strangers. The twins survived, and as the catch of the seals proved unusually large, another time-worn superstition of the savages has been knocked in the head. Instead of disaster, the twins would appear to have brought the tribe good luck.

COMMERCE OF THE PACIFIC.

Secretary Thorapson also says the Pacific ocean opens to our commerce its broadest and most profitable field. Upon the Atlantic it encounters such formidable European rivalry as can only be overcome, if at all, by the most persistent and vigorous measures of protection on the part of the government, but our acquisition of Alaska and the Olentine Islands, and our treaty relations with Japan, the Sandwich Islands and Samoa, together with China and the East Indies, place us upon such equal terms upon the Pacific ocean with other Powers that it will be our own fault if the advantage now placed to our commerce shall be lost.

An exchange of our products and those of the East is fast becoming a necessity to all Oriental people and their interests, as well as ours, suggest the adoption of the most efficient measures on our part to increase our trade with them. Even in Corea our manufactured goods are preferred to those of England, but they find their way there through the Japanese, with whom the Coreans have a treaty amity and concurrence. Benefits derived in this way, however indirect, would be greatly increased if the ports of that country were opened to our merchant vessels. Our relations with the Japanese government are such that there is no reason to doubt its friendly agency in bringing about this result, and it is confidently believed that it will be accomplished in a short time.

After detailing all that is known of the Jeannette expedition, in which he takes strong ground that that steamer is safe, the Secretary proceeds to the consideration of the unsettled condition of

AFFAIRS IN ALASKA.

He reviews Commander Beardslie's work in that field, and adds: "In the opinion of Beardslie, if Jamestown is withdrawn without the substitution of some authority with the proper degree of strength to maintain order, it is more than probable that acts will be committed by some of the lawless whites who will be drawn to Alaska by the very fact of there being an entire absence of law. This would undoubtedly tend to undo all the progress thus far accomplished and throw the community again into anarchy. While citizens are being drawn to the Southeastern part of that territory by hopes of future wealth, which they expect to derive from its great natural resources, timber, fish and minerals; the

ALASKA.

BY REV. EUGENE S. WILLARD.

HAINES.

DEAR BROTHER: Again we look back over a three months' labor to tell you of our work, our progress, our trials and our joys. Snow-bound, shut in by the sea and snowy peaks, we have remained at home throughout the quarter.

During the month of February snow fell to a depth of over eighteen feet, though there has not been more than nine or ten feet on the ground at any one time. At present the depth is between five and six feet.

The lowest that the thermometer has shown was -13; while, except for the month of March, we have had but little heavy wind.

Our work for this year has, in its nature, been mostly of the clearing, ditching, draining sort, with the endeavor to lay the foundation of the gospel building. At different times we thought we saw that building rising; that at least in

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some hearts that great foundation stone, which is Christ, had been laid, but in most cases trial has caused its fall, and shown us the necessity of further pulling down.

It has been said that the Nestorians are the greatest liars in the world, but I doubt if they surpass the Chilcats. This people live by it and practice it continually.

My endeavor has been to get them to leave their sins, to count it honorable to work and dishonorable to be idle. Several are trying to turn out of the darkness into the light. One man and his wife came, like Nicodemus, by night, to inquire the way of life. Several have asked me to give them strong words that they may learn fast. Many of them have stopped manufacturing and drinking hootsanoo. We have had no trouble with that in *this* village so far. Those who will have it sneak off to the upper village for a spree.

Whether there were two or three meetings a day, our little school-house has continued to be filled, with the exception of the 29th of January, when many of the Indians were attending the burning of an old woman who had died during the week previous.

Again, on the 26th of February, many of the people being troubled about the bad weather, were building fires on the beach to prevent its continuing so unfavorable.

On the 8th of March we started the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting. It is held in our house, and *attended by over 100 persons regularly.*

The school has been large throughout the quarter. I have counted nearly every day between 50 and 60 scholars. They can all repeat about 20 questions in the catechism, 26 verses of Scripture and the 23d Psalm.

We have had as yet no case of witchcraft, though Mr. Brady writes that they have had to deal with it at Sitka; also Mr. W. Styles at Boyd.

Lot, from Fort Wrangel, came to our village on the 10th of April. He has been helping me, by talking with the people and leading in prayer on Wednesday. I am sorry he cannot visit Willard. We often have some of the people with us; they nearly always stay over Sabbath, and desire to have the word preached to them. Lot has talked to several; his example is good.

Our town will be increased this summer, as many of the upper Chilcats intend building and making gardens here, in preparation for the winter dwelling, though many of the people calculate to stay where they are.

An old chief of the Crow family sent word to me that he wishes a teacher could be stationed in their town, that the children may grow up wise. He says he is going to die soon, and wants to hear the preacher and to know that his children will be taught what is right.

In the early fall I visited the four villages, preaching at every opportunity,

while at this, the fifth station, I have spent most of my time.

The lower Chilcat and the Chilcoot village have wintered here, making three stations for the winter.

In looking over the year I can see what appears to me a growth of earnest thought and desire in nearly a dozen adult persons and several younger.

I wish I could speak of existing church edifices. I have a plan of a log church, sent me evidently by the Board, which I think just the thing for this place, and one that the people can help to build. I would not be in favor of having the Board erect a church building here. I want the people to have a personal interest in it, yet they could not build it entirely themselves.

Unknown Alaska.

When the late Mr. Seward purchased Alaska from the czar of Russia, says an exchange, he was not aware of the fact that he was getting with his countless fur-seals, fisheries, mines and icebergs one of the greatest rivers in the world, and now almost demonstrated to be of greater volume than the Mississippi. Such is the Yukon. This vast region in waters remains almost as much a terra incognito as the Congo. In fact, while the latter has once been explored—by Stanley—from the point where Livingstone turned back down to the Atlantic ocean, and by Livingstone from its extreme sources to where Stanley's exploration began, no traveler has ever yet been able to enlighten the world as to its length or its source, or the region it drains. Here, then, is an opening for enterprise and ambition, more fruitful of promise than anything as yet unrevealed in Africa or the Arctic sea, and probably less dangerous. That the country contains mines of gold and silver, we may readily conjecture from the fact that such mines exist on all sides of it. The river is navigable for hundreds of miles. It is free of ice from June to September. Its banks are flanked below with Indian villages. Its waters are filled with fish for the support of human life and its woods with game. The mountains in which it rises are unknown to white men, but, as they are generally believed to be stored with that treasure which lead to the rapid settlement of California, and to the expansion of commerce on the south and Central Pacific, there is the strongest sort of temptation on the part of thousands to see them, test them and dig them up, if the treasure can be found. The government has many vessels lying idle and uselessly rotting for the want of action. Why not fit one of them up for a two or three years' cruise on this great unexplored river of the north? The discovery of gold mines there would lead instantly to a large migration from all parts of the world, and in a few years contribute millions to the commerce of the Southern Pacific States and Territories.

THE SUPERINTENDENTS' SECTION OF THE National Educational Association.

PRELIMINARY MEETING.

WASHINGTON, MARCH 21, 1882.

A preliminary meeting of the Superintendents' Section of the National Educational Association was held at the parlor of the Ebbitt House, on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. There was a large attendance of State, County, and City Superintendents.

Mr. Ruffner, the president of the section, being absent, T. B. Stockwell, Supt. of Rhode Island, was chosen temporary chairman.

Hon. John Eaton, Commissioner of Education of the United States, made a general statement of the objects of the meeting, and said the most prominent question for consideration would be, the securing from the National Government of aid for educational purposes, to be distributed on the basis of illiteracy in the several States.

Remarks were made by Rev. A. D. Mayo (Associate editor of THE JOURNAL), Gustavus J. Orr (State Supt. of Ga.), H. Clay Armstrong (State Supt. of Ala.), Col. Hugh Thompson (State Supt. S. C.), B. G. Northrop (Sec. Board of Ed., Conn.), Hon. W. A. Courtenay (Mayor of Charleston, S. C.), W. E. Sheldon, editor of *Primary Teacher*, Prof. C. C. Painter of Tenn., and others. The discussion was informal, and the opinion was unanimous that Government should at once give aid for educational purposes to the several States.

An executive committee, consisting of Messrs. J. O. Wilson of Washington, G. J. Orr of Georgia, and George Howland of Chicago, was appointed to prepare resolutions on this subject and secure their presentation to the Joint Committee of Education and Labor, of Congress, on Friday at 10 a. m.

SECOND DAY—MARCH 23.

MORNING SESSION.

The Dept. met at 10 o'clock, in the Congregational Church, and was called to order by Prest. Stockwell. Prayer was offered by Dr. Sheldon Jackson.

Gen. Eaton made several announcements, and read letters and telegrams from many absent Supts.

The first address of the morning was by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, of New York city; topic,

"The Neglect of Education in Alaska."

The following is an abstract of this instructive address, which was highly complimented by the Association:

Alaska is an English corruption of Al-ak-shak of the natives, meaning "the great land." It is indeed a great land, covering over 580,107 square miles. From extreme east to west it is 2,203 miles in an air line, and from north to south 1,400. It is as large as all of the United States east of the Mississippi River and north of Alabama. It is the great island region of the United States, rivaling in number and size the great Archipelagoes of the Southern Pacific. These islands cover a total area of 31,000 square miles. Stretching along the Aleutian Islands for 1,500 miles are sixty-one volcanoes, ten of which are active. The magnificent Shishaldlu, nearly 9,000 feet above the waves that break on either base, Akuten, Makushin, and others, are belching out fire and smoke.

Glaciers.—This is the great glacier region. From Bute Inlet to Unimak Pass nearly every deep gulch has its glacier, some of which are vastly greater and grander than any glacier of the Alps. The American student need no longer go abroad to study glacial action. In one of the gulches of Mt. Fairweather is a glacier that extends fifty miles to the sea, where it breaks off a perpendicular ice wall 300 feet high and eight miles broad. Thirty-five miles above Wrangell, on the Stikine River, between two mountains 3,000 feet high, is an immense glacier forty miles long, and at the base four to five miles across, and variously estimated from 500 to 1,000 feet high or deep. Opposite this glacier, just across the river, are large boiling springs.

Fish.—All the early navigators and explorers, from Cook to the present time, have spoken of the immense numbers of salmon, cod, herring, halibut, mullet, ulicon, etc.

Furs.—The principal fur-bearing animals of Alaska are the fox, martin, mink, beaver, otter, lynx, black bear, and wolverine. There are also the coarser furs of the reindeer, mountain sheep, goat, wolf, muskrat, and ermine. The extent of the range and quality of the furs in that extensive northern region are conducive to a very valuable fur trade, in addition to which are the seal-fur fisheries, that since 1871 have yielded to the Government an income of \$1,891,030. Besides the fisheries and furs are the valuable deposits of coal, copper, sulphur, petroleum, and amber, with gold and silver. The gold and silver, so far, have been found only in limited quantities.

It is the great lumber region of the country. The forests of yellow cedar, white pine, hemlock, and balsam fir, will supply the world when the valuable timber of Puget Sound is exhausted. It has the great mountain peak of the country,—St. Elias, 19,500 feet high,—and the great river of the world, the Yukon, one of the largest rivers of the world.

Alaska is naturally divided into three great divisions. The Yukon division, comprised between the Alaska mountains and the Arctic Ocean. The Aleutian district, comprising the Alaska Peninsula and the Aleutian Islands; and the Sitkan district, including all the mainland and adjacent islands south of the peninsula.

Climate.—Each of these three great divisions has two climates, the coast climate and the interior climate,—the latter being much severer than the former. The great Gulf Stream of the Pacific, known to geographers as the Japan current, strikes and divides on the western end of the Aleutian Islands. A portion flows north into Behring's Sea, so that it is a remarkable fact that ice does not flow from the Arctic Ocean southward through Behring's Straits. The other portion sweeps southward and eastward, and makes the whole northwest coast habitable, giving to Southern Alaska on the coast, and the adjacent islands a winter climate milder than New York city.

The native races in Alaska number about 28,000; Russians, 300 or 400; Americans and others, 1,200. The Indians can be divided into three great classes: the Innuit of Yukon district; the Aleutian, and the Tusk of the Sitkan district. And these again are divided into tribes, settlements, and families.

Russian Schools.—The Russian American Fur Co. established a school upon Kadiak Island in 1792. In 1805 another school was opened at the same place, in which was taught the Russian language, arithmetic, and the Greek religion. About the same time a school was opened at Sitka. In 1825 a school was opened at Unalashka. In 1860 it reported an attendance of 50 boys and 43 girls. An alphabet and grammar was prepared by Bishop Veniaminoff for the use of these schools. In 1837 a school was established for girls and orphans. In 1841 a school was established at Sitka for the training of priests. In 1859 plans were perfected for the establishment of a general colonial school, which was opened in 1860; and in which were taught the Russian and English languages, history, geography, arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry, navigation, and astronomy. In 1843 a priest reported a school on Nushergak Island, and in 1860 one was reported on Amelia Island. A Russian monk kept a school for thirty consecutive years on Spruce Island.

Upon the transfer of that country from Russia to the United States the government aid was withdrawn, the teachers returned to Russia, and the schools died; and the inhabitants of Alaska have had fewer educational privileges under the United States than under Russia. Under the terms of their contract with the U. S. Government, the Alaska Commercial Co. have kept a school on the Seal Islands, St. Paul and St. George. In August, 1877, a Presbyterian mission school was established at Fort Wrangell by myself, Mrs. A. R. McFarland being the first teacher. In 1878 a school was established at Sitka under the same auspices.

In 1880 I sent Mrs. Sarah Dicklison, an Indian woman, to teach among the Chilcats. In 1881, upon my third trip to Alaska, I permanently located the Chilcat school, erected buildings, and left Rev. E. S. Willard and wife, of Pennsylvania, in charge. I also established a new school and erected buildings among the Hoonyahs, leaving Prof. Walter B. Styles, of New York city, in charge.

From the Hoonyahs I continued my trip 500 miles along the coast in a canoe, establishing a school among the Hydahs, with Prof. Jos. E. Chapman, of Ohio, in charge.

The Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church has established six schools in South Eastern Alaska, with an attendance of about 600 Indian children; but the work is too great for any one denomination. It is the duty of the General Government to provide for the general education of those outlying populations. Recognizing this the President has sent a special message to Congress, calling for an appropriation of \$50,000 for education in Alaska. The influence of this Association is requested, with the Committee of Education and Labor of both houses of Congress, to secure such an appropriation, to be disbursed through the National Bureau of Education.

W. E. Sheldon, of Boston, offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Whereas, The native population of Alaska have alone, of all sections of our common country, been overlooked in educational provisions; and

Whereas, The President has sent to Congress a special message asking for an appropriation of \$50,000 for education in Alaska, to be disbursed through the National Bureau of Education; therefore,

Resolved, That this Association earnestly request the Committees of Education and Labor of the Senate and House of Representatives to give favorable consideration to the above request.

The Senate Committee on Education and Labor had an unusually interesting meeting yesterday. The subject of education in Alaska was presented by Rev. Dr. Jackson, who gave an encouraging view of the possible good among the people of that territory if educational advantages could be given them. The subject of national aid for public schools was discussed by four prominent gentlemen, Rev. Dr. Curry, of Richmond, Va.; Rev. Dr. Hartzell, of New Orleans; Professor Painter, of Nashville, and General Armstrong, of Hampton, Va. These gentlemen gave large arrays of facts and information to show the necessity of national aid to public school education in the South, where are found nearly all the illiterate masses of the Nation.

A Spiritual Terra Incognita.

WE have been hearing, of late, a great deal about two widely distant and different sections of our country,—Alaska, and the Pueblos of New Mexico. Both of these belong to our more recent accessions of territory, and contain an aboriginal heathen population of several thousands each. These people are not simply laid at our gates, like the heathen of Asia or Africa; they are of our own household. They are not merely our “neighbors;” they are ourselves.

We have shown a notable curiosity in regard to the Zunis. Our papers and magazines have teemed with accounts and pictures of them. Boston culture has lionized the deputation of Zuni chiefs. Travel rejoices in a new route for sight-seeing. Science has pricked up its ears, and learned Societies are deep in musty documents and dusty debates. And as to Alaska, one of the most pressing questions of legislation before the late Congress was the organization of a territorial government for that region. Both of these matters of public attention are not only legitimate, but eminently important.

But we would like to ask how many, amid all this ethnological curiosity and political pressure, have concerned themselves with the thought: What ought and can we do for the souls of these poor benighted countrymen of our's? As a matter of fact, although Alaska has now been a part of the United States for fifteen years, and New Mexico more than twice as long, the task of evangelizing their native inhabitants has only just begun in a very small way, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Board; and it has been found almost impossible to engage the attention and interest of American Christians in the work.

We are not of the number of those who set up missionary work at home as a foil to the claims of missions abroad. We can see no difference in the duty of enlightening men, as men, wherever they may be. But to leave some 40,000 of our own population in abject heathenism and utter ignorance of Christ, year after year, without a voice crying in their wildernesses or a finger raised to prepare the way of the Lord among them, is a state of things which cannot fail to detract from both the divine and human estimate of the work which we are doing at the ends of the earth.

It does not affect our duty, but it is worth saying, that these territories are proving to be more and more valuable, and their peoples more interesting. When Mr. Seward purchased Alaska from the Russian Government, he was as much ridiculed as Lord Beaconsfield for the acquisition of Cyprus. But it is found to have a comparatively mild climate over a large portion, due to the warm Japan current in the Pacific. It has splendid harbors, with inexhaustible fisheries, and the most valuable ship-building timber and wild cranberry swamps covering its numerous islands; abundant coal, lumber, and mineral treasure, and a large area of cultivable soil. Its vast extent is a surprise to almost every one who is informed, that Alaska is one-sixth as large as the whole United States, having a coast-line of 25,000 miles, and a range from North to South as far as from Maine to Florida, and from East to West as far as from Washington to California. It has islands enough to make a State as large as Maine.

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The people are superstitious, being mostly devil-worshippers; and degraded still more by their contact with the whites who are sent there by the Devil's Missionary Board. And yet that they have fine native qualities, which need only a Christian culture, is shown by the single case of Alexy, the hero of the Jeannette expedition. This Alaskan Indian during all that march to death in the Lena delta, went on ahead to explore the way, secured for the wanderers their scanty food, gave his own coat to save De Long from freezing, and faithful to the end lay down to die with the party. He was a general favorite with the crew, for his politeness and readiness to help. During the voyage he learned the English alphabet, and to draw and stuff birds with skill. He was very fond of his family, arranging to have all his pay given to his

An Appeal for Alaska.

FOR more than two years urgent requests have come to us from our Missionaries, who are laboring in Alaska. They ask for a saw-mill, that Christian natives may thereby be enabled to build houses, and have separate homes for their families. They have no appliances for getting out lumber, and a house is erected at so great labor, and with such difficulty that one is made to contain two or three generations. From thirty to sixty persons are often found in a house. The houses are generally built from twenty-five to forty feet square, without a window, the only openings being a small door for entrance, and a hole in the roof for the escape of smoke. A letter just received from Rev. S. H. Young, says: “It is impossible to civilize these Indians, so long as they live four or five families in one room, squatting around one fire, and cooking their food by the coals. The conversation of the older ones is full of the superstitions, immoralities, and the vulgarities of heathenism. The children grow up in the midst of sights and sounds that are death to modesty and virtue. The seeds of truth sown in the schools are quickly choked in these homes. The idea of a Christian home, with its sacred

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privacy, can never be known in them. The Indians realize this, and the common reply of the people, when urged to better lives is: 'How can we do better, and how can we keep our girls pure, while so many families are compelled to live and sleep in one room.' The country has abundant resources, and the people are strong and willing to work. Leading Indians say: 'We would not ask you to *give* us lumber, but would gladly pay for it if there was a saw-mill here to make it.'

The country is not sufficiently developed for such appliances to be started by private enterprise. It is hoped that the saw-mill will prove a source of profit to the Mission, as well as a great moral aid in carrying on the work. It has been used with success by the British Society, among similar tribes in British Columbia. At one place (the model Indian village of Metlahkatlah, built up by Mr. Wm. Duncan, of the Church Missionary Society of London) the saw-mill has defrayed the entire expense of the Mission.

But as contributions to our Board of Home Missions cannot be used in the erection of saw-mills, the ladies of the Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn are desirous to raise the \$2,000 needed for this purpose, in small or large sums, from friends, outside their regular contributions to the Board.*

Dear Christian parents, to whom God has given fair daughters, who make glad your hearts, and fill your homes with brightness and joy, and abundant means to educate, and surround these daughters with every influence that love and refined taste can suggest, will you not give a thank offering to your Heavenly Father for His *rich gifts* to you? Let it be a share in this saw-mill, with a prayer that it may be the means in God's hands of making many happy homes for these poor "little ones" for whom Christ died. Let all who can, take \$100 shares, others, \$50, \$25, \$10, \$5, or \$1, just as the Lord has entrusted His goods to you, to occupy until He come. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said: "Freely ye have received, freely give." And dear fellow Christian, you who have not more than one dollar or five cents to spare for this object, remember the words of the Master as He sat over against the treasury,

"and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury, and *saw also* a poor widow casting in thither two mites, and said, 'this poor widow hath cast in more than they all.' "The church has need of *such* givers to-day. He who multiplied the "five barley loaves and two small fishes," will bless and multiply such consecrated offerings given from love to Him, to the saving of many precious souls for His kingdom.

*Contributions may be given to the person handing you this leaflet, or may be sent to Mrs. M. E. Boyd, Treasurer, Woman's Executive Committee, 23 Centre street, New York City, marked "For the Alaska saw-mill." The money when secured will be reported in the "Presbyterian Home Missions," and in the Annual Report of the Missionary Society.

The First Church in Alaska.

It is but little that the public know of the characteristics and capabilities of our northernmost territory in the Arctic regions. That it was purchased from Russia for seven millions of dollars, that it is the seat of a valuable fur trade, that it is sparsely inhabited and that by ignorant and degraded Indians, made still more so by unhappy contact with the whites, is the staple of information many of us have about Alaska.

Those, however, who are the most intelligently informed are not disposed to turn off our new possessions with a sneer. They tell us the almost incredible fact of the salubrity of the climate of Sitka, in the latitude indeed of Labrador, but even in its arctic winter with the temperature of Georgia, of the immense revenues that must come from its fisheries and furs, of its mineral wealth yet to be developed, but above and better than all, of the hopeful field for missionary work among its 50,000 natives who are ready to receive the gospel.

We noticed a few weeks since the organization, at Fort Wrangel, of the first Presbyterian church in the Territory. While it was in the possession of the Russians there was a Lutheran church at Sitka, but it long since ceased to live. The Presbyterian Home Missionary Society, at the instigation of Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, well styled "the indefatigable apostle of the Rocky Mountains," stretched out its fostering care to this extreme boundary of our home field. It took under its charge the little enterprise started by Philip McKay, a converted Indian, who self-impelled had labored for the spiritual good of his countrymen. In August, 1877, it sent Mrs. A. R. McFarland to that field, where by teaching and training the women in better domestic habits, she has done a noble work for civilization as well as Christianity, and in her industrial school a large number of girls have been taught to read and write, and have been brought under the daily influence of a cultivated Christian woman.

Rev. S. H. Young joined the mission a year later, and in June last Rev. W. H. R. Corlies, M. D., and his wife were added to the band of workers there. Dr. Corlies, we learn, first heard of the need of these Indians through the interesting descriptive articles upon Alaska by Dr. Jackson, in the ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY last year, and was thus led to devote his energy and time to missionary labor there.

In the organization of the new church, August 3, Dr. Lindsley of Portland, Oregon, Rev. Messrs. Young and Corlies, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, and Dr. Henry Kendall, Secretary of the Home Missionary Society, participated. Of the 28 members comprising the church, 22 are Indians whom Mr. Young has for months been specially instructing in the nature and duties of church membership.

The visit of Dr. Kendall and his personal supervision greatly encouraged those engaged in that most distant field of his Society's work. His commanding personal presence and his genial, sympathetic nature also favorably impressed the Indians. The chiefs and leading men expressed their pleasure at his visit, and one remarked with earnestness that he had not slept all night for joy. Dr. Kendall will deserve the title of the Great American Traveller by his repeated visitations of the outlying posts of the great missionary fields of his aggressive church, but no official tour can call him so far away from his desk as did this to the organization of the first Protestant church now existing in the great territory of Alaska.

The Groans of the Alaskans.

A few months since the country was startled by a cry for help from the white settlers of Sitka, the capital of Alaska, to prevent their threatened massacre by the Indians of that Territory. This appeal for aid was so fervent and urgent, that a British man-of-war was dispatched by the English authorities at Victoria to prevent if possible this impending disaster. Since that time the leading journals throughout the United States have commented strongly and even bitterly on the attitude into which our government has been brought toward that Territory through the weakness and inefficiency of our navy, animadverting with no little asperity on that niggardness of Congress that has forced us to have recourse to the aid of a foreign power to protect American citizens on American soil. The isolation of Alaska, its inaccessibility, the supposed rigor of its climate, and the savage ferocity of its native tribes have all tended to retard its exploration and colonization, the condition of affairs having meantime been greatly mystified through the conflicting accounts that from time to time have appeared in regard to them. A few of the more salient points connected with the geography, wants and resources of this region may be epitomized as follow: Alaska, as far as commercial relations and native population are concerned, may be divided into two distinct regions. The first of these, according to W. H. Dall, of the Smithsonian Institute, lies to the north and west of Mt. St. Elias and is inhabited by Indians and Esquimaux, who are entirely friendly and in no way dangerous to the whites. One

portion of them—the Aleuts—are semi-civilized and have of course the fault of occasional drunkenness. The second region lies to the east and southeast and is peopled by a race entirely different ethnologically from the Esquimaux and Indians. These in their own language are called “Khinkets,” while to the settlers on the coast they are generically known as “Sitka Indians.” Unlike their northern neighbors they are a cruel, reckless, impudent and murderous set of savages, little disposed to respect anything less than the overawing influence of the government. They are ruled wholly by their passions, and when drunk or otherwise excited hesitate at nothing that interferes with the gratification of their desires. The country they inhabit is densely wooded with spruce, pine, fir and other conifers, useful and available for timber. The climate is about that of southern New York, the summers being wetter and cooler and the winters mild. That this region is fertile and productive has been practically shown by the successful culture here of potatoes and vegetables of various kinds, as well also as of the grasses and we believe the cereal grains.

The mineral wealth of the country, with the exception of coal, remains largely to be determined. Gold, silver, iron, manganese and other ores are known to exist, but how far they will hereafter pay for the working is a matter of speculation.

It is the southern portion, the seat of the late troubles, towards which attention is now more particularly directed. The chief governing influence over all this region is that exercised by the Alaska Commercial Company, which has a monopoly of the fur trade and as far as possible applies the law and keeps the Indians in subjection. But apart from this there is no settled government, and from the company's inability to protect the lives and property of the white settlers and traders, has arisen the question whether the white inhabitants of Alaska, citizens of the United States, are entitled to such protection and government as shall suffice to shield their lives and property from the rapacity and cupidity of the savages? Clearly they are, the only point of difficulty being how, in view of their remote position, their limited numbers and the scanty resources of the country, this protection can be best extended to them. An organized government is hardly called for. Regular troops stationed there could protect only a few points and accomplish but little good, the same being nearly true of cruisers along the coast, while neither soldiers nor armed vessels would effect anything towards opening up and exploring the interior. This can be best effected by inducing a mining population to enter the country and commence the search after gold and silver. To promote this the government might find it expedient to aid and encourage a movement of this kind in the first instance. Facilities might be afforded adventurers for reaching the Territory in public vessels, something being contributed also toward their outfit, with a little assistance towards getting them up the rivers, and the promise of helping them out of the country should they wish to return.

Such, it strikes us, is the true way to settle this Alaska problem. If the precious metals abound in that region these pioneer prospectors will soon find them, and our public officials will need trouble themselves no more about the exploration and settlement of the country, the protection of its inhabitants, the organization of a Territory, nor any of these other matters that now so worry and perplex them. The care of this whole business will be taken off their hands by the first emigration that reaches the

country, and the latter from a dead weight will be speedily converted into a self-sustaining agent. With a considerable mining population

thrown into Alaska the Indians there would cause but little more trouble, the better class of them betaking themselves to peaceful pursuits and living in harmony with the whites, while the more savage would meet with early extinction. If there is not enough of the precious metals in these our more northern possessions to draw in and retain there a good many miners, they can never or at least for a long time become much populated, and may as well be given over, certainly for the present, to the Alaska Fur Company and such others as may desire to carry on fishing, trapping and kindred callings in the woods and waters of that distant and gloomy region.

ALASKA.

PORT TOWNSEND, August 17th. — The steamer *California* arrived here at 2 P. M. to day. She left Sitka on the 12th. She laid there three days, owing to an unusual amount of freight discharged, the shipment of two thousand cases of salmon from the cannery, and the obstructed condition of the wharf, which is being thoroughly repaired by Captain Beardslee, of the *Jamestown*.

A Civil Government was fully organized by citizens at Sitka on the 2d inst., the same having been resolved on at a public meeting on July 25th. The preamble of the ordinance adopted sets forth the fact of the danger to person and property existing for want of all civil law, and inferentially takes the United States Government somewhat to task for its neglect. It then gives reasons why no previous efforts could be made to form a Government among themselves, and expresses confidence that it is the present intention of the Government to keep the place protected from Indian violence, and consequently they feel able to organize a Provisional Government, to last until supplanted by regularly enacted laws. A Chief Magistrate and five Selectmen, each in a separate precinct, are provided and authority is given to try civil and criminal cases, attend to the municipal affairs of Sitka and take charge of estates. All the citizens have entered heartily into the matter, and every one entitled to vote, voted, except at the mines at Silver Bay, where they first voted accepting the Government, but were afterward induced by a defeated candidate for office to revoke their decision, but now accept the situation. The officers elected are: Collector Ball, Chief Magistrate; Selectmen—First precinct, P. Corcoran; second, T. Hallerman; third, N. G. Matropolsky, the Priest; Fourth, the mines, John Murphy; fifth, the cannery, Thomas McCaully. No test of American citizenship, except white manhood, is required as a qualification of voters, so the Collector and Priest are not debarred by their offices from serving in the positions to which they were elected. The officers elected constitute together a Provisional Council, which regulates and sets in motion the machinery and details of the Government, hears appeals from the Selectmen's decisions, and tries grave offences.

The prospects at the Sitka mines seem encouraging, judging from the eagerness in prospecting and recording claims. Superintendent Pitz intends sending down about \$1500. The first clean up of the Stewart mine was prevented through the Murphy amalgamator failing and breaking his shoulder. Five new stamps had arrived at Haley & Miletich's mine. Arrastras are being erected in several places, and much individual work is done outside of the company's work. Pockets and placer claims are being located.

Captain Beardslee has done a great deal toward encouraging and helping citizens, has broken up the Koochenoo business, forced the Indians to clean their village, insists on their keeping it clean, and is doing good work generally.

The Indians are helping at the mines, and Hunter has one hundred employed at the cannery; but the latter, missing a catch of fish some days since, got drunk, and are not sober yet. With a powerful arm, always uplifted, they will work, and can assist in developing the resources of the country; otherwise, they cannot be depended on.

The cannery has put up 7000 cases of salmon. Mining expert Perkins expresses himself highly pleased with the ore prospects. The schooner *Dashing Wave* arrived at Clavick from San Francisco, discharged freight, and shipped 200 tons of Salmon, oil and fur. Business at Wrangel is about as brisk as usual in the Summer.

AN ALASKA YOSEMITE.

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin says of one of the regions which he visited near Sun Down Bay: "This is in form and origin a typical Yosemite valley, though as yet its floor is covered with ice and water—ice above and beneath. How noble a mansion in which to spend a winter and a summer! It is about ten miles long, and from three-quarters of a mile to one mile wide. It contains ten large falls and cascades, the finest one on the left side near the head.

After coming in an admirable rush over a granite brow where it is first seen at a height of 900 to 1,000 feet, it leaps a sheer precipice of about 250 feet, then divides and reaches the tide-water in broken rapids over boulders. Another about 1,000 feet high drops at once on to the margin of the glacier two miles back from the snout. Several of the others are upward of 3,000 feet high, descending through narrow gorges as richly feathered with ferns at any channel that water ever flowed in, though tremendously abrupt and deep. A grander array of rocks and waterfalls I have never yet beheld.

"The cliff gardens of this hidden Yosemite are exceedingly rich and beautiful. On almost every rift and bench, however small, as well as on the wider table rocks where a little soil had lodged, we find companies of fine bright flowers, always fresh, and also far more brilliantly colored than would be looked for in so cool and beclouded a region—larkspurs, geraniums, painted-cups, bluebells, gentians, sedums, saxifrages, opilobiums, violets, parnassia, veratrum, orchids, fritilaria, smilax, spiranthes, asters, daisies, the yellow pond lily, bryanthus, cassiope, linna and a great variety of flowering ribes and rubus and heathworts. Many of the above, though with soft bush stems and leaves, are yet as brightly painted as those of the warm sunlands of the south. The heathworts in particular are very abundant and beautiful, both in flower and fruit, making delicate green carpets for the rocks, flushed with pink bells, or dotted with red and blue berries. The grasses are everywhere tall, with ribbon leaves well tempered and arched, and with no lack of bristly spikes, and nodding purple panicles. The Alpine grasses of the Sierra making close carpets on the glacier meadows, I have not yet seen in Alaska."

AMONG THE RED INDIANS OF ALASKA.

AT SITKA, the sea-port and capital of the State of Alaska, in North-West America, the Red Indians are now being taught the way of salvation, through the instrumentality of Rev. John G. Brady, Miss Kellogg, and Miss Cohen, of the Presbyterian Mission. Mr. Brady is helped by old Kushoff, a Russian Indian, who for twenty-five years had acted as an interpreter for the Russian American Fur Company. The latter is really an educated man, and can read off the Russian New Testament and Psalms without trouble. He had been trained by the Russians for a priest for the Indians, but had been turned out of the Greek Church for something he had done. He knows all the habits and superstitions of the Indians, for he himself is a half-breed, and used to wear a blanket when a boy in the ranch. Two or three others are also helping the Missionary occasionally as translators.

The old castle in which the Mission services are held had been stripped of everything, there was not even a bench or seat left. But the Indians stole in, a few at a time, squatting around the walls. Some had their faces painted black, or black and red; or with the whole face black, and just one eye painted red, as if in imitation of some clown. Nearly all wore blankets, and had bare feet. When Moody and Sankey's hymns were sung, and the address at the outset was given through an interpreter, they listened attentively.

The Missionary began his work there by showing them a number of books, with illustrations of animals, &c., and told them that if they would learn to read they could then know all about the lion, the elephant and the like. He then told them of God's book, and how he wished them to read it with their own eyes, for it told them how to live here, and how to prepare for an unending life in the world to come. Holding his Bible in his hand, he ran over the leaves and told them of God, and of His plan of salvation. He then told them of the school he was about to open, and invited all to attend, even those who had no blankets, clothes, or shoes: all he asked was that they would try and be clean.

Annah Hoots, the war chief, made an emphatic speech of approval. He and Sitka Jack were dressed in some pretty old clothes of officers. About 125 were present at the first gathering. Some American miners also came to the service. They were surprised to see the Indians assent so readily to the Missionary's propositions.

This encouraging commencement led him to feel that God was surely opening the door of saving mercy to these outcast ones. The work of instruction and preaching has since been going on encouragingly. Benches have been secured and placed in the large room, and the attendance at the services is on the increase.

Notice was given that school would be opened in the soldiers' quarters. Three Indians named Dick, Bob, and Jack, were hired to clean out the

barracks. They all worked hard, and by dark things were in shape to begin school. At the appointed time it was opened, about fifty of all ages and sexes being present. After seeking the Divine blessing on the work, the Missionary began by teaching the alphabet. He soon had to say:—"I can't make you realize the mental vigour of these people. They take right hold and are quick and full of life," Some of them quickly learned "Come to Jesus," "I need Thee every hour," and "Hold the Fort," and when they afterwards met in the stores or in the streets they would go over the letters or sing the tunes.

A large increase in the attendance was expected, when the Indians returned who had gone North to hunt or trade. There are fifty of their large houses here, and each would probably be inhabited by twenty persons. Mr. Brady was also arranging for Missionary trips to the Chilcots, Kootsnoo, and other tribes. We wish him "God's speed," that these "ends of the earth may see the salvation of our God."

the prospect of death, and of the seraphic joy that beamed upon her countenance in the midst of her dying agonies. It was a lesson they will probably never forget.

MISSIONARY SOCIETIES FORMED BY RED INDIANS!

THERE ARE OVER FIVE THOUSAND CHURCH MEMBERS IN THE RED INDIAN TERRITORY. They have churches, schools, and native preachers. And is it not a new thing under the sun to read of an Association of Indian Churches, and to hear of the existence of Missionary Societies in these Churches? These Indian women "whose wardrobe," as the lamented Mrs. Rogers recently wrote, "may consist of a sun bonnet and a couple of calico dresses," gladly give their dollar a year to support missions among their own people. Now they ask for encouragement and help from their more favoured white sisters.—*Am. Bap. Report.*

THE DEMAND FOR SCRIPTURES AMONG THE RED INDIAN TRIBES is not large, the entire issues to them last year being only 327 copies, and these principally among the Dakotas; but the Missionaries labouring among them make frequent reference to the great service which the American Bible Society has rendered in making the Scriptures so accessible to them. The human voice is the chief instrument now used so largely by the Lord in leading the Indians to Himself.



